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Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

LOVE'S LESSON.

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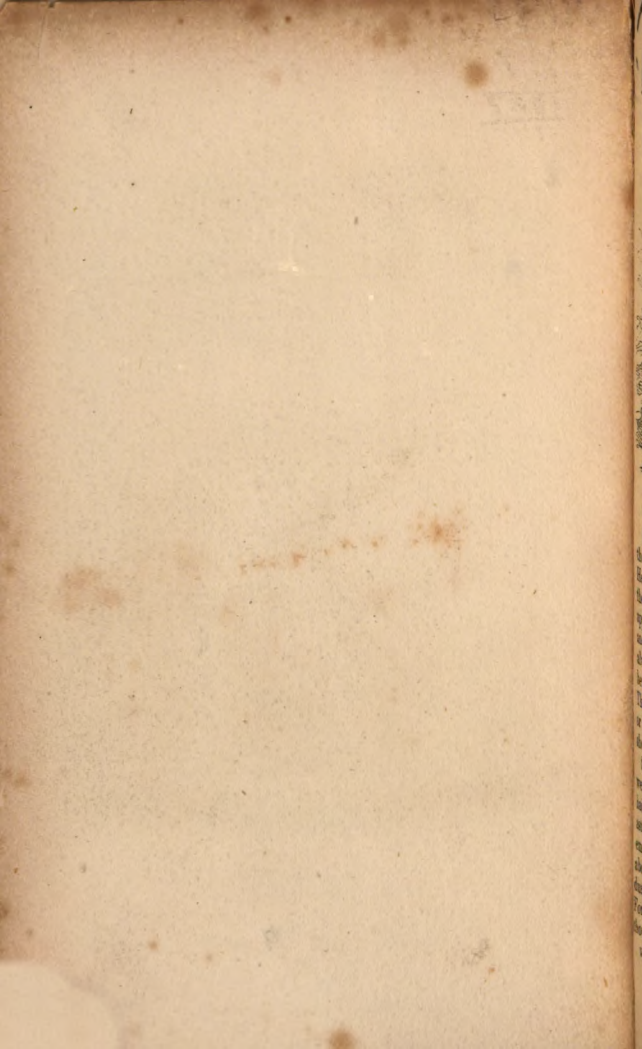


H. Corbould del.

C. Rolls sc.

ST MARK'S EVE.

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THE
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THE KING OF THE HARTZ.

EVERY body knows that the immense mountains of the Hartz are under the dominion of a powerful Gnome. He resides commonly in the vast regions which form the interior of the earth's surface; and, when he does appear above it, his most favourite sport is to frighten and torment hapless travellers. The chances are always equal, whether he chooses to be mischievous or benevolent to such of the human race as fall in his way. The people of the Hartz commonly call him RUBEZAHN, or the TURNIP COUNTER; and the following tale will show the means by which he gained this nick-name.

Several centuries (which to a spirit like Rubezahl were only like so many months) had elapsed since he had visited the exterior surface of the earth; and his astonishment may therefore be imagined when, on emerging one fine morning from his subterraneous abode, he saw before him the proof of what human industry had been able to effect during his absence. Forests in which the foot of man had never, as he thought, been set, had disappeared, and a rich harvest

waved its many heads over what had been a sterile plain. Cottages and houses were scattered about, the perfume of flowers scented the air, fruit trees bent under their burdens, the lowing of cattle sounded in the distance, the shepherd's pipe at intervals joined in the harmony, and the battlements of a castle, which time had already made venerable, hung over the valley, frowning defiance to all who should attempt to assail it. Rubezahl had not much taste for the picturesque, but any other person must have confessed that he gazed upon as pretty and animated a scene as nature could display. The demon even was amused at it, and his curiosity was excited to know more of the animals who had worked such wonders, and whom he knew to be of that intermediate race between spirits and beasts which were called men. To wish and to do are the same thing with spirits like the sovereign of the Hartz; and in a few minutes afterwards he was engaged, under the name of Rips, to take care of the flocks of a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood. Rips was faithful and diligent; and, although he made many useful observations on mankind, he did not neglect the muttons. But his labours were thrown away; his master was a rogue, who stole one of the rams himself, and then deducted the value from his servant's wages. Rips quitted him without ceremony, and hired himself to the judge of the district. Here he fared no better; he pursued zealously the robbers who had bribed his master to wink at their crimes; and the judge, in order to get rid of him, sent him to prison under a false accusation. Rubezahl quietly walked out through the key-hole, and resolved to have nothing more to do with men.

He was sauntering one day upon his mountain, and wondering as he looked on the fertile plains beneath him what could have induced Nature to bestow her bounties so lavishly on the wretched descendants of Adam and Eve, of whom his opinion had lately grown worse. Pursuing these reflections, he wandered listlessly down into the valley, having taken the precaution of making himself invisible; and, after having rambled about in

some enclosed ground, he came on a sudden to a scene which rivetted him to the spot. A nymph as beautiful as Venus was bathing in a transparent bason, formed by a small mountain fall. Several maidens, only less beautiful than herself, accompanied her, and were talking with that innocent freedom natural to their age and to the supposed privacy of the place in which they were. Rubezahl regretted for once that he was not human; for you must know that the essence of spirits is so ethereal and delicate that they are not capable of experiencing the sensations which form the pleasure and the pain of our natures. Spirit as he was, he saw that the forms before him were some of the most perfect of Nature's works, and that one of them was her masterpiece; but, when retaining his invisibility, he changed himself to a young man, and put on, of course, all the attributes belonging to that condition, he was smitten with an irresistible passion for the fair unknown.

The young lady who had been the innocent cause of the Gnome king's ruin was Emma, the only daughter of the King of Silesia, and was in the habit of coming to this spot to bathe with her youthful attendants, and to gather the flowers which grew around, which on her return she presented to her father. The time for her return now approached, and, to the grief of the Gnome, she departed for the palace, and she left the poor spirit over head and ears in love. In the hope of pleasing her, he employed his power in embellishing the spot where he had first seen her. A few days afterwards she repaired again to her bath, when, to her astonishment, she found the place entirely changed. Marble of Paros was where granite had been before; the water fell gently from rock to rock with an agreeable murmur. Flowers, more beautiful than any she had beheld, grew in profusion on the banks, and a thick hedge of rose bushes and wild jessamin enclosed the delightful spot. Emma was pleased and astonished, and uttered her joy in a thousand childish expressions. After looking at the wonders which surrounded her, gathering some flowers, and plucking some of the fruit,

she resolved to bathe in the bason, which appeared to have undergone no alteration, but that it was surrounded by a pure white marble. Her companions helped her to undress, and she stood for a moment the fairest work of the creation before she plunged into the clear water. Her beautiful body clave the liquid; but, to the astonished eyes of her attendants, it did not rise again; they knew that the water was shallow; and, while they gazed over it with horror, which took from them the power of speech, the body of their mistress continued to sink and diminish until it became imperceptible. Brinhilda, the most attached of her followers, threw herself into the bason, resolved to share her fate; but she floated buoyantly on the surface. The terrified maidens, after exhausting themselves in tears, hastened to inform the king of the calamity that had befallen him. He was hunting when the news arrived, and hurried to the spot; but by this time the bath, and waterfalls, and flowers, all had disappeared. The king consoled himself by believing that some deity had carried off his daughter, and so he continued to hunt: the poor maidens, who could not so soon forget their friend and mistress, retired to the palace to weep over her loss.

Emma, in the meantime, was not so much to be deplored. The Gnome, when she disappeared from the eyes of her companions, had transported her in less than a second to a subterraneous palace, compared with the magnificence of which her father's was a hovel. When she opened her eyes, she found herself lying on a delightful sofa, dressed in a robe of rose-coloured satin, bound with a zone of light blue. At her feet knelt a young man beautiful as Adonis, who avowed the passion she had inspired him with in most eloquent and glowing terms. It was the Gnome king, who, under this form, told Emma of his love; and, by way of engaging her attention, described to her the extent of his domains, and the inexhaustible riches which filled them. He then showed her about the palace, the halls, galleries, and chambers, which were furnished with more splendour and luxury than the imagination of man has

ever yet devised. Beautiful gardens, filled with the flowers of all the regions of the earth, the fruits of all climes, and disposed with exquisite taste, charmed the wondering eyes of the princess. The Gnome, with Emma upon his arm, and his eyes fixed on her, led her through this enchanted spot, and listened with avidity to her least whisper. He had existed many, many ages, but all the pleasure that he had experienced did not make up the sum of joy which was now occasioned him, for the first time, by that passion which governs mortals.

Emma was, however, not quite so happy ; and Rubenzahl saw in the melancholy absent air of her features that her mind was not at ease. It occurred to him that, among other weaknesses, human beings have certain social inclinations which require to be indulged ; and, as the first wish of his soul now was to promote his Emma's happiness, he resolved to gratify her desire. He ran into the field, and, having plucked up a dozen turnips, he put them into a basket, and carried them to Emma, whom he found sitting in her closet, and plucking the leaves from a rose, which she scattered to the soft breeze which murmured past her window. ' Idol of my soul,' he said to her, ' banish your sorrows. This palace and these gardens shall no longer be a solitude to you. Take this wand, touch the turnips in the basket, and they will become all that you desire. He disappeared, and Emma did not hesitate a moment in following his directions. She took out a turnip, and, breaking it, cried ' Brinhilda, my dear Brinhilda, appear ! ' As the sound of the last syllable died on her lips, the turnip fell from her hand, and Brinhilda was in her arms shedding warm tears of joy at being united to her dear mistress. Emma was delighted beyond expression ; she kissed her friend with all the warmth that young ladies display on these occasions, and began to show her all the wonders of the palace. Then she carried her into her dressing-room ; displayed all the dresses, veils, girdles, jewels, and presents, which the Gnome had made her. The false Brinhilda played her

part so admirably, and showed so much tact and erudition in millinery, that nobody who had heard her could have believed she was only a turnip.

Rubezahl, who was an invisible observer of this scene, was scarcely less pleased than the princess. In the joy of meeting her Brinhilda, Emma had forgotten the other turnips; but she now remembered them, and proceeded to change them into the nymphs who had attended her in her father's palace. There were still two remaining, and those she transformed, the one into an Angora cat, and the other into a little dog, who had been taught to dance. She then assigned to each of her attendants their different employments, and never was mistress so well served. Every thing went on for several weeks perfectly to her satisfaction, until she perceived that her companions and attendants began to look very pale. Her mirrors told her that she preserved her original freshness, but the beauty of her court was decidedly waning. They said, however, that they were perfectly well, and she believed them; until one morning, on waking, she perceived she was surrounded by old women, who supported themselves on crutches, and were shaken with coughs, and the other infirmities of old age. The cat, once so playful, lay on its side, dying; and the dancing dog had lost the use of his hind legs. Horror-stricken, she called the Gnome, who instantly appeared; she reproached him in angry terms (the prettiest young ladies can scold) for the trick he had played her, and demanded that her companions should be restored to their beauty. He assured her that it was impossible—that the laws of nature were unchangeable, even by spirits; and that, as her companions were once turnips, to turnips they must again return when the vegetative principle was dried up. Promising that she should have others he calmed her anger, and persuaded her again to touch her *old* friends with the wand, when they immediately became shrivelled turnips.

The Gnome king departed to seek others, but soon returned with a melancholy face. 'The season for turnips is over,' he said, 'and none are to be found

throughout the country. The earth is covered with snow, and there is no spring but in the spot which you inhabit. Have, however, a little patience, and your wishes shall be fulfilled.' He then took the form of a farmer; and, having sowed some acres with turnip-seed, he committed the care of the land to one of his most faithful gnomes, whom he charged to keep up a constant fire in the earth, so as to make the turnips grow more quickly.

Emma watched the growth of the turnips, but that did not diminish the sorrow which weighed upon her heart; and the Gnome knew so little of woman's ways, that he never imagined any thing but the loss of her companions preyed upon her. He saw, however, that, notwithstanding his care and assiduity, he had made little way in her affections. The truth was, that the young Prince Ratibor, whose dominions joined those of her father, had made an impression on her which the genie could not efface. The prince was in despair at her disappearance, and was wandering about in search of her, while Emma, in the midst of her despondency, was devising the means to rejoin him.

The turnips grew, and Emma occasionally plucked one to see whether it was big enough to take the forms of her companions, and in the meantime changed it to some little animal. One day she transformed a turnip to a bee. 'Fly away, bee,' she whispered, 'and find the Prince Ratibor; tell him that his Emma is not dead, but that she is the captive of the Gnome King of the Hartz. Then bring me back the message he will give you.' The obedient bee flew away, but was hardly twenty yards off when a hungry swallow pounced upon him and ate him up. The tragic end of her bee grieved, but did not discourage, Emma: she changed another turnip into a grasshopper, and bade him skip over the mountains to her prince, and tell him of her fate. The grasshopper leapt away; but a stork, who was striding about on his long legs, snapped him up and swallowed him, despatches and all.

When a woman has made up her mind to any thing,

it is not easy to turn her. Emma changed another turnip to a magpie; and, paying this bird some compliments on his eloquence, bade him hasten to Ratibor, to tell him of her captivity: to say that in three days she would have broken her chains, and to bid him await her with his warlike followers in the valley of May. Off flew the magpie; and, after a long flight, found the Prince Ratibor bewailing the fate of his Emma, at the foot of an oak in a thick forest. The prince was astonished to find the name of his mistress repeated, and himself addressed, by this bird; but, when he had listened to his message, his surprise changed to joy. The magpie, having told him Emma's bidding once more, flew away; and Ratibor hastened home, where he ordered his trumpets to sound, 'boot and saddle,' and set off with his knights to the place mentioned by his mistress.

Emma, who was not deficient in that art which Nature has given to all her sex, and which particularly shows itself in affairs of love, had prepared for the success of her plan, by treating the Gnome less rigorously. She permitted him to hope; and the genie was beside himself with joy. On the following day she appeared dressed in the most superb manner, loaded with all her jewels; and, in short, looking like a bride. The Gnome believed that she was about to yield, and she confessed that his prayers had moved her heart; but she proposed one condition:—'I wish,' said she, 'to have as many persons present at my marriage as possible: go therefore and count the turnips in the field, return and tell me how many there are, but be sure you make no mistake—your punctuality is the only proof I require of the love you have professed.'

Rubezahl did not relish the task; but how could he refuse? He counted the turnips, and then, to be quite sure, he counted them over again; but, as might be expected from a man in love, his first and second calculation did not agree, which obliged him to begin a third time.

Emma, in the meantime, was not idle. She had care-

fully preserved one very fine turnip, which she changed into a rapid courser, ready saddled ; and, as soon as the Gnome's back was turned, she leaped on her steed, and directed him towards the valley of May, whither he carried her with the velocity of the wind. Rubezahl returned with his account of the turnips, and wondered at not finding Emma ready to meet him. He called her aloud ; and, receiving no answer, began to look for her through the apartments of the palace. After a long and vain search it occurred to him that he had been duped ; and, instantly divesting himself of his human shape, he flew into the air, and discovered the fugitive just as she was reaching the limits of his domain. In a transport of rage he dashed two clouds together, and directed the lightning which issued from them towards Emma. The fluid struck an oak which marked the boundary, but Emma had passed it the instant before ; and, beyond this, the thunder of Rubezahl was impotent.

The Gnome king returned home, and, having spent himself in exclamations of rage and despair, he destroyed the palace and gardens ; and buried himself thousands of fathoms deep in the solid earth, to forget for awhile his disappointed passion.

Emma was in the arms of her Ratibor, who led her to her father's palace, where their nuptials were solemnized with a royal splendour. The memory of Emma's adventure is still preserved in Silesia. Artifices of a similar kind are even now resorted to for getting rid of disagreeable suitors ; and the people who don't know the name of the Gnome king, call him to this day,

THE TURNIP COUNTER.

THE CAUSE OF SPAIN.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

'MID the tempest that o'er her horizon is spread,
'Mid the bolts that around her in thunder are hurl'd,
Behold where Britannia raises her head,
And stands like a tower, the last hope of the world.

The nations of Europe, ah ! where are they gone ?

They that shrunk from the lightning, and bow'd to
the blast ?

Still nearer and nearer the deluge rolls on,

High swoln by the ruins o'er which it has past.

But mark where at length a new promise of day

Breaks bright in the east, and bids anarchy cease ;

As it rises in splendour the gloom shall give way

To freedom's calm breeze, and the sunshine of peace.

True sons of IBERIA, boldly you arm,

Your homes and your altars from robbers to save ;

While Beauty excites you, and mingles her charm,

E'en in Chivalry's land to inspirit the brave.

'Tis in proud usurpation and tyranny's spite,

'Gainst ambition most lawless, 'gainst treason most
foul ;

'Tis for Loyalty, Law, and Religion you fight,

For all that can rouse or ennoble the soul.

And shall you not conquer ? O hear us, kind Heav'n !

(Thy aid we invoke, as in thee is our trust ;)

To Spain be the harvest, to us be but given

The glory of aiding the cause of the just !

Then think not in idle profusion we feast,

While our hearts with our toasts in pure unison flow ;

New hopes shall inspire each illustrious guest,

And the story they tell shall prove death to the foe.

Henceforward false int'rest shall sever no more

The Queen of the Indies, and Queen of the Waves ;

They honour their king, their Creator adore,

And, of tyrants the scourges, will never be slaves.†

† This song, to which existing circumstances give a new interest, was written by the Right Hon. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the year 1808, when the invasion of Spain by the French arms alarmed the whole of Europe for the consequences of that encroaching policy which has at all times distinguished the government, legitimate or illegitimate, of France.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A GOOD laugh is worth money at any time; but, at this season of the year, it is absolutely necessary to one's existence. In the horrors of December and its neighbour months, laughter is as necessary by one's fire-side as a great coat is out of doors. What then do we not owe to the man who furnishes us not with one but with whole myriads of laughs—who tickles us until our sides ache, and our diaphragms are fatigued with exertion? In heathen times an altar would have been built to him; and, although now times are *altered*, nothing prevents us making an offering; and, if we did not very sincerely offer him our praises, compliments, and congratulations, we should almost deserve a *halter*. Mr. Hood is the very prince of punsters; he cuts up words as dexterously as a clever carver would a fowl—nay, more dexterously, for he contrives to help his readers to a *merry thought* in every morsel. We could dilate on his merits (and they are such as make us hope that he may *die late*) but that we should do them and him more justice by giving examples of his excellence; and we therefore hasten to do so, enjoining our readers, if they like the samples, to buy the book; because it contains a budget full of things as good or better than those we show them, together with some wood-cuts full of fun, and spirit, and fancy, which are better things than better drawing, and rarer to boot.

The 'Mermaid of Margate' is a triumphant specimen of punning. A most whimsical design of a mermaid with a fish's tail, and the motto 'All's well that ends well,' precedes it.

- ' On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads ;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds ;—
- ' Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—

- Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells ;—
And the Chandler for watery dips ;—
- ' There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as Sin !
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin !
- ' Her head is crown'd with pretty sea wares,
And her locks are golden and loose :
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes !
- ' And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw ;—
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw !
- ' And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side ;—
" Good even, fair maid ! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide ? "
- ' She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand :—
" Come, love, with me ; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand. "
- ' And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter :
Poor wretch ! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter !
- ' And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,—
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept—
But she hopt like a Kangaroo !
- ' One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they gallop'd across the tide ;
At last, on the bank, he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.
- ' One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen ;—

For, when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !

' But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak :
At last, she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :—

' You crimpt my father, who was a skate ;
And my sister, you sold—a maid ;—
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd !'

' And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail :
In a moment, he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail !

' The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back !

' Ah me ! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round ;
But the green water hillocks all seem'd to him,
Like those in a church-yard ground ;

' And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be ;—
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea—

' And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroach'd on every hand,
And the ground decreas'd,—his moments of life
Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand ;

' And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,—
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

' A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in ;—

- He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin !
- ' Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab ;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pinchers of scalded crab !
- ' The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps !
- ' And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as tho'
Of the night-shade she had drunk !
- ' Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift,
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !
- ' But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place ;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackarel boat
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.
- ' At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called " Ahoy !" — but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.
- ' And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
" Why, thou art a sea-gull too !"
- ' And lo ! the tide was over his feet ;
Oh ! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse : — in another beat
The wave was up to his knees !
- ' He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,

And wash'd away the other salt-drops
 That grief had caused to arise :—
 ' But just as his body was all afloat,
 And the surges above him broke,
 He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
 Of Deal—(but builded of oak.)
 ' The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
 And chafed his shivering skin ;
 And the Angel return'd, that was flying away
 With the spirit of Peter Fin !'

'The Spoiled Child' is a prose composition ; and half the merit of this is that which, unluckily, we can give our readers only a feeble notion of—namely, a wood-cut representing a fat old woman intently reading a newspaper, while she is sitting upon an unfortunate baby, whose end has been hastened by the corpulent-end of the fair reader. The paper runs thus :—

' My Aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, 'till the mass is rounded-off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth : how, then, should I have ventured to trace—like mapping in a Continent—the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly !

' What a visage was hers !—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres : her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone, of a continuous tract of flesh ; her ankles overlapped her shoes.

' With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary. When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined,

tacitly, such a Fairlopian fair. The hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through the narrow pavements; others, like the Hill of Holborn, from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her, that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

‘For a person of her elephantine proportions, my aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers, it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

‘Oh, my tender cousin * * ! (for thou wert yet unbaptized.) Oh ! would thou had'st been, my little babe-cousin, of a savager mother born ! For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantle shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair !

‘In the meantime, the “Herald” came. Next to an easy seat, my aunt dearly loved a police newspaper; when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random an-

swer; the world and the roasting jack stood equally still. So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath, found its way into the upper air; but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

'My aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader, as a sitter; and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise, which was suddenly, the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion; and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the royal birthday. But the almanack not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid; and there lay my aunt, stretched on the parlour-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"Ah—the apoplexy!"

'Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but, as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

* * * *

'About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the coroner to sit on the body: but my uncle replied, "There was no need."—"But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural."—"My dear madam," interrupted my uncle, "it was a natural death enough."'

The profusion of puns in the following is not less

clever than the imitation of the olden style of composition.

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

‘ Now the loud Crye is up, and harke !
 The barkye Trees give back the Bark ;
 The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
 And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
 Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why ?
 She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
 And see the wild Stag how he stretches
 The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
 Running like one of Human kind
 Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
 As if he had not payde his Bill
 For Ven’son, or was owing still
 For his two Hornes, and soe did get
 Over his Head and Ears in Debt ;—
 Wherefore he strives to pay his Waye
 With his long Legges the while he maye :—
 But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
 As well as anye Hart could wish,
 Except that one whose Heart doth beat
 So faste it hasteneth his feet ;—
 And runninge soe, he holdeth Death
 Four Feet from him ;—till his Breath
 Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
 From runninge slow he standeth faste,
 With hornie Bayonettes at baye
 To baying Dogges around, and they
 Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
 And goreth them that seeke his Gore,—
 Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
 Is dead—as sure as he’s alive !
 Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
 With Fate, and calleth up his might,
 And standeth stout that he maye fall
 Bravelye and be avenged of all,
 Nor like a Craven yield his Breath
 Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death !’

We must close our extracts with the ballad of 'Faithless Nelly Gray'; and we do so with tears which he has squeezed out of us by dint of laughing, and in the earnest hope of soon seeing Mr. Hood again.

- ' Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !
- ' Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, " Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot !"
- ' The army-surgeons made him limbs :
Said he, — " they're only pegs :
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs !"
- ' Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devour'd his pay !
- ' But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !
- " O, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform !"
- ' Said she, " I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !
- " Before you had those timber-toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now !"
- " Oh, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,

At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death:—alas!
You will not be my *Nell*!"

' Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

' So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

' One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

' And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

' A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF RUSSIA.

MAN is in all countries the slave of superstitions. Implanted in the cradle, nurtured with every feeling of the mind, reason is not strong enough to eradicate them; and the wisest and the best, in common with the weakest and the worst, bow to an influence which they may despise, but which they must obey. The evils which destiny has prepared for us, should be sufficiently burthensome; and it baffles all human skill to ascertain the cause which makes us create others for our own torment. In England, and in most parts of the Continent of Europe, these superstitions are kept out of sight; old women and children alone talk of them—men feel them—but are silent. In Russia they form too prominent a part of the national character to be concealed. An ingenious traveller there, says, he has met Russians who abandoned themselves to habitual drunkenness, and all its disgusting consequences, without hesitation: but who would have suffered martyrdom rather than smoke tobacco, alleging, as a reason, that sentence in the Holy Scriptures which says, that what enters the mouth of man pollutes him not, but only that which issues from it? Even in the higher, and more enlightened classes, many persons will at this day be found, who cannot be persuaded to eat pigeons, because they resemble the form under which the Holy Ghost is painted in the churches.

It is a precaution very necessary to be observed at table, by no means to ask a friend to help you to salt; because, unless he smiles as he gives it, he will inevitably quarrel with you. A stranger would also fall into a great mistake, if he should think a child pretty, and tell its mother so; for if she did not immediately spit on the child, she would believe that this admiration would bring on it the greatest disasters; and the luckless wight who thought he had recommended himself to the mother's good graces, would find himself detested by her. Monday is considered by them a most unlucky day, and one on which nothing should be begun. This is the only one of the Russian

popular superstitions that I feel disposed to accord with; and, as the creation of this breathing world of ours was begun on a Monday, it may account for all the disasters which have befallen it, from the deluge to the present moment.

A PROJECT FOR THE EXTIRPATION OF RATS.

INTRODUCE them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food; and, if Nature hath not made them so, the cook may. Rat pye would be as good as rook pye; and four tails intertwined like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeons' feet. After a while they might be declared *game* by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.

Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable. The importance of such a fashion to our farmers ought to have its weight. When our nobles and gentlemen feed their own pigs, perform for a Spanish tup the office of Pandarus of Troy, and provide heifers of great elegance for bulls of acknowledged merit, our ladies may perhaps be induced to receive an addition to their wardrobe from the hands of the rat-catcher, for a purpose of less equivocal utility.

Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made, lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the hyenas, wolves, jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey.

If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other remuneration to either of these methods, the projector has left his address with the publisher.

REMEMBER ME.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

REMEMBER me, remember me !

Lady, whose charms for ever dwell
Shrin'd in my heart, and still shall be--List ! while I speak again the spell,
Which mutter'd first in happiest hour,
Binds us for ever ;And by its holy magic power
Forbids, though fate and fortune lower,
Our hearts to sever.We met ! as though each anxious heart,
If separate, could ne'er be free ;
And oft th' unbidden sigh will start
When busy fancy pictures thee,
In angel-shape, while the full tear
Stood trembling in thine eye,
The birth of mingled hope and fear,
And thy soft voice upon mine ear,
Spoke sweetest melody.We parted ! as our souls were set
Upon the hazard of a dye,
Ere hope and fear had mingled yet,
Or linger'd in their native sky,
When plighted vows were sacred things
Tho' told in Muse's bow'r,
Ere gladness broke her lyre's weak strings,
Or worldly love had fashion'd wings,
To seek the shrine of pow'r.Oh ! by the mem'ry of that bliss ;
The raptur'd dream of early youth ;
By passion's first and warmest kiss,
The fervent pledge of mutual truth,
By the mystery of that spell,
Which fate hath wove for thee,I summon from its secret cell
The charm that binds in heav'n or hell,
Remember me ! remember me !

London.

W. C. SELWY.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. I.

THE LEAGUER MONK.

THE evening of a fine summer day was just closing in, when two horsemen, who, from the spent condition of their steeds, had ridden far and fast, arrived at the steep hill which begins about a league and a half on the Paris side of St. Cloud. The one appeared to be a soldier; the other, by his sad coloured plain dress, seemed to belong to a more peaceful profession; but both were armed, as it behoved men to be in the troublesome times of the League, when violence and rapine roamed unpunished throughout France; and were no where less curbed than in the neighbourhood of Paris. The riders checked their horses when they began the ascent, and let the tired beasts walk up the hill.

‘The danger is past,’ said the elder, and less warlike of the two; ‘the cursed leaguer-scouts dare not venture so far, and we may now breathe.’

‘Ay, marry, and yet I trust them not,’ replied the other. ‘I would willingly dismount, but that, for aught I know, some cut-throat may be even now on the lookout for us; and, in case of being out-numbered, we have no other chance but to make our steeds save themselves and us.’

‘I told you it was somewhat rash to set out without an escort,’ replied the elder.

‘Ay, and if we had waited for that, the news I bear might have been useless; and some less cautious man would have had the command I hope for. It may do very well for you, my dear brother, who are the king’s attorney-general, to take care of your valuable life; but I, who am but a younger brother of our good family of La Guesle, and a poor captain in his majesty’s guard, can only hope to live by running the daily chance of being knocked on the head;—nay, even twice a day, sometimes, while the leaguers are out.’

‘Yonder is one who looks suspiciously enough in my

eyes,' said the elder La Guesle, pointing to a monk who was kneeling before a crucifix by the road-side.

'Well, he is but one, and a monk to boot,' said the soldier.

'Let me tell you there is never a viper more dangerous than one of yon same monks. I never look at their wide sleeves, but my mind misgives me they carry pistols and poniards in them.'

'Pistols and poniards are not dangerous things of themselves; and, in a monk's grasp, they are as harmless as my mistress's bodkin. But, see, yon monk looks as if he would speak.'

The subject of their conversation had finished his prayer, and approached the travellers. He was of the order of Jacobins; and his appearance was not much calculated to excite suspicion in any mind. His cowl was thrown back, and displayed his features, which, without being handsome, were sufficiently well-looking. An expression of mildness and humility characterised his countenance; and was somewhat exaggerated by the mortified air with which he cast down his eyes as the travellers came up to him.

'*Salve et benedicite*,' said the monk, in the drawling tone, usual with his fraternity.

'*Et tu quoque*,' replied the elder traveller; while the soldier, returning the monk's salutation with a bow, asked—

'Whither away good father?'

'To St. Cloud,' replied the monk; 'the unworthy bearer of a letter from the President Harlay to the king.'

'From my good friend the president!' cried the elder La Guesle; 'how fares he?'

'Well in health,' replied the monk, 'but the pains of imprisonment, and sorrow for his poor country, weigh heavily upon the good man's heart. He has written to our gracious king; and his letter contains a proposition which it may be shall end the distresses under which all men suffer.'

'God a mercy! monk,' cried the soldier, 'if this be rue, thou art the bearer of the best tidings that I have

heard for many a day; but how comes it that an errand of such importance is intrusted to thee, who makest thy way poor and alone ?

‘ My worn frock, and my poverty, are as good safeguards as thy bright cuirass. Other qualifications for this office have I none, save a Christian desire to bring about peace, for *beati sunt pacificatores*.’

‘ Proudly said,’ cried the elder traveller; ‘ but let me see thy passport. I have lived long enough to know that the hood makes not the monk, and that pious sayings often issue from profane mouths.’

The monk replied not; but drew from his scrip the passport which had been required of him. The advocate inspected it, and saw that it was signed by the Count de Brienne, one of the king’s generals, who was then a prisoner in Paris; and, thus satisfied of the truth of the monk’s story, he returned him the paper. During this conversation they had been walking slowly, and had now reached the top of the hill, from whence the turrets of St. Cloud were seen to glitter in the last rays of the sinking sun. The captain, who saw that the monk’s feet were galled by the rough road (for the holy personage’s shoes were in a marvellously dilapidated condition), said to him good-naturedly, ‘ A long league, holy brother, lies between this and Saint Cloud. Now, if thou thinkest thou art horseman enough to keep thy seat behind me, the roan’s crupper shall be thy saddle: we will ride to St. Cloud like two ancient templars.’

The monk needed not twice bidding, but leaped with considerable agility behind the captain; and the horses having by this time recovered themselves, the parties struck off at a round pace for St. Cloud. The roughness of the road prevented any further conversation: the monk employed himself in telling his rosary: the captain congratulated himself on having a chaplain added to his suite; and the attorney-general ruminated on schemes of policy adapted to the dangerous exigencies of the times.

When they reached St. Cloud, it was too late for the

monk to present his letter to the king; and the attorney-general, upon whom the mildness of his manner had somewhat gained, carried him to his own quarters, where he committed him to the care of his steward, promising that early in the morning he should be introduced to the king.

In the ample hall of the *Sieur La Guesle*, the poor monk was treated with less respect by the servants than their master had intended should be paid to him. They were all of course royalists; and they knew that the monks, and particularly the *Jacobins*, to which fraternity the stranger belonged, were amongst the most decided partisans of the League against the king. The successes which had lately attended their monarch's arms gave good reason to hope that he would shortly reduce his rebellious subjects to obedience; and they were anxiously expecting orders to march to the attack of Paris, which, feebly defended, and suffering all the inconveniences of a thick population, and scarcity of provisions, seemed to require little more than the show of assault to carry it. Anticipating the triumph of which they had assured themselves, the servants showed no inclination to spare the *Jacobin* monk. In the course of the supper, every one had in turn gibed the ecclesiastic; and he had borne all their jests with a quiet and controlled temper. An inclination of the head, a half-muttered prayer, or a look of contrition cast upwards, were the only replies that he made to the scoffs with which he was loaded; and yet, in the look which he sometimes cast about him, a keen observer might have suspected that was passing in his heart which belied his outward appearance. The meal was ended; and *Etienne Rabaut*, the esquire of the *Captain La Guesle*, filled his cup high, and proposed the health of the king. Seeing that the monk did not fill his goblet, he cried out to him, 'How now, brother, is that a health not palatable to your reverence? what scruples can a good churchman have against drinking the health and long life of a good king?'

'None, none,' cried the monk hastily; and, as if to

cover the error he had been guilty of, he drained the cup which had been set before him.

‘Well pulled, my tight little monk,’ said one of the grooms, who sate below him at the board; ‘a most orthodox drinker. Let me see the Hugonot dog that shall drain his can like a jolly son of Mother Church.’

The monk seemed to be confused; and, as if impatient at having been thrown off his guard, he busily employed himself in paring a large apple which lay before him.

‘Yes,’ said another of the valets, ‘and his reverence eats as well as he drinks. Did’st see Pierre how he laid about him at supper with yon large black-handled knife? Marry, look at it—with your reverence’s leave,’ he said, as he reached his hand across the table to take up the knife which the monk had laid down, and which was a remarkably large new-looking one.

The monk clutched up his knife eagerly, and thrust it into its sheath; then, checking himself, he said, with a forced smile, ‘Thou shouldst never sport with edged tools.’

‘The monk is as sharp as his knife,’ said the disappointed valet; ‘I never saw a churchman yet without a corkscrew and a knife. Now I warrant me thou wouldst sooner forget thy breviary than thy knife.’

‘There is my breviary,’ said the monk, drawing it from his bosom, and kissing it fervently, ‘and here is my knife,’ touching the handle as he spoke, and slowly pushing it within the folds of his cloak; at the same time looking calmly in the face of the servant.

‘Is it true, holy father,’ cried a pretty little waiting-maid who sate opposite, ‘that six monks of thy fraternity have made a vow to kill the king?’

‘As I am a Christian, I hope and believe not,’ replied the monk; ‘but there are good and bad men of all orders.’

‘Truly and moderately spoken,’ cried the steward, who began to think that the monk had been sufficiently baited, and that it was not quite decent that a person of his profession should be made the sport of ribald

serving men ; ' and now, my masters, silence, while the holy man returns thanks.'

The monk said a short prayer ; and, complaining of fatigue, was shown to his chamber, leaving his character to be handled as freely as the light-tongued inconsiderate servants listed.

On the following morning the whole court was in a bustle at an early hour. The king was going to hunt, and all his attendants were on the alert preparing for the chase. The attorney-general's first thought was of the monk, and the despatches of which he was the bearer ; and he sent his servant to awake him. The valet found him lying on the bed dressed as he had been the night before, but fast asleep ; his hands were folded upon his bosom ; one of them clutched his breviary, and the other was thrust within his frock.

The man looked at him ; and, as the thought occurred to him that nothing but a quiet conscience could procure sleep so calm, he regretted the part he had taken in teasing this holy man the night before. He shook him, and called ; but, so sound were the monk's slumbers, that he was obliged to handle him even roughly before he could rouse him. At length the monk awoke ; and, learning that the attorney-general had sent for him, he hastened to make ready. A very few moments sufficed for his preparations, and he accompanied the *Sieur La Guesle* and his brother, the captain, to the king's quarters, where he was left in the anti-chamber, while his conductors entered the king's room to announce his coming.

Henry III. had risen this morning in one of those cheerful moods which had of late become rare with him. He was most unreasonably in high spirits, and was so eager for the chase that he had been hurrying the business which it was necessary for him to dispatch, in order that he might pursue his favourite diversion. When *La Guesle* entered with his brother, he found Henry standing up, while one of his gentlemen was buckling on his spurs. A small Italian greyhound was standing on its hind legs, kissing the king's hand with a

fawning servility that could only be exceeded by the human courtiers who surrounded him.

‘How now, La Guesle,’ said the king as he entered, ‘some new delays? Does that long important face of thine portend that we are never to get to horse?’

‘If I had to choose the road, sire,’ said La Guesle, ‘I would give my best hopes to see your majesty on horseback. My brother has seen some of the officers of the Picardy regiment, and has learnt that Paris needs only to be summoned in order to surrender. He says that the only fighting men in Paris are the four thousand under the Duke of Mayenne’s command, and that half of them are ready to desert. The rabble populace, with the *canaille* of priests, monks, students, and other beggars, will be knocked on the head by the women of Paris as soon as your majesty’s banner shall be displayed.’

‘Fair and softly, good attorney-general,’ cried the king; ‘much as I hate that same *canaille*, you and I have found that they can both give and take hard blows. But temper your ardour a little; a few days shall see us before Paris. In the meantime I thank you and your brother, whom I know for a brave and loyal chevalier, for your zeal. Nay, prithee, don’t look blank on a fine morning, but come and help me to strike a royal deer.’

‘Your majesty’s will must be obeyed,’ said La Guesle: ‘but one moment’s delay yet. There is a Jacobin monk waiting yonder without, whom I picked up yester evening on the road. He says he has a letter to your majesty from the lord president; and he comes with a pass from the Count de Brienne.’

‘My poor prisoners!’ cried the king; ‘admit him instantly.’

At a sign from La Guesle, one of the hallebardiers drew aside the tapestry which covered the door of the anti-chamber, and beckoned to the monk to enter. Slowly and respectfully, but with a firm step, the Jacobin approached the king; and, kneeling to him, presented a letter which he held in his hand. The king stooped to take it from him; and, such was his eager-

ness to read it, that he began to open it without motioning to the monk to rise. Recollecting himself in a moment, but without lifting his eyes from the paper, he said, 'Rise, good father.'

The monk, who had his hands folded, rose slowly on one knee; and, as he did so, disengaged from its sheath the knife which had been observed by the servants at supper on the preceding night. Looking full in the king's face, he shortened his arm, and plunged the weapon with all his force into the belly of the unfortunate monarch. The king recoiled one step with the blow; and the monk, who had overreached himself, fell on his face. The king drew the knife from his wound, and cried out, 'Cursed monk, he has killed me—stab him!' and as, at the same moment, the monk was recovering himself, the king struck him twice, with a desperate strength, on the face. The first wound was just below his left eye; the second was on his upper lip, and broke several of his teeth. The Chevalier de La Guesle, who had been talking to his brother, was roused at the king's cry; and, seizing the monk immediately, and pulling him away from the king, threw him on his back, placing his sword to his throat. Some of the other gentlemen present and the guard ran up at the same time; and, acting only under the impulse of the moment, thrust their weapons into the wretched murderer's body, which fell lifeless, and pierced with innumerable wounds.

The suddenness of the whole transaction seemed to have a stunning effect on every one present; and they gazed now at the mangled wretch on the floor, now at their ill-fated monarch, who had sunk bleeding into the arms of some of his courtiers, with mingled feelings of rage and grief. The king was carried into his chamber; and, the doors being closed, was given over to the care of his spiritual and medical attendants. Inquiry was then made if any body knew the assassin; and he was soon ascertained to be a monk of the name of James Clement, who, to an ardent enthusiastic mind, joined great looseness and depravity of conduct, and had long

been employed as the tool of that arch fiend and directress of the League, the Duchess of Montpensier. The indignant courtiers threw his body out of the window without ceremony; and the two brothers La Guesle bewailed bitterly the chance which had made them the unwitting instruments of introducing him to the king's presence.

In the evening the hopes which had been entertained of the king's wound proved futile, and it was declared to be decidedly mortal. All the amiability of this ill-fated monarch's character then displayed itself. With unaffected piety he forgave his enemies; and, sending for the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. he embraced him tenderly, and gave him such advice as was likely to make his reign happy. The tears of all who were present at this scene proved incontestably that, although Henry had been a weak king, he was beloved by all who had been intimate enough with him to estimate his good qualities. Thus died, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, Henry III. whose reign was one scene of intrigue and conspiracy, which had embittered and shortened his life, and rendered his kingdom a prey to the most destructive anarchy.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters, past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with the delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels lays.

ON UMBRELLAS.

SOME philosopher—I think it was Sancho Panza, or as great a man—exclaimed in the fervour and fullness of his gratitude, ‘Blessings on his heart who invented sleep!’ I, with, as it appears to me, no less reason, exclaim, ‘Blessings on his heart who invented umbrellas!’ If I knew who it was, and if I lived in the good old Catholic times, and if I possessed, moreover, power with his holiness the pope—three very necessary *ifs*—I would do my best to have him canonized; for I see no reason why, since that showery saint, Swithin, has a place in the calendar, the man who is the means of saving us from a wet skin deserves not as much honour.

I am sure we sojourners in this clime of rain and sleet, where there is a ‘glorious uncertainty’ of weather as well as of law, are highly indebted to him. I confess they look oddly, and are strange-shaped articles; but there are few more convenient and useful. If we choose to carry them, they save our skins from wet, and preserve our internal system from many an annoying grievance; nay, they even eventually save our pockets; for, being guards against coughs and colds, *et id genus omne malorum*, they repel the inroads of the doctors, and save us from the nausea of sedative mixtures, the oppression of anodyne draughts, and the abomination of water gruel—things abhorrent to all well-regulated feelings. Beneath our outspread umbrellas, we may laugh at the pelting of the pitiless storm, and at the thoughtlessness of those who are unprovided with a similar appendage; to say nothing of that comfortable sort of pride, that chuckling triumphant sensation, which arises from a sense of superiority and satisfaction at our own superior foresight and knowingness. Perhaps this feeling is not the most generous or commendable, but it is one incident to humanity; and the best of us cannot always check it, although we don’t always choose to plead guilty to it.

Some folks (indolent I must call them, if by no harsher epithet) say, that the trouble of even carrying

an umbrella, when it chances to be fair, and the still greater toil of bearing them aloft when it rains, fully counterbalance their utility. They complain of the frequent interruptions with which they meet, by jostling against other people; of being obliged to step into the gutter to get along, and avoid a concussion over head; in short, they dole forth a catalogue of complaints long and grave enough, if not to convince, at least to send their hearers comfortably to sleep; and conclude by observing, that a tree, when ruralizing, or a gateway, when promenading in the crowded streets of the metropolis, is far preferable. If they put it only as a matter of taste, that is all very well—I don't want to dispute with them; but, if they set these pretences up as arguments, I beg leave humbly, but earnestly, to deny them, and to take issue upon the point. Do these gentlemen forget that it is possible the tree may attract the lightning, and that it is, of the two, better to be wet through than to be killed? and every body knows how extremely dangerous it is to stand under a gateway in London for every body who cannot say, 'Who steals my purse steals trash;' those spots being on all such occasions the favourite resort of the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who fill their own pockets by emptying those of others.

No, give *me* an umbrella; which is a good walking stick in fair weather, and is always ready to be transformed by a slight effort into its more expanded form; for even if we should shelter under the tree or the gateway without either being killed or plundered, we, at all events, lose time; one is compelled to remain fidgetting with anxiety and impatience, and shivering with cold: now, pulling out one's watch, only to make the heavy minutes pass still more heavily; then, peeping out to ascertain the direction of the wind, and to discover whether there was that quantity of azure sky to be seen which, as the weather-wise people say, portends a calm,—that is enough to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches. Under the protection of a good stout umbrella, on the contrary, we are independent—we continue dry, and occupy the fleeting hours—we retain our

good humour, and keep up the genial animating glow of our spirits. Again I say, give *me* an umbrella! Among its advantages we should never forget that it employs one of our arms (which some awkward people are puzzled to know what to do with occasionally) when walking alone, whether we use it as a supporter, or as a covering. It saves our clothes, and, therefore, lessens the items of the taylor's bill; and, in fine, its benefits are so obvious, that no gentleman who has a proper sense of what is due to himself ought to hesitate about procuring an umbrella.

I have known more than one Irishman make his fortune by means of an umbrella; you may observe that they never walk without them. It gives them a good opportunity of getting into conversation with folks who would otherwise be inaccessible. At Cheltenham they never turn out in a morning unaccompanied by these conveniences. April is their best month, and they are as fond of unsettled weather as the hackney coachmen. An old acquaintance of mine, who was the proprietor of a large extent of unreclaimed bog in the district of Connemara, disinherited the eldest of seventeen sons he had, because he met him without an umbrella; and justified himself by saying, he was an idle rogue, who would never come to any good, who should omit so palpable a way of making his fortune. I knew another—but he was a rascal—who used to hover about the bank just when the dividends are payable, and who, by lending his umbrella to a silly old maid, persuaded her to marry him. He soon got possession of the little money she had—set up the trade of a quack doctor—and now kills as many people every year as the measles or any other of the ills that flesh is heir to. In short, I am sure, all who have umbrellas should prize them, and all who have not should buy them without delay; but, lest my motives should be mistaken, I beg it may be distinctly understood that I am by no means a dealer in umbrellas, wholesale or retail, or in any other way interested but for the pure love I bear them.

JAMES FITZJAMES.

THE DEATH OF TRUE LOVE.

BY THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

LAPP'D on Cythera's golden sands

When first True Love was born on earth,
 Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
 Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claim'd the sweet employ ;

Her cup, her thornless flow'rs, she said,
 Would feed him best with health and joy,
 And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd

The tricks and changeful mind of youth ;
 Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,
 Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,

But Prudence disallow'd her right ;
 She deem'd her Iris pinions shone
 Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given,

And well with Hope the cherub throve ;
 'Till Innocence came down from heaven,
 Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love.

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,

When all prefer'd to her she found—
 She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
 And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,

When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
 Tired Innocence to slumber's pow'r
 One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child

Her joys, and sugar'd poisons, prest :
 Drunk with new joy, he heaved, he smiled,
 Reel'd, sunk, and died upon her breast.

LOVE'S LESSON.

ROSALIE CLAIRVILLE was the only child of a Swiss gentleman, who, having lost his wife, had retired to a small patrimonial estate on the bank of the lake of Lausanne, near Clarens. He had formerly served in the French army, and the dissipation which it was impossible there to avoid had reduced a large fortune to a very small one. Tired of the giddy round he had run, he formed a plan of happiness in his union with Rosalie's mother, but her death disappointed his expectations, and drove him from a world which had palled upon his taste before, and which now disgusted him. In his retirement, study formed the business and the amusement of his life; and the education of his daughter was the source of a new and pure happiness to him, of which he had never before had a notion. To watch the development of her intellect, to guide and form her taste, and to observe her as she blossomed from a lovely infancy into all the graces of womanhood, were for several years his solace and delight. Never, perhaps, were the pains which a parent bestowed on his child more fully repaid than by the beautiful Rosalie. Her disposition was kind and amiable as a good heart and good sense could make it, and she entered upon life with such cheerfulness and courage as are inspired by an ignorance of its dangers and sorrows. Her father, to whom experience had taught some of its bitterest lessons, could not look without apprehension at the future fate of his child, who, he saw, by the very virtues of her temper was exposed to the evils of the world. He knew, that to prevent the calamities and griefs with which the path of all human beings is so thickly strewn, would be impossible; but he knew also that the best way of guarding against them, and of blunting their attacks, would be by providing for his daughter a protector who should fill his place, and who should excite in her mind those feelings of which her disposition made her peculiarly perceptible. For these reasons it was that he had en-

couraged an attachment which had been formed at an early period between his daughter and Henri Valmount, the son of a wealthy citizen of Lausanne, whose worth had highly distinguished him among his townsmen, and gained for him all the honours which are bestowed in the little republic of which he was a member. Henri had displayed talents and courage in his earlier years, which convinced M. de Clairville that he was such a husband as he should willingly confide his Rosalie to the care of; and, as Henri's father was no less desirous that the union should take place, every thing seemed disposed so as to secure the happiness of Rosalie and her lover. As, however, they were both too young to be married, when this arrangement was made, it was thought advisable that Henri should quit his native country for the purpose of making a campaign with the Austrian army, while Rosalie remained with her father.

During Henri's absence, the Countess of Charenton, a distant relation of M. de Clairville, came to reside at Lausanne, some political affairs in which she had permitted herself to be implicated, rather from the vain wish of being talked about in the circle in which she moved, than from any other feeling on the subject, having compelled her to quit France. Immediately on her arrival she visited her relation, and, expressing the warmest admiration at the charms of his daughter, prevailed upon her father to let her visit her at Lausanne. M. de Clairville, who knew that the countess was a vain and proud woman, knew also that she was too well allied to keep any other than the best society, even in her exile; and, as he was particularly desirous that his daughter should acquire that tone and ease of demeanour which are only to be learnt from those to whom the gay world has already taught it, he agreed, unhesitatingly, to permit Rosalie to visit her.

Rosalie was goodness itself, but she was young, of ardent feelings and active imagination, and it was impossible but that the society which she met at the countess's should have a considerable influence on her.

The story of her love was no secret, and the quizzing which she underwent from her relation, and her gay companions, taught her for the first time to wish that it was not quite so notorious. They thought it was a good and allowable joke to indulge themselves in sarcasms, which were not meant to wound, on the fidelity of Rosalie to her absent lover; and at length, as it is not easy for older and more experienced persons than she was to resist the effect of example, from blushing at their sneers, she began to join in the joke.

The countess was distinguished for good taste and good company: at all times her house was the resort of the best society that could be found in the neighbourhood, and in the finer part of the year she was visited by some of her Parisian friends. The scene which this presented to Rosalie, was more like enchantment than the sober realities of the life she had been accustomed to, and at length she found that agreeable, which had before created feelings of dislike, if not of contempt. Her love for Henri was not in the slightest degree diminished, but the purity and devotion of the sentiment which had occupied her heart before, was changed; and, instead of looking upon it as the sole end and object of her life—the engrossing feeling of her heart—she permitted herself to join in the gaities which surrounded her, and to seek amusement from the frivolous sources which presented themselves.

Among the countess's guests was a young officer, who was considered among his friends as a person perfectly irresistible, and this reputation having been once gained, it went a great way to prove him so. He had a good person, and was skilled in all the trumpery acquirements which weak people mistake for solid worth. He was the pet—the mode—of a certain set of ladies of rank, and of course the envy of all the men whom fortune had less favoured. It happened unluckily that Rosalie's beauty had made a greater impression on him than he usually felt, and he exerted all his arts to fascinate her. For, any serious purpose then would have been in vain, for Rosalie loved.

too well, and had, besides, too much good sense not to discriminate between the manly excellence of Henri and the tinsel accomplishments of so heartless a coxcomb as the Marquis de Rougemont. Still, as flirtation was the order of the day at the countess's, and, as Rosalie was already touched by the infection, she listened, merely for her amusement, to the nonsense with which he regaled her.

Love is a tyrant deity, and must be worshipped without change or doubt: his altars must be served without intermission, or his votaries become heretics, and are beyond the reach of his grace. This it is that constitutes the difference between that true ardent passion which forms the only real and unmixed good in this world, and that anti-love which is commonly felt and professed, and which is quite good enough for such people as can be content with it. Rosalie knew not the fault she committed, nor the punishment that must attend it. She had been for some days in the habit of permitting the marquis to address his affected declarations of love to her, without manifesting the repugnance which they had at first excited. He, emboldened by this, and believing that it was impossible for any woman to resist him, thought that the battle was won. At one of the *Soirées*, after dancing, Rosalie had withdrawn into a small boudoir which adjoined the *salon*, and from the open windows of which the soft and refreshing air blew in. The marquis followed her, and she sate down, threw himself on his knees, and uttered a volley of that common-place talk which was usual with him. Rosalie thought he looked foolish enough, but did not insist on his rising. He seized her hand; and, as she was about to withdraw it, with an angry reproof for his impertinence, she saw Henri standing in the balcony before her, a spectator of the scene that was acting. Confusion, shame, and grief—the joy of seeing him, whom it was only necessary to think upon, to call up all the passionate feelings of her heart, and the pain of seeing him here, overpowered her; she attempted to rise, but Henri made no effort to meet her, and she sank senseless on her chair. The

marquis would have assisted her, but was prevented with some violence by Henri, who raised her head. The servants entered almost immediately; and, having left her to their care, Henri withdrew with the marquis. A few short and bitter words brought them to a quarrel, which it was only possible to settle in one way; and the first intelligence that Rosalie received on the following morning was, that the marquis had been killed in a duel by Henri, who had fled to avoid the rigour of the laws, which punished such offences with death. At the same time, almost, a letter was brought to her from Henri, in which he renounced all hope, all desire, ever to see her again; and, forbearing all reproaches on his part, left her to the punishment which must be inflicted by a consciousness that she had destroyed his happiness for ever.

To describe the grief which overwhelmed Rosalie upon this unlooked-for catastrophe would be difficult. She awoke as if from a dream; she saw that she had been trifling wantonly with her best hopes of happiness; and that they were now lost to her for ever. Now, perhaps, for the first time, she knew the extent of her passion, and felt that her heart must break without that which had formed its first and brightest joy. The pangs of outraged love tortured her beyond endurance, and she fled, from scenes which had become odious, to the retirement of her father's house, in the hope that death would soon end her sufferings. The only consolation she had in her grief was, to know that the report of the marquis's death was unfounded, and that, although badly wounded, he was not likely to die. Her father knew, that in the present agitated state of her feelings, it was in vain to offer her comfort, and he let the storm rage on, knowing that there would come a time when its power would be spent. But, if the noise of the countess's house had been intolerable to Rosalie, the solitude of her father's was still more painful. Nothing occurred to distract her thoughts from the fatal object which occupied them, and on which it was torture to dwell. She wandered about in a spot which had

been once dear to her, where every object had excited pleasurable sensations, but where now all was a blank.

She had been walking listlessly on the shore of the lake, and had just seated herself on a fragment of stone near the brink—she gazed upon the dark blue deep waters, and the thought rushed into her mind, that in their stillness and obscurity there must be rest from the agony which she endured. The moment was fatal—a gleam of desperation lighted her eye, her bosom heaved, and respiration became difficult, from the overpowering emotion it had raised. Gloomy thoughts and images of despair floated across her mind; she looked up to heaven, her head sunk upon her bosom, she muttered an incoherent prayer, and a fatal deed had been perhaps accomplished, when her father's voice fell upon her ear. She started up, flew into his arms, and the quick warm tears which flowed from her eyes relieved her overcharged heart. He saw that this was the favourable moment for speaking to her, and with the affection of a father, and with the wisdom of a philosopher, he consoled her griefs, and pointed out to her the cause of the error she had committed.

‘To err, my child,’ he continued, ‘is the lot of our miserable nature; but to endure the consequences of our errors, to suffer patiently and courageously, is not only a duty which religion enjoins, but which our own tranquillity requires. He then begged her to calm herself, showed her in what degree she could, by the efforts of her reason, assuage the pains of her disappointment, while time would slowly heal the wounds which her heart had received. It had become necessary, too, in consequence of the publicity which this affair had obtained, that she should, by her own conduct, contradict the absurd and injurious reports which were abroad concerning her.

Rosalie listened; and although she was not convinced that her grief would be less, yet despair had left her, for she had found in her affectionate father that sympathy which her situation demanded. The better and bolder feelings of her nature, that fortitude which, as some plants which thrive best in inclement weather,

flourishes most in adversity, and in which she was by no means deficient, now displayed itself. A consciousness that her error had been unintentional, and the pride which arises from the purity of heart, restored her to her own respect; and, although nothing could assuage the anguish of her heart, she was enabled to gain an appearance of tranquillity. In secret, the tears of bitter regret would flow, but no eye beheld them, and no sound gave utterance to the woe which she endured. Months passed away, and her feelings in this respect remained the same. No news had been received of Henri since his departure, except one letter which he had written to his father, bidding him farewell, and speaking of his return to Switzerland as altogether impossible. In the meantime, the Marquis de Rougemont had recovered of his wound; and, as soon as he was able, he made a serious proposal of marriage to Rosalie, through her father. Without a moment's hesitation she rejected this offer; and her father, after requesting her to examine her heart well, and having received the same unequivocal reply from her, declined the marquis's proposal, informing him that his daughter had determined not to marry. Never was a determination more seriously made, nor with a more satisfactory appearance of being firmly kept.

It was not without some difficulty that Rosalie was enabled to keep all the resolutions she had made. The Countess of Charenton left no means untried of bringing her again into gay society. She was a woman of good disposition, but the world had spoiled her; and she thought she was doing Rosalie the greatest kindness, when she tried to root out from her heart the pure and single feeling which was its best ornament. As she possessed great talents and powers of charming, it was not easy for Rosalie to resist all the temptations by which the countess assailed her. Entreaties kind and urgent, and the not less potent aid of ridicule, were exerted in vain : Rosalie was determined to stay in that retirement where, although happiness was, she believed for ever, banished from her own bosom, she diffused comfort and joy around her. Her father had once, and only once, lately spoken to

her of the possibility of Henri's return ; but she believed that he had done so only from a feeling of kindness to her, and she checked the slight hope which involuntarily arose, as a delusion which, if suffered to grow, would destroy the little repose she had gained.

It was an autumnal evening, and Rosalie had been sitting with her father in a small harbour, at the end of the garden which looked on the lake. The sun was nearly sunk, and the summit of Mont Blanc still shone with that evanescent rose-colour which his last beams threw upon the 'monarch of mountains.' The broad blue lake lay before, and the distant rocks of Meillerie were assuming the dark shadows of evening. There was something in the scene, in the hour,

Era già l'ora che volge 'l disio,

and in the place, which generated sad but sweet thoughts ; and Rosalie was yielding to its influence, when her father attracted her attention to a small boat which was rapidly approaching towards them. Rosalie looked, and saw that it was one of the Ville-neuve fishing boats rowed by two men, while another sate in the steerage.

The boat made the shore ; and the stranger leaping from it, advanced by a steep path to the harbour in which they were sitting. He wore a sort of undress military costume, and this circumstance made Rosalie's heart beat involuntarily. His hat was over his brows—in another moment he was before them—she saw it was Henri. The colour fled from her cheek, and returned to it again ; she rose with the intention of quitting the place, but was prevented by her lover, who clasped her in his arms. It is needless, and it would be impossible, to describe the feelings of the lovers ; a short explanation sufficed for them, and still shorter must satisfy our readers. M. de Clairville had kept up a correspondence with Henri, whose love for Rosalie had never been diminished, and who was now returned to claim her. A speedy union completed the happiness of Rosalie and Henri, which was never impaired by the recollection of the severe lesson they had learnt, that the passion, which is the purest source of all human joys, must not be trifled with.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

A VERY pretty volume of poems under this title has just appeared, from the pen of the ingenious Miss Landon, who has long been favourably known to the public. The authoress supposes that a sovereign lady of Provence establishes, according to the custom of the happy land of love and song which she inhabits, a trial of lyrical skill among the bards and troubadours who shall assemble at her invitation, and the victor is to be rewarded with a golden violet, the prize usually bestowed on such occasions. Hence the title of the work. In the course of it, the different poets who present themselves are described, and their lays told. Some of these are very pretty, and all of them are characterised by that elegance and feeling which are the distinguishing marks of Miss Landon's poetry. There is perhaps too much of a certain dreaminess and obscurity in the descriptions, which give an appearance of weakness where power ought to abound; but there is so much to praise, that we relinquish the less pleasing task of censuring, where it may be necessary, to other hands. 'The Lay of the Norman Knight' is among the best of the small poems which the volume contains. It is entitled 'The Falcon,' and is thus introduced:

'The next who rose had that martial air,
Such as stately warrior wont to wear;
Haughty his step, and sun and toil
Had left on his cheek their darker soil,
And on his brow of pride was the scar,
The soldier's sign of glorious war;
And the notes came forth like the bearing bold
Of the nightly deeds which their numbers told.'

THE FALCON:

The Lay of the Norman Knight.

'I hear a sound o'er hill and plain,
It doth not pass away.
Is it the valleys that ring forth
Their welcome to the day?

‘ Or is it that the lofty woods,
Touch’d by the morn, rejoice ?
No, ’tis another sound than these,—
It is the battle’s voice.

‘ I see the martial ranks, I see
Their banners floating there,
And plume and spear rise meteor like
Upon the reddening air.

‘ One mark’d I most of all,—he was
Mine own familiar friend ;
A blessing after him was all
My distant lip could send.

‘ Curse on the feeble arm that hung
Then useless by my side !
I lay before my tent and watch’d
Onwards the warriors ride.

‘ DE VALENCE he was first of all,
Upon his foam white steed ;
Never knight curbed more gallantly
A fiery courser’s speed.

‘ His silver armour shone like light,
In the young morning’s ray ;
And round his helm the snowy plume
Danced like the ocean spray.

‘ Sudden a bird burst through the air,—
I knew his falcon’s flight ;
He perch’d beside his master’s hand,—
Loud shouts rose at the sight.

‘ For many there deem’d the brave bird
Augur’d a glorious day ;
To my dark thoughts, his fond caress
Seem’d a farewell to say.

‘ One moment and he spread his wings,
The bird was seen no more ;
Like the sea waves, the armed ranks
Swept onwards as before.

‘ The height whereon I lay look’d down
On a thick wooded land,

And soon amid the forest shade
I lost the noble band.

‘ The snow-white steed, the silver shield,
Amid the foliage shone ;
But thicker closed the heavy boughs,
And even these were gone.

‘ Yet still I heard the ringing steps
Of soldiers clad in mail,
And heard the stirring trumpet send
Defiance on the gale.

‘ Then rose those deadlier sounds that tell
When foes meet hand to hand,—
The shout, the yell, the iron clang
Of meeting spear and brand.

‘ I have stood when my own life blood
Pour’d down like wintry rain ;
But rather would I shed its last
Than live that day again.

‘ Squire, page, and leech, my feverish haste,
To seek me tidings, sent ;
And day was closing as I paced
Alone beside my tent ;

‘ When suddenly upon my hand
A bird sank down to rest,—
The falcon,—but its head was droop’d,
And soil’d and stain’d its breast.

‘ A light glanc’d through the trees: I knew
His courser’s snowy hide,—
But that was dash’d with blood ; one bound,
And at my feet it died.

‘ I rush’d towards my sword,—alas,
My arm hung in its sling ;
But, as to lead my venture,
The falcon spread its wing.

‘ I met its large beseeching eye
Turn’d to mine, as in pray’r ;
I follow’d, such was its strange power,
Its circuit through the air.

- ‘ It led me on,—before my path
The tangled branches yield;
It led me on till we had gain’d
The morning’s battle field.
- ‘ The fallen confus’d, and numberless!
“ O grief! it is in vain,
My own beloved friend, to seek
For thee amid the slain.”
- ‘ Yet paus’d the falcon, where heap’d dead
Spoke thickest of the fray;
There, compass’d by a hostile ring,
Its noble master lay.
- ‘ None of his band were near, around
Were only foes o’erthrown;
It seem’d as desperate he rush’d,
And fought, and fell alone.
- ‘ The helm, with its white plumes, was off;
The silver shield blood stain’d;
But yet within the red right hand
The broken sword remain’d.
- ‘ That night I watch’d beside, and kept
The hungry wolves away,
And twice the falcon’s beak was dipp’d
In blood of birds of prey.
- ‘ The morning rose, another step
With mine was on the plain;
A hermit, who with pious aid
Sought where life might remain.
- ‘ We made DE VALENCE there a grave,
The spot which now he prest;
For shroud, he had his blood-stain’d mail,—
Such suits the soldier best.
- ‘ A chestnut tree grew on the spot;
It was as if he sought,
From the press of surrounding foes,
Its shelter while he fought.
- ‘ The grave was dug, a cross was raised,
The prayers were duly said,

While perch'd upon a low-hung bough
The bird moan'd over head.

' We laid the last sod on the grave,—
The falcon dropp'd like lead ;
I plac'd it in my breast in vain,
Its gallant life was fled.

' We bade the faithful creature share
Its master's place of rest ;
I took two feathers from its wing,
They are my only crest.

' Spring leaves were green upon the trees
What time DE VALENCE fell ;
Let autumn's yellow forests say
If I aveng'd him well.

' And then I laid aside my sword,
And took my lute to thee,
And vow'd for my sworn brother's sake,
I would a wanderer be.

' Till for a year I had proclaim'd
In distant lands his fame,
And taught to many a foreign court
DE VALENCE's brave name.

' Never was heart more kind and true,
Never was hand more bold ;
Never was there more loyal knight.—
Gentles my tale is told.'

Nothing can better hit the chivalrous simplicity of these ballads of the olden time, which this is intended to imitate, than that we have just extracted : but the prettiest poem, beyond all comparison, in the volume, is that song which is supposed to be sung by Lolotte, a young peasant girl.

SONG.

Where, oh ! where's the chain to fling,
One that will bind CUPID's wing,
One that will have longer power
Than the April sun or shower ?

Form it not of eastern gold,
All too weighty it to hold ;
Form it neither all of bloom,
Never does Love find a tomb
Sudden, soon, as when he meets
Death amid unchanging sweets :
But if you would fling a chain,
And not fling it all in vain,
Like a fairy form a spell
Of all that is changeable,
Take the purple tints that deck
Meteor like, the peacock's neck ;
Take the many hues that play
On the rainbow's colour'd way ;
Never let a hope appear
Without its companion fear ;
Only smile to sigh, and then
Change into a smile again ;
Be to-day as sad, as pale,
As minstrel with his lovelorn tale ;
Be to-morrow gay as all
Life had been one festival.
If a woman would secure
All that makes her reign endure,
And, alas ! her reign must be
Ever most in phantasy,
Never let an envious eye
Gaze upon the heart too nigh ;
Never let the veil be thrown
Quite aside, as well were known
Of delight and tenderness,
In the spirit's last recess.
And, one spell all spells above,
Never let her own her love.'

The whole book is, in short, the prettiest lady's book in the world—full of delightful images and nice words ; and, but for that melancholy tone which pervades it, would be even still more agreeable. This young poetess, who has sung so long and so well about Love, now

takes to complain of him. We hope that this is only a humour, and that the god whom she has so fervently worshipped will spare her the bitterness which he scatters profusely enough upon others—that 'Love's last lesson' she may never learn, but that, on the contrary, her path may be strewed with the roses and sweets her poetry teems with.

SUCH THINGS WERE.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

'I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most pleasant to me.'

Shakespeare.

Such things were, such things were,
False but precious, brief but fair;
The eagle with the bat may wed,
The hare may like the tortoise tread,
The finny tribe may cleave the air,
Ere I forget that such things were.

Can I forget my native glen,
Far from the sordid haunts of men?
The willow tree before the door,
The flow'r crown'd porch, the humble floor,
Where pride came not, but peace dwelt there,—
Can I forget that such things were?

Can I forget that fair wan face,
Smiling with such a mournful grace;
That hand oft trembling in my own,
Those eyes that but *too* brightly shone,
And that low grave so sad yet fair,—
Can I forget that such things were?

I would not change these tears—these sighs,
For all earth's proudest luxuries.
I would not with my sorrows part
For a more light but colder heart,
Nor barter for pomp's costliest fare
The memory that such things were.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE GIPSIES IN EUROPE.

THE tawny complexion, the singular customs, and the particular dialect of the people called Gipsies, together with the severe laws that have been made against them in England, Scotland, France, and most countries of Europe, have excited much curiosity as to their origin. The most circumstantial account to be met with, is from an old French Journal of the remarkable occurrences at Paris, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the substance of which is as follows ;—‘ August 17th, 1427,’ says the author, ‘ there arrived at Paris a dozen of Pennancors, (doers of penance) as they called themselves, to wit, a duke, a count, and ten others, all on horseback, who pretended to be very good Christians, and that they were of the Lower Egypt. They said farther, that, not a very long time before, the Christians had conquered them, and their whole country, and had made them all turn Christians, or put to death those that would not. That the lords among them, who were baptized, were made masters of the country, as they had been before ; that they promised to be good and loyal Christians, and to preserve their faith in Jesus Christ, as long as they lived ; and that they had a king and queen in their country, who lived within their own manors. But they said that, a little while after they had embraced the Christian faith, the Saracens came and attacked them, and, as they were not well fixt in the Christian faith, they made very little resistance, as in duty to their country they were bound to do, but submitted to the enemy, became Saracens, as before, and renounced their faith in Jesus Christ. That upon this, many of them left their native country, and came to settle among the Christians ; but it happened afterwards, that when the Christian princes, such as the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, and others, heard how their countrymen had so treacherously deserted the Christian faith, and so readily become Saracens and idolaters, they fell upon them, with a view

either to drive them out of their country, or to make Christians of such of them as were not. And at last, in a great council it was resolved, by the emperor, and other princes, that they could not suffer them to remain in their territories, without the consent of the pope; whereupon they were ordered to repair to the holy father at Rome. That all of them, both small and great, went thither with great difficulty, especially to the children. When they were there, they made a general confession of their sins; and, when the pope heard their confession, after mature deliberation in his council, he ordered them, as a penance, to wander for seven years together through the world, without ever lying in a bed; and, that they might have some way to support themselves, he ordered, as they said, that every bishop and mitred abbot should give them a charity of ten livres, as was mentioned in the letters, with which he furnished them, to the bishops of the church: then, after he had given them his blessing, they departed, and had been wandering for five years through the world before they arrived at Paris.

‘The before-mentioned twelve,’ says the author, ‘arrived at Paris on the 17th of August, 1427, and on the day of John the Baptist’s decollation, (Aug. 29th) the whole body of their common people arrived. These were not suffered to enter Paris, but were, by the magistrates, lodged in the chapel of St. Denys, and were, in the whole, but about one hundred, or six score of men, women, and children. When they left their country, they were, as they said, about one thousand or one thousand two hundred, but the rest had died by the way; and their king and queen, they said, were yet alive, and were still in hopes of having a settlement in this world; for that the pope had promised to give them a good and fertile country to inhabit; but that they must first sincerely finish the period of their penance. Whilst they were at the chapel, there were never seen such crowds of people at any fair or public festival, as resorted to see them from Paris, St. Denys, and all the places round. Almost all, or by far the greatest part of

them, had their ears bored, and a silver ring, some two, in each ear; which they said was the fashion in their country. The men were very black, with their hair frizzled: the women were the most ugly, and the blackest that were ever seen; almost all had their heads uncovered, with hair as black as a horse's tail; and for clothes, they had nothing but a single garment or shift, tied upon the shoulder with a linen string or cord, and a short cloak. In short, they were the poorest creatures that had ever been seen in France; and yet, notwithstanding their poverty, they had sorceresses amongst them, who, by looking into people's hands, pretended to tell them all that had, or would happen to them; by which they sowed contention in several families; for they often told the husband, thy wife has played thee a slippery trick. But what was worse, while they were thus telling people their fortunes, either by magic art, or by the help of the devil, or by slight of hand, they drew, as I was told, the money out of people's pockets into their own. 'Tis true, I went myself three or four times to talk with them, but never saw them look into any one's hand, nor did I lose any thing. But this was what the people every where reported; inso-much, that, at last, an account of it reached the bishop of Paris, who went thither, carrying along with him a famous preacher called the *Little Jacobin*, and he, by the bishop's order, after preaching a fine sermon, excommunicated all those who shewed them their hands, or put any faith in their predictions; and at last, being ordered away, they departed, on the festival of the nativity of the Virgin Mary, (September 8th) taking their rout towards Pontoise.

This is the account given by the author of this journal; and, as the journal is authentic, it shows the falsehood of the vulgar opinion, that our gipsies are the same with, or are descended from the people called *Zinganees* in Turkey, who were banished from Egypt after the Sultan Soliman had conquered that kingdom, in 1517. The story these people told at Paris was certainly a fiction, contrived to impose upon the superstition and

ignorance of that age; and yet there was some foundation in history for a part of it; for, in the thirteenth century, the Lower Egypt had been conquered by Lewis the Ninth of France, who very probably forced the people he conquered to turn Christians; but he did not long hold his conquest, for, being defeated and taken prisoner by the Saracens, he was obliged to give up all his conquests and return home. It is, however, doubtful if any number of people left Egypt at that time on account of their religion; because, if they had, they would have come directly to France, when that king returned with the remains of his army, and not have wandered through all Asia Minor, Greece, Hungary, Poland, and Germany.

The better opinion seems to be, that our gipsies are the descendants of the people called *Uxians* by the Byzantine historians, who from Persia spread themselves all over Mysia, and lived chiefly by telling people their fortunes. The character of our European gipsies being the same with that given by ancient historians to that people, viz. *Quos aliena juvant, propriis habitare molestum*; and their way of supporting themselves here, is the same with that practised by their ancestors in Asia; it is very natural to suppose, that some of these old fortune-tellers got themselves wafted over the Hellespont from Mysia into Greece, and their first appearing in Poland, Bohemia, (from whence they are by the French called Bohemians) and the eastern parts of Germany, is a confirmation of this supposition. Their pretending to be Egyptians, who had left their country for the sake of their religion, when it was conquered by the Saracens, was a story well calculated for gaining a favourable reception from the Grecian emperor, and other Christian princes; but their pilferings and idleness have since produced severe laws against them in most countries of Europe.

THE SEXTON'S ALBUM.

The graves all gaping wide
Every one lets forth his spright.

Midsummer Nights' Dream.

IN the rage for albums which now prevails, I think that of my old acquaintance, Giles Ranger, should not be forgotten. He was the sexton of the small town of Toddington, in Bedfordshire; and, notwithstanding the solemn nature of his employment, was as little of a grave man as his great predecessor, the friend of Yorick. An accident obliged me to take up my abode for a few days at this town which he inhabited, and my good fortune recompensed me for that inconvenience, by introducing me to the grave digger. He was a jewel of a sexton. A long lean anatomy of a man, whose 'complement externe' admirably suited his occupation. No reasonable person could object to having his grave dug by such a man. A single glance at him would denote that he belonged to the household of the grim king of terrors. From the days of Alexander the Great, whose courtiers wore their necks a little twisted, in compliment to their monarch, down to those of Buonaparte, when everybody about him, who could, grew fat and—whether they could or not—took snuff, it has been the approved custom of loyal subjects to look like their sovereign. Giles proved his loyalty, by looking exactly like a skeleton with his clothes on. He was, nevertheless, of a cheerful, even merry temperament: he liked a joke—turned aside the cares of life with admirable cheerfulness—and thought that life was a jest, and a funeral the loud laugh that ought to follow it. Perhaps I was partial, but gratitude compels me to pay this tribute of respect to his memory; for he honoured me with especial marks of his favour. He showed me all the lions of the neighbourhood, gave me the history of the old manor house then in ruins, and told me all about the haunted room that overlooks the fish pond, the horrid tale connected with which I intend, at some convenient opportunity, to communicate to my readers; displayed all the curiosities in, and under, and over the

church—explained that the Bleeding Heart, the sign of the inn where I was staying, was a corruption of the bleeding hart, the crest of the Everard family, once the lords of the place, (and thereby also hangs a tale); and the last but not the least of his favours was, that he lent me his album, with permission to copy as much of it as I pleased.

This was a large folio volume bound in black canvass, with antique brass clasps. It had been intended originally for some other purpose than that to which my friend the sexton had devoted it; for, at the end, which, by the way, had once been the beginning of the book, appeared a receipt to make orange-flower water puddings, a charm against the falling sickness, two riddles, and a page of entries relating to household expenses. I concluded from these indications that it had belonged to some good housewife; and, falling into the hands of the sexton, had been converted into a repository of epitaphs. He told me that he had found it hard to please the tastes of people, in the selection of inscriptions for the tombs of their departed relatives; because, although they agreed that the dear deceased possessed all the virtues under heaven, they were somewhat fastidious as to the manner of expressing their remembrance of him. Prose, however, was universally voted a bore, and, as he told me, was used for the tombs of none but the paupers who died in the workhouse. A survivor must have been poor indeed, who could not afford to have at least the old song of 'Affliction sore, long time I bore,' on the tomb of a friend.

Old Giles had endeavoured to obviate the difficulty he was under, by collecting a large quantity of epitaphs, at some trouble and even expense; and, having copied all these into what the curate had called his album, he used to lay them before his clients, so that they might suit their several tastes. I strongly suspect that he did not deal quite fairly with me in the explanation he gave, and that some of the inscriptions were the effusions of his own muse. If they were, he kept his secret well, and carried it with him to his

grave; for poor Giles has been dead some time. 'I hope he was buried properly, and that it was some
—*trusty* brother of the trade,

Who did for him what he had done for thousands;
for, if his grave were dug by a bungler, I am sure he would never be able to rest in it, his taste being critical, even to fastidiousness, in such matters.

But to return to his album. The first page was decorated with a drawing in pen and ink, copied, as well as Giles's graphic skill could reach, from the monument of the young heiress of Wentworth Lord Cleveland, who is buried in the church. The inscription by Carew followed it, and made rather an illustrious beginning to the book. The epitaph itself is a curious mixture of tenderness and quaintness, pathos and conceit. It begins:—

And here the precious dust is laid
Whose purely temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

The following stanza is not behind the others in conceit:

So, though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justify'd
A chaste polygamy, and died.

The sexton's other epitaphs were generally of a different character, as the following specimens will show:

ON A BELLows MAKER.

Here lies poor old Wallace,
The prince of good fellows,
Clerk of All Hallows,
And maker of bellows.

He bellows did make till the day of his death;
But, though he made bellows, could never make breath.

ON A BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided,

But ere that day did come, alas !
He sicken'd, and he die did.

ON A PARISH CLERK.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and grave-stone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others used to do
Is now for Frank done by another.

ON A WOOD-CUTTER.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from a tree ;
I met with a check, and broke my neck,
And so Death lopp'd off me.

The bitter cup Death gave to me
Is passing round to come to thee.

ON AN INNKEEPER.

Hic jacet Walter Gunn,
Sometime landlord of the *Sun* :

Sic transit gloria mundi ;
He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a high day,
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

'Twas by a fall I caught my death—
No man can tell his time or breath ;
I might have died as soon as then
If I had had physician men.

THE FOOL OF FERRARA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SACCHETTI.

GONNELLA was the Court Jester, or Buffoon to the Marquis of Ferrara, and a very amusing person in his vocation he was. He happened, however, on one occasion, to have mis-behaved himself, and to have incurred the displeasure of the marquis, who, in a great rage, ordered him to quit the palace, and never again to set foot on any land of his, adding, that if he dis-

obeyed this injunction, he should be put to death. Gonnella, without making a word of reply, or staying to pack up his effects, withdrew, as if in haste to obey the marquis's orders. He repaired straight to Bologna. Here he procured a wheelbarrow which he filled with earth; and having hired a country fellow for the purpose, he placed himself upon it, and was thus carried back to the palace of the Marquis of Ferrara; and wheeled into the great hall, where the marquis was sitting. When he saw Gonnella, against whom his anger had not abated, he rose, and asked him how he dared again enter his presence. Then, turning to his servants, he bade them thrust the buffoon forth. Gonnella, kneeling on the earth in the barrow, with a look of contrition, and in a most melancholy tone, besought the marquis only to hear him for a moment, and then if he should be found to have disobeyed his excellency, he was content to be spitted like a lark. The marquis signed to his servants to suspend the execution of his sentence, and Gonnella went on:

‘You know, most illustrious signor, that you commanded me never again to set foot on any land of your’s, and as my first desire (whatever your lordship may have done me the injustice to think), is to be obedient to your bidding, I went as fast as my legs would carry me to Bologna, where I got the earth I now stand upon, and which is therefore none of your’s.’

The marquis could not resist the whimsicality of the manner in which his Jester made his excuse; and having once been betrayed into a laugh, the affair was ended. ‘Thou art a false knave,’ he said, ‘but I know not that it is worth a man’s while to measure his wit against thy crazy pranks. Stay where thou wilt in God’s name.’

Gonnella then leaped gaily down from his wheelbarrow, paid what he had promised to the fellow who had brought him, and found himself more than ever in the marquis’s favour—of which he received, the same evening, a substantial mark, in the shape of a new robe.



THE KING OF THE HARTZ AND THE TAILOR OF LIEBENAU.

THE bosom of the earth, our common mother, has ever been the refuge for hapless love. Mortals, whose destiny in love has been star-crossed, open themselves a way into this retreat by poison or pistol, or such violent means. The spiritual race, however, can return to enjoy the light of heaven as soon as their passion has ceased to torment them; but unhappy mortals are unable to leave the tomb when they have once entered its precincts. When the Gnome had quitted the world, it was with the intention of no more beholding the sun: by degrees, however, time softened his griefs; but a space of no less than nine hundred and ninety-nine years had elapsed before the wound in his heart was completely healed—a circumstance which is infinitely to the honour of the whole race of Gnomes, and which proves that there is more fidelity beneath the earth than upon its surface. It happened upon a day, when Rubezahl was tormented with *ennui*, that a certain waggish imp, of a droll witty nature, and who filled the office of buffoon at the court of his subterraneous majesty, proposed an airing upon the Riesengeburge, and to which the Gnome agreed.

In less than a minute Rubezahl found himself upon the vast lawn of his former park, where stood the magnificent palace, with its gardens and delightful grounds, but invisible to the eyes of men. This sight made a deep impression upon him, and revived the recollection of the hatred he had vowed against the human race. 'Miserable earth-worms,' he exclaimed, as he looked around him, and discovered, from the eminence on which he was placed, spires, clock towers, and roofs of the churches, towns, and villages, 'you still prosper then in the valley. But I will be revenged; I will teach you what is the power of the mountain spirit.'

He had scarcely uttered those words, when he heard human voices at a distance. Three young fellows were travelling across the mountains, and one of them, who was much more bold than discreet, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Come down, Rubezahl, come down, thou rogue, who carriest off young girls.' For so many ages had the scandalous chronicles not only preserved the memory of the loves of the mountain spirit, but the tradition, in passing from mouth to mouth, had reached the present generation very much augmented, and very richly embellished. No subject of conversation was more common among the travellers in the Hartz than the loves of the Gnome king. A multitude of stories were current of circumstances which had never taken place, but the mere recital of which would make the hearer's hair stand on end. It may be imagined, however, that Rubezahl, who lived so far under ground that he had never heard any of these stories, was a little astonished at finding himself reproached, after a lapse of a thousand years, with a circumstance, the recollection of which was by no means pleasant. His first impulse, as he sprang over a thick forest of fir trees, was to seize and strangle the miserable person who had insulted him; but it occurred to him that he should then deprive himself of the pleasure of tormenting him more at length, which he contemplated, and he therefore restrained his indignation for the present. At the first cross road the noisy

young fellow quitted his companions, and got to Hirschberg, his native village, safe and sound. But an invisible companion followed him to the inn at which he stopped, to know where he might be found when he should be wanted. Rubezahl then returned to his rocky abode, meditating a plan of vengeance. Upon the road he met a rich Jew, who was going to Hirschberg, and whom he resolved to make the instrument of the punishment which he intended for the fellow who had insulted him. In an instant he assumed his appearance; dress, figure, features, all were like those of the unlucky traveller; and in this guise he accosted the son of Abraham. He engaged him in a conversation which, when they arrived at a convenient spot upon the road, he abruptly terminated by seizing the Jew by the beard, knocking him down, and robbing him of a considerable quantity of gold and valuable jewels. He then tied him hand and foot, and took leave of him with a shower of blows, leaving him half dead by the road side. After a short time the Jew recovered; and, having satisfied himself that he was still alive, he began to cry for help with all his might. A respectable looking man, whom, by his dress, the Jew took for a burgher of one of the neighbouring towns, came running up to his assistance. He asked who had thus maltreated him; and, without waiting for an answer, began to render him the assistance of which he stood in need. Having loosened his hands, and got him upon his legs again, he conducted him to Hirschberg, took him to the door of an inn, where he recommended him to pass the night, and at parting slipped some pieces of money into his hand. The Jew entered the inn; and, to his astonishment, found in the public room the robber who had pillaged him, sitting comfortably at a table, and drinking very gaily with some young people of his own age, whose mirth was becoming boisterous under the influence of their wine. By the side of the traveller, who had excited Rubezahl's displeasure, lay his bag, and in it the Jew's property. At this sight the Israelite was beside him-

self; and, hardly trusting his eyes, he sat down in a corner to consider what was best to be done for regaining possession of his treasure. After having maturely considered, and being quite sure of his man, he glided quietly out of the room, and repaired to the judge, to whom he related his complaint; and added, by way of quickening the tortoise-pace of justice, that the bag contained money enough amply to defray all expenses. The matter was dispatched quickly. All the disposable police, armed with ancient halberds, or stout staves, marched to the inn. The boldest among them entered the public room; and, seizing the poor traveller by the collar, carried him to the court of justice, where his trial was immediately began:—

‘What is your name?’ said the president.

‘Benedict,’ replied the young man.

‘What are you?’

‘A tailor, sir.’

‘Whence do you come?’

‘From Liebenau.’

‘Where do you dwell?’

‘In my master’s house.’

‘Did you not attack this Jew upon the road, and beat him dreadfully, and rob him of money and jewels?’

‘I never saw the Jew in all my life; and I never beat or robbed him, or any one else. I am an honest tailor: my needle furnishes me with bread; and I have no occasion to rob passengers on the highway.’

‘How can you prove all that you say?’

‘By my certificate of good conduct.’

‘Let us see your papers.’

Poor Benedict opened his bag, and his consternation may be imagined when, in drawing forth his two shirts, and an old pair of breeches, a quantity of gold rolled out upon the floor. The police-officers seized the bag, in which they found the whole of the property which had been stolen from the Jew, who eagerly claimed it. The poor tailor was thunderstruck: he turned pale; a convulsive motion agitated his livid lips; his tongue

stuck to the roof of his mouth, and his knees trembled under him.

The president's countenance assumed a severe expression. 'Infamous robber!' he exclaimed, 'do you still attempt to deny your crime?'

'Mercy, sir,' cried the tailor, falling on his knees, and lifting up his hands in supplication; 'I call all the saints in Paradise to witness that I am innocent. I never robbed the Jew; and heaven only knows how his money is found in my sack.'

'Your guilt is proved,' replied the president; 'and you had better confess, before the executioner extorts the truth from you.'

Benedict persisted in declaring his innocence, but this was only looked upon as a proof of obstinacy. The torture was prepared, and about to be applied, when it occurred to Benedict that this operation would prevent his earning his livelihood by his needle; and, as he thought it better to be hanged than to die of hunger, and have the torture into the bargain, he confessed the crime of which he was innocent. He was then sentenced to be hanged at day-break on the following morning, in order to save the town the expense of his breakfast.

To see a man hanged is always a recreation to the rabble: so, at the break of day, a great crowd was collected to see the sentence executed on the poor tailor for the crime which Rubezahl had committed. The Gnome was perched on the top of the gibbet in the shape of a large old crow, with the charitable intention of picking out the tailor's eyes for his breakfast: but for this once he was disappointed. A pious monk, who had undertaken to prepare poor Benedict for the ceremony he was about to undergo, found him so ignorant on all matters of religion that, for the safety of his soul, he demanded a respite of three days, which, as he threatened to excommunicate the judges in case of refusal, was immediately granted. The monk then led his penitent back to prison, and Rubezahl flew away to his mountains.

During this interval, as he was rambling about, he perceived a young girl lying beneath a tree; her head was supported by an arm whiter than alabaster, and with the other hand she wiped away the tears which rapidly flowed down her cheeks. Ten centuries before, the Gnome would not have been able to resist the impression of those two beautiful weeping eyes, and even now he was so much moved at the sight of the poor disconsolate girl, that, forgetting the promise he had made to torment mortals, he resolved to relieve her distress. Under the form of a burgher, he approached, and said in a kind tone, 'What brings you here, my child, alone to this desert? Why do you weep? Tell me the cause of your grief; and, believe me, I will assist you if I can.' The poor girl lifted up her head, and fixed her blue eyes upon Rubezahl with an expression that might have softened a heart of adamant: the tears which hung upon her eyelids, and the sadness which pervaded her features, gave an irresistible charm to her appearance. 'Benevolent stranger,' she said, 'it is in vain that you inquire into the cause of my grief, which nobody can relieve. I am a wretch; I have caused the death of the man I loved, and my heart is breaking with grief and despair.' 'It is impossible,' cried Rubezahl, 'that you can have committed a murder: depraved as is the race to which you belong, that is impossible.' 'It is too true,' replied the maiden; 'I was brought up with the son of a good widow, whose house adjoined ours: he was the companion of my childhood, and as we grew older we loved each other better; and yet, miserable creature that I am, 'tis I who have induced him to commit the crime for which he is to suffer death! He has robbed a Jew, and has been convicted of the crime at Hirschberg; and to-morrow he is to be hanged.' 'But how can you be the cause of this?' asked Rubezahl. 'I, and I alone, am the cause,' she replied; 'the last time he quitted me, he said, "Farewell, my beloved, be faithful to me; when the apple-tree shall be covered with blossoms for the third time, and when,

for the third time, the swallow shall have returned to its nest, I will return from my journey ; then I swear you shall be my wife." The apple-tree *was* in blossom, the swallow *was* in its nest, and Benedict returned home, reminded me of my promise, and offered to lead me to the altar. I received him with that affectation which is too common with young girls ; I said, " How can I be your wife? You have neither house nor home : go, earn money, and when you are rich we will see about it." This wrung the poor lad's heart. " Ah ! Clara," he said, " if you think of nothing but money, you are no longer the honest girl that you were ; did you not promise me, and am I not as rich now as I was then ? Some rich rival has supplanted me—this is the recompense for my fidelity. For three years have I counted the days and the hours ; hope has stimulated my labours, and your contempt is my only reward." The poor lad said a great deal more to me, but I was inexorable. " Benedict," I said, " I do not despise you ; get wealth, and when you have it I will unite my destiny to yours." " It shall be so, since you will," he replied ; " I will go, I will work, beg, borrow, or steal, until I procure the wealth which is to ensure me your hand." He quitted me ; and, in the bitterness of his despair, committed the action which has been his ruin.

The supposed burgher shook his head. ' It is a very odd story,' he said ; ' but why do you make this forest echo with complaints which can do no good either to you or your lover ? ' ' My dear sir,' she replied, ' I am on the road to Hirschberg, to implore the judge for my lover's life ; and, if they are deaf to my prayers, at least I will die with him.' This speech completely overcame the Gnome's resolution, and he renounced the vengeance which he had resolved against her lover. ' Dry your eyes,' he said ; ' before the sun is set your Benedict shall be free. Be upon the watch to-morrow at cock-crowing ; and, when you hear a knock at your window, open the door, and you shall see your Benedict enter. Take care that you never tease him again ; and, in order to set your mind quite

at rest, I tell you that he is innocent of the crime to which you think you have driven him.' The poor girl looked at the burgher—there was something in his appearance which inspired confidence. 'If what you tell me is true,' she said, 'you must be Benedict's guardian angel.' 'Why, no, not exactly his guardian angel,' replied Rubezahl, 'but I am a citizen of Hirschberg, and I was a member of the court by which your lover was condemned. His innocence is, however, now satisfactorily proved, and I am on my way back to deliver him from prison. Go home, my child, make yourself perfectly easy, and to-morrow you shall see him again.' Poor Clara returned home; and, although hope in some degree lightened her heart, she could not dissipate the fears which gathered there also.

During the three days of respite, the pious monk laboured without stint at the religious instruction of the tailor. He found him, however, so deplorably ignorant, that he had the greatest difficulty in the world to teach him a prayer. Even when Benedict had learnt it, the name of Clara was constantly mingling itself with his devotions; and it was only by giving him a lively description of the torments of that place to which the monk assured him he was hastening, that his attention could be fixed. The monk was just quitting his penitent, when Rubezahl glided invisibly into the dungeon. He had not quite made up his mind as to the shape in which he should present himself to Benedict, when the sight of the monk determined him. He followed him to his convent, stole a frock like his, and returned to the prison.

'My son,' he said to Benedict, 'although I have only just left you, my care for your soul brings me back again. Tell me, is there any thing still weighing on your conscience? Do you still love Clara, who was to have been your wife?' Benedict was astonished to find that the ecclesiastic knew of his love for Clara, and the sound of her name altogether unmanned him. The thought of being hanged, although it was by no means a pleasant one, had not been able to extract a

single tear from him ; but the recollection that he should now be separated for ever from his dear Clara wholly overcame him, and he wept and sobbed like a child. The Gnome was affected at the distress of the poor tailor, and he therefore hastened to put an end to the adventure. ' Courage, courage, my son,' he said, ' you shall not die. I have learnt that you are innocent, and I will deliver you from prison.' He drew a key from his pocket as he spoke, with which he unlocked the fetters, and they fell at the prisoner's feet. The Gnome then changed clothes with the tailor, and said to him, ' Now walk out along the passage with a grave slow step, such as becomes a reverend ecclesiastic, and so pass the guards ; as soon as you are safely in the streets tuck up your frock, and run for the mountains as fast as you can. Halt not until you arrive at Liebenau, before Clara's door ; then knock gently, and you will find her impatiently awaiting you.'

Benedict thought he was dreaming : he rubbed his eyes, pinched his arms, and the calves of his legs, to ascertain that he was really awake ; then threw himself at the feet of his deliverer to thank him, but his joy had deprived him of utterance. The Gnome raised him up, and gave him a loaf and a large sausage to eat on the road, and then put him by the shoulder out of his cell. Benedict got safely past the guards, although he trembled in every limb. His dress, however, took away all suspicion, and the guards respectfully saluted him as he went by them.

Clara was sitting alone in her little chamber, listening with an anxious ear to the lowest whisper of the wind, and to the slightest noise. At every moment she fancied she heard some one at the door, and ran to open it, but it was only to find that she was mistaken. The cocks of the village had begun to crow, and the grey light of the morning to appear : the bells had tolled for the first matins, and their sound struck upon Clara's heart like a death knell. The lamp which had burnt through the night was about to expire. Seated on her humble bed, she wept aloud, and exclaimed, ' Poor

Benedict ! what a fatal day for both of us is about to commence. She ran to the window ; the horizon beyond Hirschberg was blood-red, and sombre clouds veiled the upper part of the sky. Her heart sickened as she looked at this ominous appearance.

Three gentle taps at the door roused her from the painful lethargy in which she was plunged. Trembling with joy, she flew to the door. ' Clara, my dearest Clara ! ' cried a well-known voice, ' are you awake ? ' ' Ah ! Benedict, my own love ! ' she cried, but as she opened the door she started back at the sight of the grey monk's frock. The warm embrace of her lover soon convinced her that the burgher had kept his promise, and that she was in the arms of her Benedict.

Agreeable as all this was, it could not last for ever ; and, when the lovers had recovered from the raptures of their meeting, Benedict told his Clara the particulars of his deliverance. He then remembered that he was almost exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst. Clara gave him some water ; and, when his thirst was satisfied, his hunger began to be extremely troublesome. Clara had nothing to give him but kisses ; and, although Love may live upon them, flesh and blood requires a more substantial repast. Benedict recollected his sausage ; and, drawing it from his pocket, was astonished to find it extremely heavy. He broke it in the middle, and a quantity of gold coin fell from it. Clara was shocked at this sight, for she could not help thinking that Benedict had fallen in with another Jew on the road, and that he was not quite so innocent as the respectable burgher had told her. When, however, Benedict explained to her in his own frank manner that it had been given to him by the confessor, who probably thought it would be useful to him in housekeeping, she was convinced of his honesty. They were speedily married, and lived very happily to a good old age, while a numerous progeny blessed their loves ; but the acquaintance which Benedict had made with the gibbet had such an effect upon him that he was almost the only honest tailor that ever lived, and never suffered

himself to cabbage the cloth of his customers in ever so small a degree.

At about the moment that Benedict was rapping at Clara's door, another gentleman was knocking at the gate of the prison at Hirschberg. He was in the dress of a grey monk, who had risen thus early in the morning to finish the pious work of converting a criminal. Rubezahl, having taken the part of the delinquent, thought himself obliged to go through with it. He put on an air of penitence which perfectly delighted the old monk, who made him a beautiful sermon to his great edification. The time soon arrived for finishing the ceremonies which justice had prescribed for dismissing the criminal from this troublesome world. He mounted the ladder like a man who had a proper sense of what was expected from him; and being turned off, kicked and struggled as if he was suffering all the pains of strangulation. He rather over-acted this part of his character, and had nearly got the poor executioner into a scrape; for the rabble, who are great connoisseurs on these occasions, proposed to pelt the hangman for putting the culprit to unnecessary torture. As soon as the Gnome heard this, he stretched himself out as stiff as a post, and affected to be dead. The crowd dispersed; but when, about an hour afterwards, some curious lads came to look at the poor criminal, by way of amusing them and himself, he made a few extra contortions. By the evening a report was spread throughout the city, that the tailor had been so badly hanged that he was still alive; and this was considered so scandalous a business, that in the morning, a deputation from the city authorities came to examine into the circumstances, when, to their astonishment, they found, instead of a tailor, a figure made of straw, such as they place in the fields to frighten away the birds from the corn. The deputation ordered this figure to be taken down, and as nothing better occurred to them to say, they reported that, in the course of the night, the wind had carried the tailor's body beyond the frontier.

ence. If I should die to-morrow I shall die happier than they. And this, my good friends, is my philosophy. How d'ye like it?

NICHOLAS.

THE FALL OF MISSOLONGHI.

THE warrior's tear shall mourn thy fall,
The brave shall o'er thy ruins weep,
And often o'er thy mouldering wall
The pitying sigh shall sadly sweep;
The widow's sigh shall linger here,
The orphan's groan shall mournful swell:
Here lie their friends and kindred dear,
Here, wrapp'd in endless night, the husband and
the father dwell.

O'er thee, brave city, nations mourn,
Thy fall full many a heart bewails,
And far from distant lands are borne
Our groans upon the pitying gales.
Nor think that though unsuccour'd thou
Didst drink the cup of woe alone,
(Doom'd to so sad a death to bow)
No tear was shed, nor for thee rais'd a groan.

Yes; Freedom from her sacred cell,
Where far from man alone she reigns,
Shall haste amid thy walls to dwell,
Disdaining Europe's fertile plains.
Alone she reigns, for in the breast
Of slavish man, unown'd is she;
And seldom hath she made her rest
In the dull haunts of monarchy.

And sadly shall she weep thy doom,
And sadly mourn thy hapless fate;
Her tears shall consecrate the tomb
Of those that fell, the hapless great;
Her wrath shall fire thy sons in war,
Shall bring down vengeance on thy foes;
Her voice shall call the brave from far
To give thy struggling country a secure repose.

THE TROUBADOUR.

THE summer day had closed ; the sun, whose burning power had scorched up the fertile plains of Provence, had sunk behind the western mountains, and the fresh breeze from the Mediterranean had begun to blow in, bearing upon its wings freshness and repose to tired Nature. The trees, which during the day had remained motionless under the excessive heat of the sun, now began to wave their branches, and the citron and orange groves emitted the delicious flavour of their blossoms. The calm which such an hour brings with it reigned over the land ; and human beings, whom the heat of the day had condemned to inactivity, now begun to taste the enjoyment of the hour.

In an antique bower on the terrace of the castle Roussillon, sate the lady of the haughty Earl Raimond, whose sway the neighbouring lands owned. Throughout the whole of Provence there was no territorial lord who enjoyed more ample dominion, or who exercised his powers more arbitrarily. His skill in war, his successes over his less potent neighbours, his great riches, gave him almost irresistible influence in Provence ; and his cruelty and unforgiving temper made him the detestation of all whose destiny compelled them to experience those qualities. And yet (for what can resist the power of wealth ?) his halls were crowded by barons and nobles, who courted his favour ; brave knights and men at arms, who were proud of fighting under his banners, and troops of vassals who hated him, were ready to shed their blood for any quarrel in which his mere will might engage them. Among the other advantages that his riches had procured him was a fair wife. Peerless among the beauties of a country renowned for the charms of its women, the fair Margaretta had been forced by the commands of a stern father to wed the Lord of Roussillon, whom she did not love. She had not yet seen the revolution of fifteen summers when she was made the bride of Raimond ; and, with that facility so fatal to their own happiness which is the reproach of

women, she surrendered to the wishes of others all her own hopes of happiness. For two years she endured the cold affection of Raimond; and, her heart being wholly unoccupied, hardly felt that the stern and unbending ferocity of the feudal chief was not calculated to excite the feelings of which she was capable.

The hour must, however, come, sooner or later, in which every human being must confess the power of that deity by which the world is kept in harmony. Love had hitherto slumbered over his right, but he had not relinquished it; and it was impossible but that a soul such as Margareta's must yield to his influence.

Among the retainers of the Lord of Roussillon, was a stripling whom chance had thrown upon the protection of Raimond. The father of Guillaume de Cabestaing had been a knight, whose extravagance had dissipated his small wealth, and at his death he left his son no other inheritance than his sword and his courage. A strong inclination for poetry had displayed itself in him at an early age; and this being cherished and encouraged, he was ranked amongst the most distinguished professors of the *gay science* before he had reached his twentieth year. The fire of genius and the peaceful pursuits of song had not, however, extinguished in him that martial spirit which was the characteristic of the times in which he lived, and he had given Raimond proofs in many an hour of peril that he could wield a warrior's sword as well as he could touch his lute. His courage and accomplishments made an impression even on the haughty baron; and, although he expressed, and perhaps felt, unbounded contempt for the arts of poetry and song, he could not refuse his admiration to the fiercer virtues which Guillaume had displayed in battle before the beard upon his chin had proclaimed him man. His youth and personal beauty, joined to his other qualifications, gave him extraordinary influence with the fair, and there were few ladies within the bounds of Roussillon who did not confess his merit.

And yet, with all these advantages, with opportunities

which to other minds would have seemed to lead to honour, to fortune, and to enjoyment, Guillaume led a life of unmingled bitterness:—he had dared to love the peerless Lady Margareta, and the conviction that his passion was hopeless was eating into his heart. His usual occupations became irksome to him; he was no longer the first to raise the song in the hall, or to strike the deer in the forest: his falcon drooped upon its perch, he wandered about with downcast eyes, spoke with a sigh, neglected his dress; and, in short, had all the appearance of a man deeply and irretrievably in love. His lute was now seldom out of his hands, but its chords sounded none other than melancholy and despairing notes. Margareta had seen and observed this change: her heart had not been slow in divining its cause, nor in returning the passion which the troubadour felt; but as yet she had not ventured to whisper this fatal truth to herself.

‘The moon is up, and yet it is not night;’ and the Lady Margareta sits in her bower inhaling the freshness of the evening breeze which blows in from the sea. The windows on one side opened over the steep and lofty rock on which the castle was built, and the open door-way of the other side commanded a view of the wide and beautiful gardens. It was a delightful structure, embellished with the richest charms of art and nature. Richly carved arches, of Saracenic form, supported its roof; the curling clematis, creeping roses, and the pale passion-flower, had insinuated their branches between the open work of the marble, and hung their clustering blossoms in rich confusion, scenting the soft air, and glittering in the dew and beams of night. A soft close turf served at once for the floor and carpet of this delightful chamber, and the most rare of the many rich and beautiful flowers to which Provence gives birth grew around in marble vases. The walls were covered with a richly wrought tapestry, brought far over sea from the eastern climes; the lady’s chair, or throne, was of ivory, quaintly carved; while cushions and seats were placed about for such of her attendants as she admitted.

Here it was her custom to sit in the evening, and enjoy the calm of the hour, which, in the delightful land of Provence, is the most salubrious and agreeable of the whole day. The flowers opened their blossoms; the citron groves gave out their balmy scent, and all nature seemed softened. The Lady Margaretta was alone; her lute lay in her lap, and her hand, wandering listlessly and unconsciously among the strings, sounded some plaintive chords. She looked on the wide fair plains which lay before her, and of which she was called the mistress; she gazed upon the indications of splendour and ease which surrounded her, and her heart ached as she thought how far preferable was the lot of the free peasant girls who loved where their affections directed them.

The painful reverie in which she was plunged was broken by the sound of music, and she heard from the garden below the voice of the troubadour, who was venting his melancholy in a song. She listened, and heard him sing these stanzas with a most pathetic expression :

SONG.

‘ Grey twilight, from her shadowy hill,
Discolours Nature’s vernal bloom,
And sheds on grove, and field, and rill,
One placid tint of deep’ning gloom.

‘ So sorrow flings upon my heart
The shadows of her darkling ray,
And from my day-dreams bids depart
All that hope once had pictured gay.

‘ The night steals on, the darkness grows
Which must obscure the scene so fair ;
Come night and shroud o’er all my woes,
The long drear night of dark despair.’

Margaretta leaned over the balcony, and saw the dying consolate youth sitting at the foot of a large orange-tree in the garden ; the noise which this movement made roused the troubadour, and, as he looked up, he saw the mistress gazing at him. He rose ; and, ascending the

winding staircase which led from the garden to the terrace, soon was in her presence. The lady sought to forget or to conceal the weight that was upon her heart by talking in a trifling mood.

‘Why so sad, good Guillaume?’ she said. ‘What sorrow can have prompted the melancholy strains that thou hast just poured forth, and which put the weeping nightingales to silence? Thy songs used to tell of gallant deeds in battle, or of gay lady’s love. Busy as a bridegroom, and gay as the morning lark, it was thy wont to be; and now one should liken thee more to a mortified priest, or to a weeping owl. What canst thou have to complain of?’

‘Woes, lady, which are too big and black for utterance.’

‘And with what a long-drawn sigh thou heavest out thy answer.’

‘An overcharged heart must needs sigh, until the moment comes when it may break.’

‘Nay, now, this passes patience,’ said the lady, affecting displeasure; ‘thou art young and well-favoured, honoured for thy courage, praised for thy lays, and favoured, unless report does thee wrong, by the smiles of fair ladies. Trust me, I find thee ungrateful; and will, if thou dost not mend of this heinous fault, have thee tried at the next *Cour d’Amour*. If I shall be thy lady-judge, look for neither favour nor mercy at my hands.’

‘At thy hands, lady, death and doom shall be favour and mercy.’

‘Nay, then, since thou art so wilful, and will not be laughed out of thy black mood, tell me in sober earnest what it is that ails thee?’

‘A cureless malady—one that dims not the eye, impairs not the strength, but which eats into the heart like the canker worm into the rose, and robs life of its odour and grace; one that may heaven’s grace shield thee from, lady.’

‘And how name ye this disease?’

Guillaume looked at her, and the tears filled his fine

eyes; he turned away his head to conceal his emotion.

‘Nay, prithee, answer me,’ said the lady, who felt that she could not carry her affected indifference much farther. ‘I will know thy ill, that I may seek thy cure. Thou art wayward, and knowest nought but that thou sufferest. Be ruled by me, and I will answer for thy being healed. Tell me first what is thy malady?’

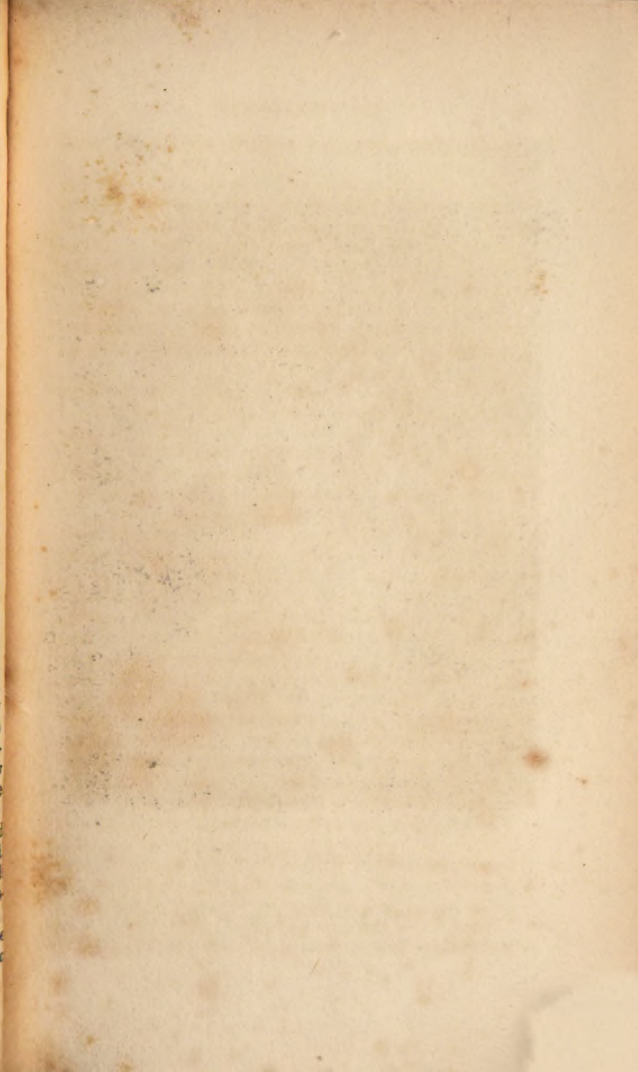
‘Despair—black consuming despair; the fiend that drives sleep from the pillow, joy from the heart, and that hangs his fetters upon the soul until it breaks down under the cold weight.’

‘I said I knew thou couldst be cured. Small indeed is my skill in leech-craft, but yet enough for thy evil. I know a spell that shall scare away the fiend that haunts thee, shake off his chains, and heal the wounds he has made. Shall I speak it? Nay, do not shake thy head and heave thy breast with sighs; answer me, Guillaume, shall I speak it? It is hope.’

This was said so emphatically that it vibrated upon the troubadour’s heart: it was the word that he feared to utter to himself, because he thought it was only a delusion. He had tried to hope, and his heart sickened because he could not; and now the lips on which his destiny hung sounded it out in a tone of purest melody. A fire rushed through his veins, and a gleam of joy, as rapid and as transient as lightning in a storm, shot across his bosom. He looked up at the lady Margaretta, and her eyes were fixed on the earth. She feared that she had gone too far, and that she had betrayed the feelings of her heart. Guillaume saw her emotion, and read in it the confirmation of the dangerous joy which he had at first distrusted.

The Lady Margaretta, by a powerful effort, mastered herself; and, by way of turning the conversation, said, ‘Tell me, Guillaume, you who are so well versed in all that belongs to the gay science, tell me how you distinguish a true passion from that which is feigned?’

‘Alas! madam, there are no rules; it can only be discovered by that nice discrimination which belongs to





Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by Cha^s. Heath.

THE TROUPEADOUR.

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a pure and true heart. One who loves wantonly, and like a worldling, betrays in all his actions some of the sordid and base nature of the falsehood he adopts. He who loves truly is timid and reserved in the earlier hours of his passion. Delicacy and purity are the essence of this sentiment: the adoration which, if he loves truly, he must feel for the lady of his heart, causes him to approach her reverently, to worship the earth on which she walks, and to love with holy fervour that martyrs feel for the saints to whom they address their vows. The slightest favour that is vouchsafed to such a lover transports him to heaven; a glance from his mistress's eye is bliss.'

Margaretta could not help looking upon the troubadour, but his eyes sparkled with so unusual a fire that she drew hers away, and cast them down, blushing. 'A touch of her hand,' continued Guillaume, 'fires her lover's heart.' He took the lady's hand as he spoke; and, imprinting a kiss upon it, continued, 'And when his lips touch it—he falls upon his knees to pay homage to his divinity.' Guillaume was upon his knees, and Margaretta had not withdrawn her hand. The hour was propitious, and the lover, who was just before invoking despair to end his miseries, felt that they were not incurable. Margaretta sank upon her chair, overcome by the flood of emotion which her heart experienced for the first time; it was in vain to attempt concealment, and she confessed in murmurs, and in silence more eloquent than words, that the troubadour's love was requited. The happy moments flew by unheeded, and the lovers had forgotten the whole world, until it was recalled to their memory by the approach of some of Margaretta's ladies. A hasty adieu closed this interview, and Cabestaing retired with a heart full of hope and joy.

And thus it is that Love, the tyrant, sometimes chooses to sport with the happiness of his most sincere votaries. In this very hour, when the ill-fated countess and the troubadour believed that their happiness was to begin, Fate was preparing his heaviest blow for them. The

stern Earl of Roussillon had been an unobserved witness of their interview, and had learnt their mutual passion. Time had calmed some of the ardour of his temper, without ameliorating his heart; he was less impetuous, but had become more cruel; and he restrained the natural impulse of taking vengeance on the spot, on the vassal who meditated an attempt upon his honour, only that he might make that vengeance more certain and fatal.

In the morning, as Cabestaing was wandering in the garden with the hope of seeing the countess, he was accosted by Raimond's page, who told him that the lord had gone out to hawk, and requested Guillaume to meet him, with his favourite falcon, at the witch elm in the lower forest. With great reluctance the troubadour prepared to obey this bidding, which he was the more inclined to do that he might give no cause for the suspicions which he knew that his love for the countess was likely enough of itself to occasion.

The witch elm was the scene of a thousand fabulous legends, which were most religiously believed throughout the country. It stood alone, near the middle of a small forest, and in a small space of about fifty yards in circumference. On this green-sward, where nothing but short grass grew, it was said that those persons who have unhallowed commerce with the spirits of another world held their meetings, and celebrated their foul rites. No inducement could have brought any of the villagers willingly to this spot after nightfall, and all who had from accident been near it at such time, were ready to bear witness to having seen sights, and heard sounds, surpassing all understanding or belief. Cabestaing had indulged in visionary trains of thought so much, that his mind was not free from the common superstitions, and he had persuaded himself to believe, that this was the haunt of the invisible beings who people the space around us. But far from being a source of fear to him, this was often the cause of an intense delight, which cannot be described, and which can only be appreciated by those who have experienced similar delusions. He

sate upon the turf, talking to his bird, which perched upon his hand, and thus awaited the earl. Some time had elapsed ; and, as he thought Raimond might have been led away by his sport, and would not keep his appointment, he thought of going home, when, on looking up, he saw the count standing with his arms crossed, and stedfastly gazing at him. He saw instantly, in the fixed stern look of the baron, that something had happened to rouse his fiercest rage, and he believed that he was the object of it. He rose instantly, and, approaching, asked him respecting the morning's sport. It is always a difficult thing to begin a quarrel. Raimond felt it to be so on this occasion ; and, after a moment's hesitation, he resolved, as his wont was, to cut the knot he could not untie.

'I came not here, minstrel, to talk of sport ; but to chastise the daring minion who presumes to fix his disloyal thoughts on his lord's wife.'

The blood fled from the minstrel's cheeks at this intimation, that Raimond knew of his love for the Lady Margareta. He was no coward, as he had often proved ; but he felt the danger in which he stood, as the conviction forced itself upon him, that he or the earl could never quit the spot alive ; and he knew too that Raimond was no mean antagonist. He could not reply, but his left hand involuntarily clutched the hilt of his sword.

'Thou art right,' exclaimed Raimond, who saw this movement, 'nought else can save thee ; so out with. I will not slay thee as thou deservest—thou shalt have an honourable death ; so draw.'

Cabestaing wanted no persuasion ; the love of life prompted him, and the devilish insinuation which he could not keep down, that Raimond's death might advance his hopes, also mingled itself with his thoughts. He drew his sword, and, keeping his back to the elm, awaited Raimond's attack ; but his weapon was only a short hunting sword, and the earl wore his long battle faulchion.

The combatants engaged, and Cabestaing soon found,

by the coolness of his antagonist, that it was his intention to weary him out. He knew that he had nothing to hope from Raimond's mercy—he knew that he deserved nothing from it; but the knowledge of his disloyalty did not incline him to submit to the bloody doom which he knew he must undergo if his lord should conquer. He resolved to attempt to put an end to the fight, and flew with the impetuosity of despair upon his adversary. Raimond put by his blows with a coolness which provoked and baffled him; he lost his caution; he felt that the exertion had impaired his strength, and that his blows fell more lightly. His savage foe saw all this too; and now becoming, in his turn, the assailant, he rained his blows upon the youth with the fury of a whirlwind. It was impossible to withstand this—Cabestaing gave ground, and Raimond, following him closely, smote him to the earth with a mortal blow. The indignant soul of the troubadour vented itself in a long sigh, and the savage conqueror looked with a grim delight upon the mutilated corpse of his victim.

* * * *

The banquet was spread in the hall of Roussillon's castle, and many a gallant guest was there. The sewers bore about the rich dishes, and the feast was nearly done, when Raimond, whose manner during the repast had been sterner than usual, called to the steward to bring him the dish he had commanded. He bore it himself to his lady, and requested her to taste it—she complied. 'How do you find this viand?' he asked.

'Excellent good,' she replied; 'of what is it made, I prithee?'

'An adulterer's heart,' he cried, in a voice that made the vaulted hall echo; 'and this is his head.' As he spoke, a varlet advanced, bearing in a dish the ghastly severed head of Cabestaing, gored with wounds, and clotted with blood.

Margaretta turned pale, and would have sunk upon the floor, but that her attendants supported her. The guests were utterly dismayed, and gazed in silence upon

one another, and upon the horrible spectacle which was before them.

‘And this food you find excellent good,’ he said, with a demoniac sneer.

‘So good,’ she replied, ‘that from this moment no other food shall pass my lips.’

Raimond’s hand was upon his dagger, but his friends, who had somewhat recovered from the surprise that had hitherto benumbed their faculties, now interposed, and held him.

Margaretta turned to quit the hall, and walked on to the terrace. With a disordered mien she approached the bower; and, as if the sight of this spot recalled her to a sense of her wretched condition, she shrieked wildly;—in the next moment, and before her women could prevent it, she threw herself with a desperate plunge from the open window, which looked over the steep rock on which the castle was built, into the abyss beneath. Her mangled body was picked up and interred, to gratify the pride of her gloomy murderer, with all pomp; but her memory, and that of the ill-fated troubadour who perished for her love, is still preserved in the songs of Provence.

THE FADED LEAF.

I’LL weave a chaplet for my love
Of braided tresses, rich and gay,
In which the evergreen shall rove
Bedight in nature’s wild array.

And there shall be *one* faded leaf

Amidst a wreath of roses—

An emblem meet of silent grief,

On which the eye reposes.

In sadness or in joy ’twill tell

Of blighted hopes, a tale how true;

And while the bosom throbs farewell,

Of him, whose heart is wither’d too.

London.

W. C. SELWY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A LITERARY LOUNGER.

'And all such reading as was never read.'—*Pope.*

MILITARY THEATRICALS.

MARSHAL SAXE, upon principle, as well as from his natural taste, was always desirous that a spirit of gaiety and cheerfulness should prevail in his army; because he said that Frenchmen never fought well but when they were lighted, and that they feared *ennui* much more than being killed. He had always a complete theatrical *corps* with him, and it was frequently at the representation of an opera or comedy that the orders for engagements were given. Upon such occasions, the principal actress used to come forward between the play and the farce, and say, 'To-morrow, gentlemen, the theatre will be shut, on account of the battle which the marshal is going to fight; but the day after to-morrow will be represented, "Love in a Camp," and the "Cock of the Village," &c. &c.'

REPENTANCE.

—'Show me true Sorrow

Armed with an iron whip, and I will meet
The stripes she brings along with her, as if
They were the gentle touches of a hand
That comes to cure me.'—*The Renegado.*

EASY DYING.

Brantome, in one of his discourses 'on the love of ladies for valiant men,' introduces a subject which certainly has very little to do with the title. It is on the manner in which some people have died; and he gives two instances of persons meeting death with perfect carelessness, and yet in a way totally different.

'Certainly,' he says, 'life is a good thing enough in its way, but a generous and bold manner of dying is also very praiseworthy. I will give, as an instance, an account of the death of Mademoiselle de Limeuil the elder, who was one of the queen's maids of honour, and who died at court. During the whole of her illness she never ceased talking;—she was naturally witty and extremely well informed, and, when she was well,

rather fond of conversation. When she knew that her end was drawing nigh, she ordered her valet (for all the maids of honour had a valet assigned to attend on them), whose name was Julian, and who played very well on the violin. 'Julian,' she said, 'take your violin, and play to me, until you see me dead (which will now be in a few minutes), "The defeat of the Switzers," and play it as well as you can; and when you come to the words "All is lost," touch it as gently and plaintively as possible, and play it over four or five times.' The valet obeyed her, and she joined him in the song; and when he came to 'All is lost,' she repeated it twice; then turning to the other side of her bed, she said to her companions, who were standing about, 'All is indeed now lost,' and so died.

Now that is what I call a pleasant and joyful death, and there can be no doubt of the truth of it, for I had it from two of her companions, who were present when the event happened.

His other story is not a whit less circumstantial nor less true. He says, 'In the first year that Charles IX. was king, at the period of the Edict of July, which was held in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, we saw a notorious thief hanged. It was the same person who had stolen all the plate from the kitchen of the Prince of Rochesur-Yon. When he was upon the ladder, he asked the executioner to give him a few minutes to address the populace. This being granted, he turned round, and said, that he was very unjustly put to death; "for," said he, "I never practised any theft on poor people, or any who were in want, but only upon princes and noblemen, who are much greater thieves than we, and who steal from us daily; and I therefore think that I have done no wrong, in taking from them that which they had before unjustly taken from us." He went on for some time in a similar strain; but was at length interrupted by a priest, who mounted the ladder, and, turning to the people, said, "My good folks, this poor sufferer commends himself to your prayers; let us all say for the good of his soul a *Pater Noster*, and an *Ave Maria*." I

will chaunt a *salve*, to which you may answer." The criminal, looking at the priest, began to bleat like a calf, and to make faces, and mock him in the most ludicrous manner that can be imagined; and on a sudden, watching his opportunity, he gave him a violent kick which tumbled him off the ladder; and so great was the fall, that the poor priest broke his leg by it. "Ah, my good friend, master jack priest," cried the culprit, "I knew I should soon dislodge you from this;" and then, hearing the priest cry out with the pain, he laughed with all his might, and a moment after threw himself from the ladder, and, the rope being fastened about his neck, he was soon dead. I swear to you that every body at court laughed most heartily at this affair, notwithstanding that the poor priest was very much hurt; and, certainly, this was not a very mournful death.'

FROM DRAYTON'S SONNETS.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part;

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;

And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,

That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;

And when we meet at any time again

Be it not seen in either of our brows,

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,

When his pulse failing, Passion sleepless lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,

From death to life, thou might'st him yet recover.

MASSINGER'S MAID OF HONOUR.

Camiola, the maid of honour, having freed her lover, Bertoldo (who was in prison and deep affliction), by paying his immense ransom, he betrays his vows of marriage to her in favour of the Duchess of Sienna. Camiola claims the performance of his promise in the presence of the king and the duchess. They object that the difference of their rank, he being the king's brother, made him unfit to be her husband, and that he was induced to make the promise, 'charmed by her flatteries.' She

replies in the following fine speech, which is a specimen (there is another in Wellborn's Address to Lady Allworth) of Massinger's singular style of heaping together a crowd of passionate and eloquent expressions. They are poured out like the thick flowing notes of a nightingale, and with all the resistless energy of true feeling.

'Disparity of birth or fortune urge you?
 Or syren charms? or, at his best, in me
 Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,
 And, as he was, consider him, and you
 Must grant him my inferior. Imagine
 You saw him now in fetters with his honour;—
 His liberty lost;—with her black wings Despair
 Circling his miseries; and this *Gonzaga*
 Trampling on his afflictions;—the great sum
 Proposed for his redemption;—the king
 Forbidding payment of it;—his near kinsmen,
 With his protesting followers and friends,
 Falling off from him;—by the whole world forsaken;—
 Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
 Of his calamities;—And then weigh duly
 What she deserved (whose merits now are doubted)
 That, as his better angel, in her bounties
 Appeared unto him, his great ransom paid;
 His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied;—
 Whether, then, being my manumised slave,
 He owed not himself to me.'

TO ROSA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SAY you, you cannot think of Love,
 You who have given him birth,
 Whom he resembles far above
 All other forms on earth.

Oh! he is fair, and sweet, and mild,
 Like you, and like no other;
 Do not abandon a poor child
 Of whom you are the mother.

HENRY NEELE.

PUNCH.

'An Actor, sir, as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb show.
Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

OF all the dramatic entertainments in this country,—from the Italian Opera, which is the best, to a nobleman's tragedy, performed by amateur gentlemen, which is the worst,—Punch's Opera is, decidedly, at once the most intellectual, the most profitable, and the most amusing. There is no public representation half so inviting. The Westminster Pit,—notwithstanding Mr. Richard Martin's anathemas against it,—is a pretty place enough, and full of that excitement which the learned say is good for men's minds and bodies. Some persons—*de gustibus non est disputandum*,—gather delight from a public execution, others are fond of a prize fight, and many men love campaigning; but, although I am not prepared to question the good taste which impels different men to seek different pleasures, I must be permitted to assert, that Punch's Opera combines, in my opinion, all the charms that can be presented by each of these various enjoyments; and, like a rich bouquet, adds all the graces of elegant arrangement, and combination, to the delightful beauties with which it is lavishly stored. It is at once a concrete essence of excitement and joy, and is the only perfect drama in the world. One of its greatest charms is, its perfect novelty; it blooms in a perpetual spring; and, although the most profound researches of antiquaries and sages extend only to a period long subsequent to that at which this drama is known to have flourished in glory and in triumph, yet is it still invested with so young and joyous a freshness, that it would be profane to compare it, even in this respect, with any other known institution. Bramins, and Chinese, and Egyptians, all agree as to its antiquity; but all are baffled to assign a date to its origin. The Deluge has swept away the records of its birth; and yet it still remains untouched by the hand of time; unchanged in a world where every thing else is perpetually varying; exerting

its indescribable influence, and by some mighty spell, drawing all hearts within the circle of its magic dominion. Young and old, wise and learned, rich and poor, busy and idle, all bow to Punch; amusements and occupations are alike suspended, and laid aside at his bidding;—men forget their pains, their loves, their debts, their sorrows, and their duties, whenever his attractions are displayed; and all gather, in silence and in joy, to listen to the soul-stirring sounds which issue from the enchanter's wooden lips.

Punch is the greatest philosopher the world ever produced; he is the real Democritus, the wise scoffer at the world, and its pleasures, for which he shows his contempt by the proud disdain with which he abuses them. He is too wise to burden his disciples with idle precepts; but his glowing example teaches more than 'all, saint, sage, or sophist, ever writ.' He is the great original from which the *Don Juans*, and all the other 'gay, bold-faced villains,' have been so feebly copied; and he is the great teacher who instructs us that—

'Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name.'

He goes to the battle, makes love, commits murder and robbery, drinks, lies, cheats, and fights, with as much coolness and self-satisfaction as a puritan; and does all this in such a way as shows that there can be nothing wrong in these things, which the world have very absurdly agreed to call crimes. There are, it is true, prejudices against some men who commit them, but the fault is in the individual; there must be something disgusting in the persons, not in the deeds; for when Punch handles his quarter-staff with that inimitable grace, and unerring dexterity, which are peculiar to him, and beats out the brains of a creditor, or a bailiff, or a friend—who does not laugh until his sides ache? Who even thinks that beating out brains is, *per se*, wrong?—who does not, on the contrary, applaud with all his heart the animated hero who thus overcomes the difficulties which beset him in vain?

Next to his virtue, Punch's face is the object of my

warm admiration ; the mild and unchangeable serenity of his countenance is beyond all expression beautiful ; whatever may be the business of his soul,—however stormy the passions which agitate him,—still the same calm and placid features look smilingly down, and, like a sun-beam in a storm, gild the mighty havoc which he has made. His brow is full of benignity ; his face is

‘ The book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures ; as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed ; and testy wrath
Could never be his mind’s companion.’

The adventures of his life, too, are in the highest degree romantic and beautiful. A French critic who seeks to overturn the taste for the *style romantique*, and would fain bring back such of his ill-judging countrymen as are inclined to prefer it to the frigid practice of the classic schools, instances that the immortal Punch is the best example of the truth and beauty of the strict rules. The scope and variety of his achievements are completely understood, yet is he bound down by the fetters of the unities. The time and place, even of the action, entirely suffice for his drama, filled as it is with incident. Passion and energy breathe in its every portion ; and still the narrow bounds in which he moves are wide enough for his elastic spirit. How ingeniously and how beautifully are his adventures contrasted, at the same time that they appear to spring up in the most natural order. In the beginning we hear preparations for his entrance, which let us into the secret of his domestic affairs, and of his character, before he makes his personal appearance. The ragged old gentleman who stands outside, and with whom Punch keeps up a most amusing dialogue, calls for him loudly ; and our hero, leaping from his couch, pours forth the exultation of his heart in a strain of joyous melody, like a young lark whom the morning sun awakens. Then the elderly Dragoman, looking anxiously at the business of the toilette, which, though it is hidden from the other spectators, is seen by him, asks Punch why he puts on his waistcoat before his shirt ; ‘ Because,’ replies the gal-

lant youth, 'I have got no shirt.'—Touching simplicity! This is in the spirit of that true poetry which, as Lord Bacon says, comes 'home to men's business and their bosoms.' At length, Punch enters to the expectant auditory, who

'Hold him rich al had he not a sherte,' and he begins his career amidst shouts of applause which accompany him to its termination.

His domestic felicity is interestingly and beautifully painted; and his love for his amiable wife, and his warm affection for his engaging offspring, are described with great skill; but still more remarkably is this skill shown in the contrast which is immediately afterwards presented, when the storm of passion sweeps over his soul;—he provides for the child of his love by throwing it out of the window, and divorces himself by the summary process of knocking his wife on the head. This is highly tragic. In the hands of a Maturin, or a Shiel, or indeed of any other Irish dramatist, how this simple incident might be amplified into five good sized acts, and leave hints enough beside to cut up into a prologue and epilogue! If Punch were arraigned for the deed, and Charles Phillips his counsel, how would such an orator

'Disturb cool Justice in her judgment-seat,

By shouting innocence!'

while the jurors would be made to weep like so many church spouts at St. Swithin's tide.

Before our tears are dried, however, this inimitable hero again calls up our smiles; and a little adventure which he has in the dog stealing line is irresistibly whimsical: it does not indeed end much to his advantage, but the fate of war is ever uncertain; the battle is not always to the strong, and to be never beaten is not to be a hero.

Punch then devotes himself to the study of music, and pursues it with that ardour which distinguishes all he undertakes; he knows 'no tame, trite medium,' but gives up all the strength of his mighty soul to whatever he attempts. The instrument upon which he plays is

as simple as it is melodious ; it is merely a tin box with a button fastened in it. In the hands of any other person it would bid defiance to all endeavours to extract from it sweet sounds, but when rattled by Punch, and accompanied by his singularly rich voice, it pours forth ravishing melody. But there be men in the world who 'have not music in their souls,' and such an one comes to disturb our hero's amusement. With insulting and threatening words and gestures he orders Punch to begone ; and because obedience does not forthwith follow his high behest, he brings—monstrous indignity !—a cudgel, which he lays about our friend's wooden ribs, with a violence past all jesting. But now the natural nobility of Punch's character shines forth ; he indulges in no vain complaint ; he makes no empty threats ;—

' Upon his brow no outward passion speaks.
From his large eye no flashing anger breaks,
Yet there is something fix'd in his low tone,
Which shows resolve, determin'd, though unknown.'

He retires for a moment ;—returns with his own trusty quarter-staff, and with a force and fury as irresistible as a headlong torrent, he takes an ample revenge upon the head of his cruel adversary, whom he utterly disqualifies from offering any future offence.

Punch is no less great in every other part of his achievements ; he calls for his horse, and caracolls, and curvets with an activity and grace, that—

' Witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

But here his ill fate again besets him, and he is thrown. To a truly brave and wise man there is good in every thing. So when a doctor is called, and Punch has recovered upon his arrival ; he nobly keeps up his own character, and does a real benefit to society by kicking the medical gentleman's teeth down his throat. An admirable sense of justice, which all who witness must appreciate.

But the prejudices of the world call killing a man, murder ; and some justice of the peace being ignorant

enough to grant a warrant, our gallant friend is seized and dragged to prison. We do not see him on his trial, but there can be no doubt that his magnanimity would support him becomingly upon that, as upon all other occasions. We behold him, however, led forth to execution; a vile gibbet is erected, upon which cruel and misjudging men have doomed him to die. But there is a guardian genius which watches over such spirits as Punch's, and uniting wisdom to valour he pretends not to understand how he shall put his head within the fatal noose. All his efforts to accomplish this task seem to be in vain; and he is ever the wider off the mark the longer he attempts its accomplishment. At length the hangman, in the impatience of his ignorance, thrusts his own neck into the halter, for the purpose of showing Punch how he ought to be hanged; when the hero, quick as summer lightnings, and powerful as the fabled Hercules, suddenly seizes the wretched caitiff in his *lignum vitæ* arms, and thus keeps him in suspense until his base soul quits his baser carcase. Then carolling his loud joys, and half bursting with laughter, he proceeds upon his triumphant course, leaving the hangman an object for—

——— 'the hand of scorn,

To point his slow, unmoving finger at.'

And now having performed this last exploit, he has but one other feat to do, and to this his fate quickly leads him. The Great Enemy, trembling at the powers of Punch, and fearing that every principle of evil must be annihilated, unless he check his career, comes in all the horrors of his own person to terrify and to destroy him. But nothing can make Punch quail; firmly he grasps his weapon and boldly he defies his diabolical enemy; a most terrific combat ensues, and in such a fight the odds are always on the devil's side; but Virtue gives strength to her own hero; conscious innocence and honest pride nerve the arm of Valour; the Power of Darkness falls before him! and the great, the victorious Punch vanishes from the sight of the spectators, leaving them full of solemn wonder, and chastised delight.

One of the chief features of excellence which this opera displays is its universality, and the generosity with which it is exhibited. The ragged old gentleman, formerly noticed, merely holds out his hat for the donations of the liberal, he exacts nothing; the entertainment is open as day, and the man who has neither cross nor coin in his pocket partakes of its delights as fully as the richest member of the community. It is like the blessed and liberal air, breathed by all alike; and seems to be the gift of some beneficent power, to gratify and amuse the world at large. The good conduct of Punch is observed by all the other actors in the play; 'they are a civil company, they offer not to fleer, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk as to the others, by reason of their littleness.'

Let Punch set up his standard wherever he may, the mere sound of his voice calls an innumerable troop about him, and no one moves until the curtain fall upon his fascinating exhibition. I saw Punch when I was young, and my whole soul was absorbed in it; I have now grown old; all my sentiments have changed, and I look back through dim recollections upon all the feelings of my boyhood, excepting this only; but the same gay laugh, the same abandonment to innocent joy and loud mirth, ever again comes over me, when I see Punch as I saw him in the holidays. *He* does not grow old, nor does his influence change; a train of woes and disappointments have trodden their course over my heart, until it is almost as callous as the church-yard path, but at the bidding of Punch, at the waving of his—I cannot call it wand, it is rather a—truncheon, the flowers of long-forgotten joys spring up in all their original splendour, and the desert blooms with a freshness that mocks its accustomed desolation. I thank heaven that Punch is left to me, and that one gratification at least shines over the sorrow which clouds the evening of my latter days.

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

Oh ! do not blame me, Mary, dear,
 If I have dared to talk of love
 To Anna, Laura, and Zelmire,
 And seem'd from thee, my girl, to rove.

For Anna talk'd so tenderly,
 And her blue eye so brightly glisten'd,
 That all the while she spoke to me,
 Methought it was to thee I listen'd.

And Laura has my heart undone
 With that sweet smile, so void of guile,
 I thought 'twas thou—I thought that none
 But Mary could so sweetly smile.

And Zelmire's voice my spirit chain'd
 Fast with those links so firm, yet fine ;
 Who could have dream'd the world contain'd
 So sweet a voice,—that was not thine ?

And if at times some faces may,
 Tho' differing far from thine, have won me,
 'Tis some one feature's gentle play
 Has told of thee, and has undone me.

Rosa's dark charms, unlike thy clear
 Fair Parian cheek, I long resisted ;
 But then her pouting lip so near
 Thy own resembled, that—I kiss'd it !

And little Fanny's shape, so slight,
 Resembled nought thy stately form ;
 But then her eye, large, dark, and bright,
 Like thine, fail'd not my heart to warm.

And had not Mira danc'd like thee,
 Lightly and graceful as a fairy,
 Her meaner charms had ne'er to me
 Recall'd the image of my Mary.

If my heart was a conquest made,
 The victory was all thy own,—
 It followed, when it wildest stray'd,
 The image of thy charms alone.

HENRY NEELE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Life, without mirth, is a lamp without oil.*

ON my return, the other morning, from what was termed a New Year's Party, which proved, as I had anticipated, a most insufferably stupid one, I threw myself on my sofa, and began ruminating on the different way in which I should most probably have spent the evening had I lived some two or three hundred years ago, and been my own great-grandfather. Burke deplored the decline of chivalry, but I lament the passing away of 'the age' of joviality, and the gradual extinction of those old English amusements, and that generous free-hearted spirit, which formerly distinguished us. However great the benefits may be that civilization has bestowed on 'this sea-girt isle,' I cannot but lament the falling off in the observance of many of those festivals especially set apart for innocent merriment and pleasure. They are now almost totally neglected, and the festivals still kept are celebrated in an insipid and spiritless manner, altogether unworthy of the occasion. Our sturdy and downright forefathers would feel ashamed of the degeneracy of their offspring, at least in this respect; astonished, as they might be, at their improvement in the arts and sciences, and in the comforts and elegancies of life. They would be alarmed at the bare idea of a tunnel under the Thames, and would be far too much agitated to exclaim with Mr. Canning, 'That it was the greatest *bore* London had ever had.' They would stare at our balloon ascents, at our steam and *vacuum*† travelling, and at 'the thousand and one' plans that projectors and speculators have originated; and, above all, would be absolutely terrified at our national debt. But how greatly soever they might be pleased at our advancement in such like particulars, and surprised at our proficiency in making the guineas vanish, they would nevertheless think them a sorry equivalent for their elder frolics and pastimes.

In their primitive times the present season of the year

† *Vide* the Drury Lane Pantomime, and Mr. Vallance's scheme.

was most particularly dedicated to fun and festivity. Debarred by the state of the weather from most of their amusements and exercises out of doors, they determined to make amends for that privation by giving full vent to their animated and cheerful spirits before their blazing hearths; and from Christmas Eve till after Twelfth Night was one continued scene of revelry and entertainment. But New Year's Eve and Morn were peculiarly honoured. They drank a farewell to the old year; and, on the approach of the new one, the wassail bowl was brought in, well filled with wine or ale, in which floated roasted apples all nicely sugared and spiced. The tables groaned beneath the weight of the substantial feast. In the centre the boar's head, decked with rosemary, and wreathed with garlands, was seen in kingly pre-eminence; at one end smoked the enormous chine—at the other, the fattened turkey displayed its charms; while, all around, capons, sweetmeats, and mince-pies, put in their several claims to notice. All the feasters paid them due homage, and wielded well their knives and forks. After the feast the youngsters retired to dancing, or blind man's buff, or some such innocent diversions; while the bowl was again and again replenished for the benefit of the elders, and thoroughly broken-in toppers. Many other ceremonies were also observed—more honoured, I must allow, in the breach than in the observance. That of mumming, for instance, in which the men and women exchanged clothes, and went about to their friends and acquaintance thus strangely accoutred, to join in, and add to, their amusements. But there are many of these old customs, which might be kept up without any detriment to the manners or the morals of this polite nation. Even the mutual giving of presents—another ceremony attached to this season—has fallen into disuse;—but thanks to the elegant and beautiful 'Souvenirs,' 'Forget me Nots,' 'Amulets,' &c. &c. works which conduce to the advancement of the fine arts, and the encouragement of literary genius—there is a chance of the revival of these truly agreeable offerings at the shrine of friendship or

of love. I think that nothing is more likely to engender the kindly feelings and soft sympathies of benevolence than this habitual interchange of small presents. The value of the gift matters not—the spirit in which it is given and received are all that are worth considering. If the words (the more simple the better) which accompany the gift emanate from the heart, a reciprocal sensation will be excited in the breast of the receiver, while the consciousness of having gratified a friend will more than repay the donor. No day can be more appropriate for such offerings than New Year's Day—no day more worthy of being kept as a holiday; for no day is of such general interest. It is the birth-day of the year—the anniversary of the creation. On it another year sinks into the lapse of ages that can never return—on it a new succession of hours, weeks, and months, begin to glide away into the same irrecoverable abyss.

Not, however, to be too serious, I wish it to be understood that I am only advocating the cause over which Momus, in heathen times, presided. There are many things more to be ashamed of than old-fashioned pastimes, and open-hearted, honest pleasantry; but there are few sights more delightful than the contemplation of that joy and amusement which we can afford to those we love—few emotions more enviable than those which we experience, when we behold smiling faces and cheerful countenances turned upon us, and receive the congratulations of the lively and the ardent partakers of our hospitality. The remembrance of them at a future period will be still more animating, and the gratification we afforded will not be forgotten by those who shared in it. Thus the good we produced will not die with the circumstance that occasioned it, but will live in our own breasts, and in the recollection of others long after.

‘Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.’

JAMES FITZJAMES.

HASLAN GHERAY.

THE HERO OF CIRCASSIA.

A NOTICE of this interesting personage, who appears to have possessed all the best and noblest feelings of that spirit of chivalry, the loss of which it is so common now to deplore, is to be found in the 'Journey of the Count de La Garde from Moscow to Vienna.' The Count de La Garde is already known as one of the best lyrical poets of France, by means of those delightful songs and romances to which the late Queen of Holland composed the music. The letters in which he gives an account of his journey are scarcely less agreeable productions. They are written in a spirited, light style, and have all the tone and polish which belong to good society, without any of the affectation that commonly encumbers it. The observations of the author, respecting the countries of the North of Europe through which his journey lay, are new and interesting in an extraordinary degree; and are not less valuable for the information which they impart, than they are charming for the manner in which that information is given. His opportunities of acquiring knowledge seem to have been such as are not commonly enjoyed by travellers, and he appears to have fully availed himself of them. Among many delightful anecdotes and episodes with which his volume abounds, that relating to the hero of Circassia, a translation of which follows, is perhaps the most interesting. It appears admirably adapted for a poem, and we should be delighted to see it treated in that shape by the author whose prose version of it has been so happy.

In the delightful regions of Circassia, on which nature has so prodigally bestowed her gifts, Mouradin Bey inhabited a deep valley, situated to the north of Caucasus, bounded and fertilized by the waters of the Kuban. Chief of a warlike race, this prince, who was perfectly absolute, and who dispensed no laws but such as were dictated by his will, had acquired immense treasures, by means of unjust extortions, which had

made him the terror of his vassals, and the scourge of his neighbours.

Notwithstanding so many reasons for his being detested, almost all the surrounding chiefs and princes were attracted to him by an irresistible feeling. Mouradin was a father, and the numberless perfections of his daughter Alkazia gave sufficient proof that virtues and vices are not hereditary. Possessing an affectionate disposition, and good sense, Alkazia united to a slender elegant figure delicate and expressive features, enhanced by all the attractions which modesty gives to beauty. The qualities of her mind surpassed the loveliness of those features, as much as she excelled in charms all the females of her father's court. Such was the child of Mouradin; in whose bosom numberless adorers had not been able to excite one responsive sigh.

The Bey, proud of his daughter's charms, and anxious to display his magnificence, often assembled at public festivals the princes and warriors who aspired to the hand of the beauteous Alkazia. The women of Circassia are less enslaved than elsewhere in the East, and unpermitted may appear unveiled in the temples, and at public fêtes. The daughter of Mouradin always presided at those games, where the address, strength, and courage, of the persons engaged in them were displayed, in throwing the dart, handling the lance, drawing the bow, wrestling, racing, and still more in the dangerous task of breaking in a wild horse. Among all the rivals for glory, the young Haslan Gheray distinguished himself, as much by the dignity of his deportment as by his address, in all gymnastic exercises. He was descended from the old sovereigns of the Crimea; and his whole appearance revealed his illustrious birth. He had just attained his twenty-fifth year; but his reputation for impetuosity in battle, and his modesty after his victories, caused his friendship to be sought by all the chieftains. Such was the interesting hero whom Alkazia had often crowned, and to whom she soon surrendered her heart.

The scion of an illustrious race, who lived only for

glory, might have viewed the charms of Alkazia without emotion; but that when, as conqueror at the wrestling match, he received, kneeling, from Alkazia a sash, embroidered by her own hands, in rising his eyes met her's—a tear hung upon the long jetty eye-lashes; that first tear of affection acted as a spell upon Haslan—and that one glance decided the hero's destiny. From this moment he never quitted her. After some time spent in assiduous attention, he ventured to solicit her to return his passion. 'Say that you love me, or I die!' said Haslan, falling on his knees before the timid virgin. 'Oh! my father!' exclaimed Alkazia, while unbidden tears rushed into her eyes, and she sunk into the arms of him with whom she felt her destiny was for ever united.

But many obstacles yet existed to oppose their felicity! Haslan Gheray was poor, Mouradin haughty, and so avaricious that he would sacrifice to his love of riches the happiness of his child! However, Haslan solicited and obtained an interview with the father of his beloved, and towards evening he repaired to the palace of the King of the Valley. Timid for the first time, this hero, a thunder-bolt in battle, entered with trembling steps the hall of council, the walls of which were hung round with glittering arms. Mouradin, stretched on a divan, surrounded by his bravest companions, was conversing on an expedition which promised an immense booty. 'What is your wish, Haslan?' said the prince, with a kindly smile; 'do you come to proffer me your aid in the war that I purpose undertaking?' 'I come,' answered Haslan, with a submissive air, 'to ask of her father the hand of her I love: our affection is mutual; to make her happy will be the desire of my life. I am descended from warlike princes, and my fate as well as my inclination compel me to walk in their footsteps. By unjust treaties we have been despoiled of our possessions: conquest may give them to me again, and this hope, and my legitimate rights, encourage me to address myself to the powerful prince, father of the lovely Alkazia.'

‘My astonishment equals my anger!’ said the old chief of the valley, throwing on Haslan a look of the greatest rage. ‘Do you not know how many princes of Circassia would give half their treasures for such an alliance? and you dare make me such a request! you, whose only wealth consists of your horse and weapons—you, who, without country or connection, can only give my daughter a tent for shelter, and your pay for portion! Renounce such pretensions, which are at once audacious and vain: for this time I forgive your temerity; but remember well, if I learn that Alkazia, rebellious to my commands, ever sees you again, I will sell her instantly to whoever shall bring me intelligence of her disobedience. This is my answer; depart, Haslan, and by your services endeavour to efface the remembrance of your offence.’

The father of his beloved was sacred in the eyes of Haslan; he brooked the affront, and, preferring to die rather than to take vengeance, he left the palace, overcome with grief.

At the house of Alkazia’s nurse, the confident of their mutual affection, the lovers once more met. Resolved to leave a country where every thing reminded him of his misery, Haslan had saddled his horse, and, fully equipped, repaired thither to take a last adieu. As soon as Mouradin’s daughter perceived him, drying the tears that bathed her face, she asked, ‘Is it true, Haslan, dear Haslan, that you leave me?’

‘Alas!’ he replied, ‘can I continue here, since you can never be mine? and can I ever again look on your father, who is the author of my shame and misery?’

‘You abandon me then, Haslan!’

‘I will die in a desert, since I cannot live with her I love.’

‘But what will become of me without you?’

‘Tell me, Alkazia,’ he said, solemnly, ‘dare you follow me? We will be united, Alkazia, my best beloved: let our’s be one love—one tomb.’

‘But my father, Haslan!’

‘He has threatened to sell you! can he be your

father? Let us fly, my Alkazia; we may cross the Kuban by the path across the mountains: let us either implore the clemency of the barbarian, or throw ourselves on the generosity of our enemies, the Russians: they cannot be less merciful than your father!

This conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud noise—the palace gates flew open—lights were seen scattered in every direction over the garden—and Mouradin's voice was heard, furiously calling down a malediction from heaven on his daughter's head.

'Alkazia, your liberty is at stake!' cried Haslan.

'Yes,' replied the maiden; 'and, dearest Haslan, thy life also. I am thine, let us fly to the desert!'

With a vigorous arm, the young prince placed her on his horse, leaped lightly behind her, pressed her to his heart; and the noble beast, as if conscious of the treasure he sustained, bore swiftly from the palace the hope and happiness of his master. But, rapid as was their course, the darkness of the night bewildered them, and they wandered from the road. It was not till break of day that they reached the banks of the Kuban; and, at the same moment, they heard the tramp of horses, and the cry of their pursuers. In this extremity Haslan hesitated not a moment; he hastily concealed Alkazia amongst the tall reeds which bordered the stream, and flew to face the satellites of Mouradin. His courage and temerity astounded them: he fought for his life and love; at every stroke an enemy fell, and the few who escaped his fury fled, terrified, to rejoin the detachment they had preceded. Haslan then hastened to his Alkazia. 'Unbuckle my coat of mail,† my best beloved,' said he; 'place it before you on the saddle, and may love be propitious to us!'

Instantly he plunged into the river, holding his courser by the bridle, and, contending with the rapid current, endeavoured to reach the opposite bank. The sun, which was now risen, had enabled the Cossacks of

† The warriors of Circassia, at this day, wear a hood and hauberk of chain mail, in fashion and material very similar to those worn during the Crusades by the European chivalry.

the Black Sea, who guarded the Kuban, to see the fight, and the event of this bold enterprise. Some of them sprung eagerly into their boats, and hastened to the relief of the lovers just at the moment when the whole guard of Mouradin arrived at the river side. 'Soldiers,' said Haslan, when they had taken him on board, 'you, who, even with us, have gained the reputation of bravery, receive the thanks of two beings who are indebted to you for more than life, and finish this benefit by presenting us to your chief.' They instantly conducted them to the Duc de Richelieu, who then commanded this division of the Russian army. Hardly had Haslan entered his presence, when, addressing him with all the energy and nobility of his character — 'In the name of honour,' said he, 'do not deliver us into the hands of the assassins, our pursuers: grant your protection to the two unfortunate beings who are before you. I will adopt Russia for my country, and my blood shall be shed for her; but if you refuse my request, and think that your duty compels you to give me up, let it not be in chains—at least let me have vengeance ere I die!'

The duke immediately assured the noble fugitive that he was perfectly free; and, as his valour was well known, gave him the commission of an officer in the Russian army.

'Devote yourself to the emperor,' he said, 'who knows how to appreciate services, ability, and worth, such as your's, and delights in rewarding them.'

'May the God whom I adore protect the country I adopt, and which I swear to defend!' cried Haslan Gheray.

The duke instantly gave orders that every attention should be paid to the lovers, which their situation required, and felt the interest for them that they so well deserved.

An occasion soon offered itself to the young prince, to prove the sincerity of his protestations. The Russians received orders to attack Amassa: he presented himself to the Duc de Richelieu, completely armed, and

solicited permission to guide the troops among the mountains, of which he was acquainted with the most intricate passes. After the conquest of Amassa, the Russian army pursued the Circassians over the Caucasian mountains. Here they met with such obstinate resistance, that they were often obliged to march in square battalions fourteen hours together.

Haslan was always at the head of these columns, and distinguished himself so as to merit the praises of the general, and the esteem of the whole army. His services were so highly appreciated by the emperor in this campaign, that he conferred on him the order of St. George, and presented him with an honorary medal.

In the month of December, 1810, another expedition was sent against the Fortress of Sudjuk Rale, in the country of the Abazes. Haslan again distinguished himself by such impetuous bravery, that the sight of him alone was sufficient to throw the enemy's ranks into confusion; the Circassians fled before him crying 'Haslan Gheray! Haslan Gheray!' After the reduction of this place, he received from his Imperial Majesty a sabre, the hilt of which, enriched with diamonds, bore this inscription:—'*the reward of valour.*'

His first steps in Russia had been attended by glory—a hero's death was reserved for him. He had only enjoyed a few months of happiness with his Alkazia, when he was again called upon to give fresh proofs of his devotion to his adopted country. In November, 1811, the Chassiques, one of the most warlike nations of Circassia, had made incursions on the frontier of Russia. Troops were sent to repulse them; Haslan commanded a detachment in the Valley d'Aphipps, near a small river of the same name, which rises in the Caucasian mountains. Hurried away by his usual intrepidity, he advanced before his soldiers, and received a shot which pierced his cuirass, and forced some of the links of his coat of mail into his body. The Sultan, Selim Gheray, his relation, flew to the assistance of his friend. 'Selim, Selim!' cried the dying Haslan, 'support me in your arms; do not allow the Circassians to see Haslan

Gheray fall!’ He was conveyed with the greatest difficulty to the tent of General Roudziewitz, who was the second in command under the Duc de Richelieu.—Haslan, convinced that his wound was mortal, commended his wife with the greatest fervour to this general: ‘Be a protector to my Alkazia,’ said he, ‘and I die content.’ They were his last words; a few moments after the young hero expired, at the age of twenty-five years. All that was tried to alleviate the affliction of Alkazia was useless: her grief, as calm as it was deeply rooted, did not allow of tears; they never left her heart, but froze there. Immediately after the funeral, retiring to Sevastopol, in the Crimea, by her direction a mausoleum, sufficiently large for her to live in, was erected; and there, near the body of her lover, she waits till the angel of death summons her to rejoin him whom she will regret while she exists.

SONG.

THERE sang a voice in Mirza’s halls,
 No bulbul’s seem’d so sweet;
 And Sohret smiled upon the walls,
 While rang the Ziraleet.†
 ’Twas Leila, eastern child of grace,
 The tulip-cheek’d, that strove
 Her lord’s unwonted gloom to chase
 By harmony and love.

There’s silence now within those halls;
 The harem’s voice is fled;
 There’s blood upon the guilty walls;
 Allah be with the dead!
 Dark jealousy the tale can tell;
 The fiend without a tear,
 ’Twas Leila’s cypress-form that fell
 Beneath the pale Shemsheer.§

ABDALLAH.

† *Sohre*, the Persian Venus.

‡ *Ziraleet*, a song of rejoicing.

§ *Shemsheer*, the Persian sabre.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. II.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURG.

THE details of this horrible event have been recorded by the only historian, of modern times, who was able adequately to pourtray them. The fervid imagination and eloquent language of Schiller enable him to describe the horrors committed under the direction of the brutal Tilly, in such a manner as can hardly be equalled, and perhaps have never been surpassed by any writer whom the world has produced. This circumstance, and the interesting nature of the article, would of itself render any apology for introducing it to our readers unnecessary; but when we add, that no adequate translation has yet been made of Schiller's history of the 'Thirty Year's War,' we are sure that we shall need no further excuse. The following is the extract from Schiller's history, which relates particularly to the Sack of Magdeburg.

The storming of the chief division of the army had now so far succeeded as to force two of the city gates, and Tilly ordered a part of his infantry to advance through them. They took up a position in the main street, and planted their artillery so as to command it from one end to the other. The terrified burghers, who were wholly without the means of opposing such an attack as this, retired into their houses, and shut themselves up to await, as well as they might, the decree which should be pronounced. They were not permitted to be long in doubt. Two words of Tilly's sealed the fate of Magdeburg. A more humane commander would have found it a difficult task to restrain the fury of such troops as the imperial army then consisted of: Tilly gave himself no such trouble as to exhort them to mercy. His silence having thus made the savage soldiery the lords over the burghers' lives, they rushed into the houses to satiate, at will, the fierce and sanguinary appetites which war and vice engender in minds furiously depraved. Some of the German

soldiers were touched by the tears and cries of innocence, and saved a few of the victims from the deaf rage of Pappenheim's Walloons. The work of slaughter had scarcely been begun, when the other gates were forced, and the whole of the besieging army, from different quarters, entered. The cavalry and the Kroats—horrible bands of demons—were let loose against the city.

And now was perpetrated a scene of butchery, to describe which history has no adequate words, and the most vivid powers of poetry must fail. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless age, nor youth, nor sex, nor rank, nor beauty, could disarm the blind wrath of the assailants. Wives were violated and slain in the presence of their husbands; daughters, at the very feet of their fathers; and the only distinction which the defenceless sex experienced, was, that they were made double sacrifices to lust and to murder. No place, however secret—no place, however sacred—was protected from the lynx-eyed rapacity of the plunderers. Fifty-three females were found lying in a church, with their heads cut off. The Kroats diverted themselves by throwing young children into the flames! and Pappenheim's Walloons slaughtered sucklings at their mothers' breasts!

Some few of the officers, who were shocked at these horror-inspiring sights, undertook to remonstrate with Tilly, and to endeavour to persuade him to have a stop put to the slaughter. 'Come to me again in an hour's time,' was his fiend-like answer, 'and then I shall see what can be done. The soldier who encounters peril and pain must have some reward for his labour.'

These horrors continued with unabating fury until the smoke and flames of the burning houses impeded the plunderers. In order to increase the confusion, and effectually to break down the resistance of the burghers, they had fired the city in many different places. The wind soon got up, and thus the flames spread with an astonishing rapidity through the city; their power naturally increasing as they spread, and soon the whole place was one universal conflagration. And now the

strife was at its highest pitch of horror,—carried on through smoke and dead bodies ; and the clash of drawn swords, and the noise of falling houses, mingled their appalling noises ; while the streets streamed with blood. The very atmosphere reeked and boiled ; and at length the scorching heat became so intolerable, that the butchers themselves were forced to flee back into their camp for safety.

In less than twelve hours from the time of its being entered, Magdeburg, the strong, the populous, the great, and for beauty not to be surpassed by any city in Germany, lay a heap of ashes : with the exception of two churches, and a few huts, not a building remained standing.

The governor, Christian Wilhelm, with three burgo-masters only, were taken prisoners ; but not until they had been wholly disabled by their numerous wounds. The other officers and magistrates had found an enviable death with their swords in their hands. Four hundred of the richest citizens were saved from death by the rapacity of the officers, but it was only in order to extort from them enormous ransoms. These were, however, officers of the League ; and such was the bloody ferocity of the Imperialists, that the clemency of the former, sordid as it was, made them looked upon as guardian angels.

No sooner had the fire exhausted itself than the troops returned, with renewed rage, to seek their prey amidst the ruins and ashes which buried it. Many of them were stifled by the vapour, in their eagerness to plunder ; and many others discovered immense booty in the cellars where the citizens had hidden their wealth.

On the 13th of May, and when the main street was cleared of the ruins and the corpses which had filled it, so as to make it passable, Tilly himself appeared in the city. Ghastly, piteous, and shocking to every feeling of humanity, were the sights which even now presented themselves. Living men crept out, half starved, from the dead bodies under which they had concealed them-

selves ; children, with heart-piercing cries, sought their parents ; sucklings hung and craved in vain at the lifeless breasts of their slaughtered mothers ! More than six thousand corpses were obliged to be thrown into the Elbe, in order to clear the streets. An incomparably greater number of living and dead had been consumed in the fire ; and the whole number of the slain was computed at thirty thousand.

FROM THE GAELIC.

FROM TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS, BY THE AUTHOR
OF 'IRELAND'—A SATIRE.

[The original of these lines refers to an occurrence in the island of Soa, or Soy, where a young Highlander, bird's-nesting for his mistress, perished, by an accident, on the eve of his marriage.]

It was on the bleak rock, where the sea wave was
foaming,

I left him but lately, too fearlessly roaming,
'Twas for me that he sought on the cliff's rugged breast,
Where the sea-bird securely had built her long nest.

He has missed but one step—and the blood sprinkled
wave

Has wrapped him in darkness, and closed on his grave.

His mother waits vainly her dear son's returning ;

We parted in joy ; we shall meet—but in mourning—

His brother, who loved him, hangs over the steep,

And he gazes afar on that wild whirling deep.

Ah ! no—that wild deep—it is wafting the dead—

Its green wave is his pillow—its grey sand his bed—

His sister—his own dearest sister—is weeping

For him who beneath that dark ocean is sleeping ;

And near us the sea-bird floats wildly along,

It mingles her cries with the shrieks of his song,

As he starts from the long locks that wave on the
breath

Of the storm—that shall wake not the slumber of
death.



THE PRIEST AND THE BRIGAND.

At a small barber's shop in the *Strada dei Fiori*, at Velletri, lived as light-hearted and honest a young fellow as any in the world. He was not rich, nor ever likely to be so; for, although shaving and trimming beards and mustachios was an occupation which ensured him plenty of practice, the gains were small, and he laboured under the disadvantage, in this respect, which is common to all ingenious persons, whose means of subsistence depend upon the exertions of their own hands. But there is no word which has a more peculiarly relative meaning than 'rich.' If the man who has enough for his wants and a trifle of superflux may be called rich, then Masetto was not poor. There was only one thing he wanted—a wife—and that he was not like to be long without; for Lissa, the daughter of a vine-dresser, who lived half a league out of the town, had promised to marry him at the festival of Santa Veronica, which was now within three weeks. Masetto had set his house in order, and made all becoming pre-

parations for receiving his bride ; and waited, with the impatience natural to a man who is going to be married, for the happy day.

Lissa was about sixteen, the marriageable age for girls in this part of Italy. She was a good-tempered, innocent country girl. Elsewhere she would have been thought a prodigy of beauty ; and, even in a place where the beauty of the peasantry is its most striking feature, she was considered above the ordinary run of pretty *contadine*. She loved the barber, and was looking forward to the fête of Santa Veronica with no less impatience than her Masetto.

It was a holiday ; and, thanks to the comfortable religion of Rome, there are many of them in the year ;—Masetto had dressed himself in his best clothes ; and was just setting off to pay a visit to Lissa, when he was stopped by the Father Brignoli, a canon of the church of San Giovanni, who came in all haste to be shaved. The canon was unluckily in the habit of putting off every thing he had to do until it was just too late to do it ; and he had now been loitering in his garden so long that he was obliged to take the barber's shop in his way, in order to reach the church in time for the offices. He was a stout, tall man, of between fifty and sixty, who, having passed the earlier part of his life in the army, had sought a refuge in the bosom of the church from the cares of a world which he thought had treated him ungratefully. Perhaps he was right ; but the story is too long to tell in this place. It will be enough for the intelligent reader to know that there was a woman at the bottom of it ; and that the Cavalier Brignoli became the Canon Brignoli, because he was jilted—an example which, if universally followed, would fill the world with religious men. Masetto liked him, because he condescended to talk to him, and to let him talk in return. He was, besides, of great use to the barber, because he would tell him the tales of his exploits, and the wonders he had seen, which Masetto retranslated to his gaping customers, with such additions and explanations as he thought suited their several tastes and understand-

ings, and by this means made himself the favourite barber of the town. Perhaps the innamorato would not have stayed to shave any one else, but he could not refuse to wait upon the canon; so, taking off his best coat, and adjusting his apron, he began to operate upon the canon's round chin.

'The course of true love never did run smooth.' Masetto had just finished one half of the superficialities of the lower part of the priest's broad face, when the mother of Lissa rushed into the shop, crying and sobbing, invoking all the saints whose names she could recollect to save her child. The razor dropped from Masetto's hand, and he left the canon holding the basin under his chin, half shaved, and half lathered, and withal so infolded in the shaving-cloth that he could not readily rise from his seat. Masetto besought his intended mother-in-law to tell him what dreadful calamity had befallen his mistress, and had thrown her into the ecstasy of grief and passion in which he saw her. At first it was impossible to make her give any intelligible relation of the affair; but at length Masetto learned that Lissa had gone, before daybreak that morning, with some other girls of the neighbourhood, to draw water from a spring, half a mile from the road, which was reputed to have great efficacy in preserving maiden's complexions. It was a sort of frolic which they had undertaken, without the knowledge of their friends, and had intended to be back before the sun was up. They had reached the spring, had filled their pitchers, and were about to return, when a man, of gigantic stature and most forbidding aspect, appeared among them. The girls shrieked with terror at the sight of him, and some of them made off; when, upon a whistle which the stranger blew, eight or ten fellows as ill-looking, and armed with carbines and sabres, appeared from behind the rocks. The frightened girls knew at once that these were the Brigand Garbone and his comrades, whose atrocious deeds filled the neighbourhood with terror. Garbone, without speaking, seized Lissa, who clung to some of her companions; but her feeble resistance was

of course in vain. The chief took her in his arms, and, motioning to some of his followers to assist him, bore her off. She shrieked, and implored the help of the other girls, who offered to follow her, but the remainder of the brigands presented their pieces at them, and threatened to shoot them on the spot. The poor girls fell on their knees, and with tears and supplications implored the monsters not to take away the wretched Lissa, but they might as well have implored the rocks. Garbone and the others, who carried the devoted maiden, bore her swiftly towards the forest, and were soon lost sight of; while the others, staying till their comrades had got clearly off, slowly followed them, still looking back, and threatening the horror-stricken girls who remained at the fountain.

This was the substance of the account which they had given when they came home; and, although their terror had exaggerated the horror of the appearance, and perhaps the numbers of the brigands, there could remain no doubt that they consisted of Garbone and his troop. The mother of Lissa now recollected that a tall singular looking man had been seen at various times, and always in different garbs, hovering about their house, and was apparently struck with admiration of Lissa; a circumstance which had flattered her mother, but had never alarmed her.

Poor Masetto was beside himself at this intelligence; he tore his hair, wept, threw himself upon the ground, and played all the extravagant tricks which violent passion urges a man to. The canon in the mean time having extricated himself, wiped his face, and made himself decent, with the calm gravity of a man who has lived long enough in the world to see the nullity of every thing like violent emotion. Not that he was indifferent to Masetto's grief, and the cause of it. He had seen and admired the beautiful and innocent Lissa; and, while he was rubbing his face, he resolved to save her, or at least to make an attempt. He had, besides, as great a hatred as a churchman could have against this Garbone; and he felt some of his old military

feeling rise, accompanied with an inclination to try if his arm yet possessed its strength and skill. These were of course improper notions for a priest, but they came unbidden across him. He consoled Masetto as well as he could; then, when he had made him listen, he represented that he had better be attempting something for his mistress's deliverance than weep over her loss. The poor barber thought this would be sheer madness; 'for how,' he said, 'could he hope that his Lissa was not already murdered, or worse.'

'You show neither so much fortitude nor reason as I expected from you, my son,' said the canon; 'and you know nothing of the character of this Garbone. Murder is not his object; and I have a strong belief that he will not attempt any outrage against Lissa. But we waste time; tell me only this—dare you risk your life to save your mistress?'

'Ay, willingly!' replied Masetto, in whose heart the priest's words had revived something like hope, though he was afraid to trust it; 'for what is existence to me without Lissa?'

'Why, then, let this be the last tear you shed; but give me a pen and ink, and, while I write, do you run and fetch Felippo, the lay-brother, who attends my mule; and, as for the offices, unless the Padre Geronimo has performed them, they must go undone, for the hour is now past.'

Masetto hastily obeyed the canon. The letter was written, and dispatched by Felippo to the Cavalier Novi, who commanded a detachment of the pope's troops, a few leagues distant. First, however, Felippo was ordered to prepare his master's mule and his own, and to lend the better of his two frocks to Masetto, who, having put it on, followed the canon to his own house. A short preparation sufficed to make them ready for the journey which the canon meditated; and giving it out that he was going to the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute upon business with the abbot, he mounted his mule, and, followed by Masetto, in the

dress of the lay-brother, rode gently towards the mountains.

As they journeyed on, the father explained to Masetto his plan, which was to throw themselves in the way of the brigands, and thus discover in the first place where Lissa was kept. They would think the Padre a rich prize ; and he knew them too well to apprehend any violence from them, because they would expect to get a large sum from him in the way of a ransom, and would willingly release his follower, that he might fetch them the money. This being done, the rest of the enterprise must depend greatly on Masetto's intelligence and skill in bringing up the troops of the Cavalier Novi, whom the Padre's letter had apprised of his design, to the robber's retreat.

It was noon, and the travellers dismounted under a spreading tree to repose themselves and their mules. The canon, who never travelled without a due portion of creature comforts, which he had a strong liking for, directed Masetto to display a cold capon, and to put a flask of very drinkable wine into a cold mountain-brook which ran bubbling by the forest path. The meal was not ended, when it fell out, according to the good father's expectations, that some of Garbone's gang discovered them. The first intimation they received of the presence of their visitors, was the muzzle of a gun being poked through the boughs of a thicket on the rock opposite them, and a hoarse voice crying out with a thousand imprecations for their money. Masetto thought it was all over with them ; but the priest called out without the least emotion, ' We are poor travellers, a priest and his servant ; what we have is at your service ; but spare our lives, for the sake of the blessed Mother of Heaven and all the Saints.'

The muzzle of the gun was withdrawn ; and the gentleman to whom it belonged, accompanied by four others of his fraternity, made their appearance. They were fine-looking, able-bodied raggamuffins ; but their long hair and mustachios, and the expression of their

countenances, gave them a disagreeable and fierce look. They were dressed in a coarse but fantastic manner, every man having in his garb some attempt at finery, which ill accorded with the dirtiness and poverty of the rest of his clothing. They wore long daggers, and pistols stuck in their belts ; some of them had, besides, swords ; all were armed with carbines, and not a man but a rosary, or a relic, or some other outward and visible token of his religion stuck about him. They surrounded the canon and his man, and, having searched for their weapons, and found none but the knives with which they were eating, they bound their arms behind them, and bade them prepare to go before their chief, who they said was within a short distance. While this ceremony was being performed by some of the rogues, the others finished the flask and the capon which the canon and Masetto had been employed upon when they were interrupted.

The canon offered nothing like resistance ; but gave the thieves now and then a ghostly exhortation, or a slight recommendation to pursue the paths of virtue and piety, and not to bind his arms too tightly ; managing to apply his texts as to make a favourable impression on the banditti, whose superstition he was perfectly well acquainted with.

All being ready the prisoners were marched off, followed by three of the brigands, the others staying behind to pursue their lawful vocation of robbing passengers. After half an hour's walk through circuitous paths, they arrived at a rock, which they began to ascend. From the top of this rock the robber's retreat was discernible. A small dell, shut in by high rocks, and which, from its position, was inaccessible to all but those who knew the country, had been pitched upon by Garbone for his head quarters. A range of low buildings at the further end appeared to be the dwellings of the troop, and a great portion of the green was planted with olive-trees and vines. A shrill whistle from one of the robbers was answered by some one from the dell, and the party began to descend with the

caution which the steep path rendered necessary. The captives were conducted to the building, and entered a long room, which appeared to be a sort of common hall. At the fire-place, some men, of a similar appearance to those by whom the travellers had been taken, were employed in cooking; others were playing with cards and dice in different parts of the chamber; and at the upper end, with a moody look, and apart from the rest, sat one, who, from his stature and appearance, the canon had no doubt was the chief—the redoubted Garbone. To him they were soon led; when the canon, in answer to his inquiries, told him that he and his follower were upon a journey to the abbot of the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute, to receive some money due to his own church, when he had been stopped by the good gentlemen who had now done him the honour of introducing him. Garbone, although he looked extremely ill-tempered, happened to be in one of his most gracious moods. He welcomed the canon with great politeness for a robber, and said he was glad to see him for several especial reasons; the first, because his troop was mainly in want of a priest, for, although they were thieves, yet they had consciences, and it was so long since they confessed (having killed their last confessor in a brawl), that half of them were ready to desert, that they might unburden their bosoms, and obtain absolution; secondly, because he himself was going to be married (Masetto was ready to fly at the brigand's throat, but the canon trod upon his toe, and restrained him); and thirdly, because he should have a good round ransom for his captive.

The canon had seen a good deal of the world, and was more than a match for a more cunning man than Garbone, even in his own way. He took his bantering quietly, offered his ghostly services with a good grace, said he was ready to send for the ransom if his servant might be permitted to fetch it; and, in short, so won upon the robber, that after a quarter of an hour's talk he had learnt from him the fact of his having carried off Lissa, who was then unharmed in one of the

inner chambers, and that he meant to be married to her on the morrow in the forest chapel.

'A pious intention, for marriage is a holy ordinance,' said the priest, 'and right gladly shall I perform the ceremony; but I beseech ye, good captain, to let me depart as soon as it is done, for I have much to do; and as it is only reasonable that you should be paid for my night's entertainment, name the ransom, and let Niccolo, my attendant here, away and fetch it for thee. By sparing not his beast,' he said, looking significantly at Masetto, 'he may reach the monastery by midnight; and the abbot, as he loves me, will send what I require; and to-morrow, by the time the lark has chaunted his matin song, my good follower may be back with the means of rescuing his master from this place.'

Masetto understood what this meant, and expressed his readiness to travel all night on such an errand. Garbone mused for a few minutes, and then said, 'All that you say, father, seems fair enough; but I have so often been taken in by men of your profession, that I trust none of them willingly. However, for this once I will run some risk. Thy man shall go; but look, varlet, as thou valuest thy master's head, look that thou bring back the coin by day-break to the forest chapel.'

Garbone then fixed as a ransom for the canon four thousand scudi; and, ordering Masetto's beast to be made ready, directed one of his gang to mount the canon's horse, and accompany the messenger to the last outpost, and there await his return. Masetto bade the canon farewell, who pressed his hand significantly as they parted.

The barber and the brigand rode onwards, and in the course of his progress found his companion was a great simpleton. He left him at a stone cross in the road to await his return.

The canon had requested his friend, the cavalier, to have his troop at a little village called the Three Bridges; and hither it was that Masetto hastened, instead of to the monastery. He found the cavalier, whom a desire to serve his old friend, and a wish to come to blows with Garbone, had brought immediately

on receipt of the letter. He had five-and-thirty horsemen with him, whom, on learning from Masetto how things stood, he dismounted; and, having waited until the night had fallen, they set out on foot, conducted by the barber on his mule. Having arrived within a short distance of the place at which he had left the brigand, Masetto went on alone, and found that the rogue, tired of waiting for him, had gone to sleep. Having removed his carbine and his poniard, Masetto passed his own belt so firmly about the fellow's legs, that he could not move; and then, giving the signal, the cavalier's troop came up. With threats of instant death they compelled the terrified robber, who was now awake, to shew them the road to the forest chapel, which they reached long before day-light.

The chapel had been part of a religious establishment, which, being deserted by the fraternity to whom it belonged, had fallen into decay, and all but the chapel was in ruins. In one of the lower vaults they deposited the captive robber, securely bound; and left a soldier with directions to stab him to the heart, if he attempted to escape, or to cry out. The cavalier then looked about for a convenient spot in which to post his men. At the end of the chapel, and about two yards behind the altar, was a gothic screen, formed of clusters of small pillars, with openings at every yard. Behind these the soldiers might stand, not only effectually concealed, but well disposed for an attack upon any persons who might be entering the chapel. By the time all these arrangements were made, the day began to appear. The cavalier, who knew his old friend the canon, and who was aware of his intelligence, fixed a piece of the red feather from his military hat between the broken stones of the arch by which he must enter the chapel, and through this he was sure the canon would know they had arrived. He then bade Masetto stand behind him; and, fearing that the poor fellow's impatience might lead him into some imprudence, insisted, with threats as well as persuasions, that he should not stir a finger until the canon gave some indication that the time for attack was arrived. Masetto promised to obey, for, however of the

cult it might be, he saw the wisdom of the cavalier's injunctions.

The minutes passed heavily, until at length the feet of horses and mules were heard through the forest, and the voices of the brigands, at intervals, shouting to each other as they hurried along to visit their captain's nuptials. The sounds became more distinct, and at length it was clear that the company had arrived. The cavalier had provided for himself a loop-hole, by which he could see the canon enter; and, to his great delight, he saw him pluck the feather carelessly from the wall, and toss it to the wind, at the same time that his eye shot an inquiring glance round the chapel. In many an hour of peril, and on many a dangerous enterprise, the cavalier had seen that eye flash with a similar expression from under a steel morion, and it had lost none of its old accustomed fire.

The gaunt Garbone, dressed with awkward splendour, came first: the weeping Lissa, leaning upon the arm of the Padre, followed; and, notwithstanding the exhortations and promises of the good canon that all would be well, could not overcome her fears. The canon had by no means explained to her the errand on which Masetto was gone; for he had made it a rule for many years past never to trust a woman, good or bad, with a secret. Behind came the whole of Garbone's gang, in number about forty, with their carbines over their shoulders, and ranged in as fair order as they could accomplish. As the canon came on towards the altar he was reconnoitring the place, and had already determined that his old comrade would post himself and his forces behind the screen. When, however, he mounted the three steps of the altar, which raised him a full yard above every one else in the chapel, his doubts were removed; for he saw the soldiers. One look was exchanged between him and the cavalier. He proceeded with the ceremony, as his bearers thought; but he was less faithful a member of the church to profane its ordinances; and, instead of reading the service of marriage, he addressed an exhortation to Garbone on his enormities, which might have touched his heart if it had

not been in Latin—a language with which he happened to have no acquaintance.

When he had ended this mock service, and as he held his hands extended over Garbone and Lissa, the whole gang shouted *Viva!* and discharged their carbines to testify their rejoicing. The vaulted arches of the roof rang with the report, and the smoke which filled the building enabled the canon to draw Lissa from the altar to a place of security behind the screen. Before the vapoury cloud had rolled away, a sharp and well directed fire from Novi's troops had brought down one half of the bandits, and the others were seized and bound before they had recovered from their surprise at the suddenness of the attack. At the first shot, Garbone had drawn his pistol, and levelled it at the canon, whom he must have killed, but that Masetto, who had his eye particularly upon the ruffian, threw up his arm, and at the same moment plunged his stiletto into the chief's throat. It is not necessary to describe his joy at clasping his Lissa in his arms, or the pleasure which the canon had in meeting his old friend and comrade, the cavalier. A very short time sufficed to tie the robbers who remained alive on the mules and horses; and the whole party proceeded to Velletri, where the canon married Masetto to Lissa without waiting for the feast of Santa Veronica.

The robbers were soon afterwards executed; and Garbone's head had the honour of decorating a post in the cross roads.

THE ISLAND MAID.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.—BY THE AUTHOR OF
'IRELAND,' A SATIRE.

ALONE, alone, when the sun was set
On the cliff, by the murmuring deep we met;
We met, alone, on the midnight hill,
When the winds were hushed and the waves were still.
And we looked on the ocean before us spread,
Like a slumbering babe on its breathless bed;

And the moon, through a cloud, on that ocean smiled,
Like a mother that weeps o'er her sleeping child ;
And that ocean seemed her love to bless,
Gazing, as 'twere, in consciousness,
At the lovely eye that was looking down
From an heaven that seemed as it could not frown,
And was shedding its light upon island and bay,
And rocks 'neath the sleeping wave that lay,
And floated above their imaged steep,
Reflected afar from the fathomless deep ;
As if they were things of immortal life,
And rested their strength from the ocean strife.
I have seen those billows that crept beneath
Our feet, and were slumbering still as death ;
When they came in their gathered might afar,
And the gale of the west was proclaiming the war
With his hoarse wild voice, as in close array
The Atlantic waves with dreadful sway
Burst on the eternal rocks, and then
Retired ; and charging again, and again
Came heavily on the echoing shore,
With the lightning's speed and the thunder's roar ;—
And the death-cry came on the raving gale,
That had shattered the mast, and had torn the sail ;
And was kissing the brow of the rugged wave
That was rolling its pride o'er a navy's grave.—
But there, when we met, it was silence all ;
You might hear the gentle ripple fall
On the silvery beach, as in liquid light
They rose and they fell to the lovely night ;
Or the snowy sea-bird wandering,
Broke that lone silence with her wing ;
That ocean shone, like love's melting eye,
Rolling, and trembling, eternally ;
And the gentle air, that you scarce might feel
Came low and deep, like the sighs that steal
So timorously from the maiden's breast,
To the bosom of one that loves her, prest !
And the moon that in heaven above was seen,
Pacing her way like a virgin queen ;

Was shedding her beams on thy forehead's brow,
And was kissing thy soft cheek's rosy glow ;
The beam played on thy round white arms, and fell
As if to repose on thy bosom's swell ;
As it rose and sunk with a milder motion,
Than the gentle pulse of that waveless ocean.
There was not a word on thy trembling tongue,
But more closely thine arm around me clung
As a soft, and a sweet, and a fearful sigh,
Came from thy soul betrayingly.
From the ocean's bosom the bright sun came
Kissing the rocks with his golden flame ;
And he chased in a moment the twilight grey,
Far, far from the brightening east away :
That sun rolled high from the blushing wave,
And their glances at parting they sweetly gave,
As they knew that at night they should meet again
That glorious sun, and that wanton main.
But we felt not so when we bade adieu,
And each from that lonely cliff withdrew
With an aching heart, and many a sigh,
And a drooping head, and a downcast eye ;
For that sun was shedding his morning smile,
The last I might view in thine ocean-isle ;
And his young ray shone on my fluttering sails
That were hoisted to fill with the morning gales ;
I sighed as I looked on the laughing sea,
That so soon was to bear me away from thee ;
And I sighed again, as I felt that ne'er
My island maid had been half so dear
As when I knew that I thus should part
From her snowy arms and her innocent heart.
It is o'er : but yet, till such nights shall cease
To tell to my soul their tale of peace ;
Till, kissed by the moon, the ocean stream
Refuse to return her loving beam ;
Till that wandering wave shall cease to rove ;
Till my wilder heart shall cease to love ;
Till that perished heart in dust be laid ;
I will *never* forget my island maid.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. III.

THE FIGHT OF BRUGES.

THE old chronicles of the year 1332 have numerous details respecting this affair, and the escape of the Earl of Flanders, from which the following account is compiled.

The rebellious people of Ghent began to perceive that the day in which vengeance was to be taken on them for their outrages was at hand. The Earl of Flanders, with the help of his French allies, had made himself master of the surrounding country, and threatened an attack upon Ghent. Unprovisioned and unfurnished with any adequate means of holding out for a long defence, the wretched inhabitants felt that they had nothing to hope for but the clemency of their sovereign, against whom they had committed so many insulting outrages that they were almost unpardonable. Artaveld and his confederates saw that they could not resist; and, like men who had played a desperate game, and knew that there was a chance of their losing, they did not hesitate to offer themselves up to appease the fury of the earl, provided the safety of their countrymen could be ensured by that means. Artaveld repaired to Tournay, which had been appointed for the purpose of holding conferences, with the intention of supplicating the earl on behalf of the people of Ghent; and, as the earl did not come, he went with the other deputies to seek him at Bruges.

The earl received them angrily and haughtily; and, having heard their request, promised to send his answer. It was even more severe than had been expected. He insisted that all the people of Ghent, between the ages of fifteen and sixty, should come barefoot, scarcely clothed, and with each a rope about his neck, half way between Ghent and Bruges, and there submit themselves to his mercy.

The deputies were overwhelmed with consternation at this reply. 'My good folks,' said the Bailiff of Hainault to them, with a sneer, 'you see that you are

in no small danger ; and, if you take my advice, you will accept these terms while you can, and for fear of worse. The earl will not put all your towns-people to death, but only such as his anger is most excited against ; then he will be compassionate, and you will escape better than you imagine.'

'We thank you,' said Artaveld, gravely, 'for the pains you have taken in bringing us this reply, and for the advice you bestow upon us unasked ; but we have no power to accept any such conditions without the sanction of our townsmen. To them shall we report the earl's answer, and, if they consent, we shall not hinder its acceptance.'

The summer day was done, and all the people of Ghent were assembled, expecting the return of Artaveld. It was almost night before he arrived. The archers, and the white-hood men at arms, who accompanied him, showed none of the gaiety which commonly marked their deportment. They rode slowly through the market place ; and Artaveld, who appeared extremely dejected, alighted from his horse, and, entering the Town House, soon afterwards appeared in the balcony.

The cries of the populace, which had been loud and discordant, were hushed into silence at his appearance. One or two voices alone cried out, 'What news from Bruges ?'

Artaveld reached forth his hand. 'Good news flies fast, and if I had such to communicate I should not now address you with so heavy a heart. Evil tidings, and such are those I bear, are told soon enough, though never so late. Retire, my good citizens, to your homes : the night demands counsel and repose. To-morrow morning, betimes, you shall know the earl's merciful answer to your prayers. Farewell ; and remember that, while you sleep, I shall be employed in endeavouring to avert the calamity that hangs over us.'

The crowd were habituated to respect and obey whatever their leader said, and the mournful tone, and ominous import of what he now addressed to them, seemed to make a deeper impression than usual upon

their minds. He withdrew from the balcony ; and they departed sadly and slowly to their homes.

A council was speedily summoned, and long and earnest was the consultation of all who were present. There was, however, little difference of opinion, for all saw present destruction to themselves, personally, whatever might be the fate of the city.

The morning came ; and Artaveld related to the assembled citizens the success of his errand, and the terms which the earl required them to submit to. The distress of the people, at this announcement of their hard fate, was deep and universal, and vented itself in loud and heart-rending cries.

When the first burst of this emotion had subsided, Artaveld, having procured silence, again addressed them.

‘ Nothing remains for us then, my fellow-citizens, but to adopt a prompt resolution. You know that our provisions are exhausted ; and that we are thirty thousand souls, who for the last fifteen days have not tasted a morsel of bread. There are three courses, and three only, which we can follow. The first is to shut ourselves up in our town, to confess our sins, to throw ourselves on our knees in the churches, and there to await death like martyrs, to whom all human pity has been denied. God will surely have pity on our souls, and even our foes will say that we died the death of brave people. The second is for all of us to go, men, women, and children, bare-footed, and with ropes about our necks, on the road to Bruges, there to implore the mercy of the Earl of Flanders. His heart cannot be so hard, but that, when he sees his people in that state, he must take pity on them. I will be the first to offer him my head to appease his rage. And the last thing for us is to choose five or six thousand of the bravest, best-armed men our city holds, and to hasten to attack the earl at Bruges. If we die in this attempt, too, we shall die like men ; and the world will say we defended our cause honourably. If, on the contrary, we succeed, and God gives us the same help as he did to the Maccabees,

when they destroyed the immense army of the Syrians, then we shall be the most glorious people that have been known since the Romans. Which of these three ways do you choose ?

Some of the populace who were nearest to Artaveld, asked, 'What do you advise us to do ?' The cry soon became general. 'We will follow the advice of our tried friend.'

'Since it is so, then,' said Artaveld, with increasing earnestness, and his voice growing louder with the excitement, 'this is the advice I give, and I am ready to do my utmost to carry it into effect :—Let us go, with arms in our hands, to find the count, and teach him that we are not the tame and worthless slaves he would make of us.'

A loud and unanimous shout was the reply which the people made to this speech.

'Return then to your homes, prepare all things to effect this design, and we will proceed to make a selection of such of you as are fittest to help in it.'

The crowd dispersed at his bidding, and every one bestirred himself in getting ready for the attack. Notwithstanding the dearth which prevailed, there was collected, for the use of the troops, five cart-loads of bread, and two butts of wine. The guns, and such artillery as they had, were mounted on two hundred other carts ; and, all being ready for the march, all the gates and avenues of the city were closely shut up. The greater part of the inhabitants followed the troops to the gates, to bid them farewell ; and the soldiers, bidding them implore the assistance and protection of Heaven set off, not daunted or dull, but with the decent gravity that became men, who knew that their existence, and all that was dearest to them, depended on the success of their expedition.

On the following morning they halted within a league of Bruges ; and Artaveld disposed the baggage in such a manner as to protect his troops from any sudden attack. This man, in the course of the extraordinary events of which the Low Countries were then, and

had for a long time been, the theatre, had gained a thorough knowledge of the people with whom he had to deal. Without any of the advantages of education, for he had been originally a fisherman on the Scheldt, Artaveld possessed a ready and striking eloquence, which he knew how to adapt perfectly to the capacities of his hearers. He had taken care to provide friars to attend the army, and he now set them to preach to the soldiers. Their sermons were of course directed to the ensuing combat; and by drawing parallels between the people of Ghent and the Israelites, and assimilating the persecutions of the Earl of Flanders to those which the ancient Jews suffered under Pharaoh, they succeeded in rousing the indignation of their hearers to the highest pitch. The holy sacrament was then administered, and the whole army joined in prayer.

Artaveld then addressed them, and after recapitulating, in a forcible manner, the wrongs and oppression they had suffered under the Earls of Flanders, he pointed to the carts. 'Yonder,' he said, 'is all that we possess to feed five thousand hungry men; that consumed, if you want more you must win it with your swords. Let us, however, share it now in peace and brotherly affection.' Rations were then distributed, and the troops formed, for the out-posts brought news that the earl and his forces were at hand.

When the earl learnt that this army from Ghent was coming against him, he believed that it was an act of mere desperation, and scornfully ordered all his forces to the attack. The people of Bruges, who partook of this feeling, and who were not sorry of an opportunity to wreak their old animosity against their neighbours of Ghent, prepared to win this, as they thought, easy victory. The more experienced military men would have dissuaded the earl from beginning the attack at so late an hour; and notwithstanding that he was convinced of the expediency of this advice, he suffered himself to be influenced by the eagerness of the Bruges' townsfolk; Although the morrow would have delivered his enemies into his hands, his rashness and pride prevented

him from availing himself of this certain advantage, and he gave orders for the attack.

Artaveld then unmasked his artillery, which was behind the waggons, and fired three successive times. At the same moment, by a judicious and unexpected manœuvre, Artaveld attacked the main body of the earl's force, so as to get the sun, which was now sinking, but extremely bright, at the back of his own troops, and consequently in the faces of his enemies. An almost instant disorder ensued in their ranks; while the assailants, keeping in close order, and shouting their battle cry, ' Ghent ! ' fell on them with resistless fury. The people of Bruges soon took to flight, and, throwing down their arms, saved themselves as well as they could. Never was so disgraceful a rout of people who had before displayed so much presumption. The knights and gentlemen attempted in vain to rally them; a panic fear had seized them; they heard not the voices of their leaders; the ties of friendship, and even kindred, were forgotten; and every man was busied in providing for his own safety. In the confusion which ensued the earl was thrown from his horse, and nothing but the most strenuous and powerful exertions of those who were about him could have saved him from being trampled to death.

Finding that it was impossible to rally the terrified troops (for his own soldiery had been infected by the terror of the citizens), his next object was to save Bruges, and for this purpose to get to the town, and shut the gates; but this was impossible. A religious festival had been celebrated there with great pomp, and the carriages used in the procession encumbered the streets, and prevented the frightened soldiers from acting. When the earl arrived at the market-place he found it was in the possession of the enemy, into whose hands he must have fallen, but that it was now quite dark. Some people, who knew him, advertised him of his danger, and that Artaveld had offered a reward to whoever should take him. He immediately caused the torches, which his followers had lighted, to

be extinguished ; and, throwing himself from his horse, attended only by a single valet, he entered a small by-street. Here he changed clothes with this servant, and, bidding him begone, and not to betray him, he resolved to trust to fortune for his safety.

Thus, effectually shielded from suspicion, the earl wandered through the streets for some time, meeting occasionally parties of the Ghent men, who were searching for him. In this manner the time elapsed until midnight, when he found himself in a little obscure street, opposite the dwelling of an old woman. After a moment's hesitation he entered. The house consisted of a low dirty room, half filled with smoke, and an upper loft or chamber, the only mode of access to which was by a rude ladder. 'Woman,' cried the earl, 'save me, or I am lost ; I am your liege lord, and my pursuers are at my heels.' 'I know you, my lord,' replied the poor woman, 'and I ought to know you ; for I and my infants have been often fed with alms at your gate. Quick, mount the ladder, and lie down by the bed in which my children are sleeping—but be silent, for your life.'

The count stepped nimbly up the ladder, and, getting to the further side of the wretched pallet in which the children were sleeping, effectually concealed himself. He had scarcely done so when some of the Ghent soldiers arrived, saying they had seen a man enter.

'You saw no one enter but me,' replied the woman, sulkily, and went on with her occupation at the fire-place ; 'but you may search my hovel, if you will,' she added.

One of the soldiers mounted the ladder ; but seeing only two sleeping children in the loft, his suspicions were at once removed, and he left the house with his comrades, swearing with true military vehemence.

The earl knew that this could not afford him a safe asylum for long ; and thanking the poor woman, whose fidelity had preserved his life, he again issued into the streets. He reached the city gates, was permitted to pass without suspicion, and proceeded rapidly, without

knowing whither to direct his course. The sound of footsteps made him withdraw from the road into a thicket, but not so quickly as to prevent his being perceived. He saw that he was followed, and had drawn his sword that he might resist to the last any attack, when a well known voice arrested his purpose. It was one of his most faithful adherents, who had sought him long in vain, and who had now unexpectedly found him.

The earl asked if it was possible to get a horse with which he might reach Lille, where he was sure of safety and succour. After some time they succeeded in getting a countryman's mare, on which, without a saddle, and in the dress of a serving man, the Earl of Flanders, who had a few hours before been at the head of a numerous army, reached Lille. He was soon joined there by all the men at arms who had escaped from the fight of Bruges; and, wise by the experience of that day's vicissitudes, vowed never again to think too scornfully of an enemy, who, with arms in their hands, and goaded by despair, should come to give him battle.

THE OLD PLAYS AND POETS OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

MR. EDITOR—Nothing is more common than for old people to praise the actors who have figured on the public theatres previous to the present generation, and to compare them with our present actors in a manner extremely injurious to the latter. I am one of those who think that the fault is not in the existing players, any more than that their predecessors possessed any extraordinary powers; but I am inclined to refer the notions which the elderly critics entertain on this subject to a more natural and rational cause. Without being able to recollect Garrick, or Mossop, or Barry, I am too much disposed to persuade myself that the actors whom I saw in my boyhood surpassed all that I have seen since, and all that I shall ever see again. But I do not, therefore, feel myself entitled to

exclaim that histrionic merit is on the decline. On the contrary, I believe that my taste has changed, and that as few of the things which formed the delight of my boyhood and adolescence still preserve the freshness of their charms, the stage has undergone a similar change, as far as regards my notions; and that the days have passed, never to return, in which theatrical representations formed my chief delights. It would be entering upon a field too wide, and one which does not suit my present purpose, to examine into the justice of this opinion, or to ascertain whether the fault is in me or in the stage. It shall suffice, that I have a keen sense of past enjoyments; and that if I do not prize present ones, I forbear to pass too severe a censure on them. The complaint of the degeneracy of histrionic merit has always been so common as to have become proverbial; and the *laudator temporis acti* is never found more frequently than in the person of an old theatrical critic.

The object of my present letter is to introduce to your notice, and to that of your readers, a short account of the stage, and the persons connected with it, at a period which is very interesting to all who have turned their attention to the dramatic history of this country—I mean the latter part of the reign of Charles II. In the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ for February, 1745, among a great many other curious communications, is a letter from a gentleman who had seen and known the principal actors and poets of the period to which I have alluded.

The intelligent and modest manner in which this letter is written would commend it to the reader’s attention, if it had no other merit; but the sketches which it gives of the poets of that day, slight as they are, must be so interesting, that I feel it requires no apology from me for introducing it. You will perceive that the venerable author promises a complete list of the actors of that period; a promise which, as I find no further mention of it in the subsequent volumes, his advanced age prevented him from fulfilling. The letter

is annexed to some very stupid verses—‘To Mrs. Sybilla, on her acting the Goddess of Dullness, and persuading her to attempt Melantha in Dryden’s “Marriage à-la-Mode;”’ and as it appears the letter is in reply to the person who had sent him those verses, I have copied it at length, and added such notes as have appeared to me necessary for the understanding, at this time of day, of the allusions contained in it.

‘You do the old man very great honour, and flatter him most agreeably, by desiring his opinion concerning your composition. Be you displeased or not, I have transmitted it to honest Sylvanus Urban, with this letter of my own by way of commentary, to take its chance in the world under the title of *une pièce fugitive*. Though misfortunes, joined with my own choice, have greatly abated the taste which I once had for poetry (alas! ’tis now full sixty years years since I bade adieu to the Muses) yet let me profess (vanity being a little pardonable in what William Davenant calls talkative old age), that the wits and poets usually esteemed me a notable young fellow. I am now in my eighty-seventh year; and though my memory fails as to things of yesterday, yet I remember the bards and theatres of Charles the Second’s reign (even the comedy you allude to, at its first appearance), as well as you can recollect any thing concerning the present poets, or theatres.

‘I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great), in one uniform cloathing of Norwich druggut. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve* at the Mulberry-garden, when our author advanced to a sword, and chadreur wig. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving; though his comedies are horribly full of double entendres, yet ’twas owing to a false complaisance for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed.

* Mrs. Anne Reeve, Dryden’s mistress, acted the part of Amayllis, in the ‘Rehearsal.’ She died a religious.

* Master Elkanah Settle,† the city poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, and satin cap. He run away from Oxford with the players at an act, as Otway did the same the year 1674. You'll be glad to know any trifling

+ Elkanah Settle, son of Joseph Settle, of Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, was born in 1648; and, in the 18th year of his age, was entered commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; but he quitted the university without taking any degree, and came to London, where he applied himself to the study of poetry; in which he lived to make no inconsiderable figure. Finding the nation divided between the opinions of Whig and Tory, he thought proper, on first setting out in life, to join the Whigs, who were then, though the minor, yet a powerful party. Afterwards he changed sides, turned Tory, and wrote for that party with as much zeal as he had formerly shown for the interest of the Whigs.

Poor Elkanah was unfortunate in the change of his party; for, before he had derived any solid advantage from abandoning his old friends, the Revolution took place; and from that period, having lost his credit, he lived poor and despised, subject to all the miseries of the most abject state of indigence, and destitute of any advantageous and reputable connexion. In the year 1680 he was so violent a Whig, that the famous ceremony of pope-burning, on the 17th of November, was intrusted to his management, and he seems to have been at that time much in the confidence of those who opposed government. After his change, like other converts, he became equally violent against those with whom he had before associated, and actually entered himself a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow Heath. In the latter part of his life he was so reduced as to attend a booth in Bartholomew Fair, kept by Mrs. Mynns and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, and received a salary from them for writing drolls, which generally were approved of. He also was obliged to appear in his old age as a performer in these wretched theatrical exhibitions, and, in a farce called 'St. George for England,' acted a dragon, enclosed in a case of green leather, of his own invention. To this circumstance Dr. Young refers in the following lines of his Epistle to Mr. Pope:

'Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hissed at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.
Such is the fate of talents misapplied, &c.'

In the end, he obtained admission into the Charterhouse, and died there, Feb. 12, 1723-4. The writer of a periodical paper, called 'The Briton,' Feb. 19, 1724, speaks of him as then just dead, and adds, 'he was a man of tall stature, red face, short black hair, lived in the city, and had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen, to survive them all.'

circumstance concerning Otway.† His person was of the middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to

† Thomas Otway was not more remarkable for moving the tender passions, than for the variety of fortune to which he himself was subjected. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Humphrey Otway, rector of Wolbeding, in Sussex, and was born at Trotton in that county, the 3d of March in the year 1651. He received his education at Wicheham school, near Winchester, and became a commoner of Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1669. But on his quitting the university, in 1674, and coming to London, he turned player. His success as an actor was but indifferent, having made only one attempt in Mrs. Behn's tragedy of 'The Forced Marriage; or, Jealous Bridegroom;' he was more valued for the sprightliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his wit; which gained him the friendship of the Earl of Plymouth, who procured him a cornet's commission in the troops which then served in Flanders.

Poor Tom Otway, like the rest of the wits of every age, was but a bad economist; and therefore it is no wonder that we generally find him in very necessitous circumstances. This was particularly the case with him at his return from Flanders. He was, moreover, averse to the military profession; and it is therefore not extraordinary, all things considered, that Tom and his commission soon quarrelled, and parted, never to meet again.

After this, he had recourse to writing for the stage; and now it was that he found out the only employment that nature seems to have fitted him for. In comedy he has been deemed too licentious; which, however, was no great objection to those who lived in the profligate days of Charles II. But in tragedy few of our English poets ever equalled him; and perhaps none ever excelled him in touching the passions, particularly that of love. There is generally something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, and there is amazing energy in his expression. The heart that does not melt at the distresses of his 'Orphan,' must be hard indeed!

In the collection of 'The Familiar Letters of Lord Rochester,' &c. 8vo. 1697, and 1705, there are six of Otways, written to Mrs. Barry, the actress, in a very passionate and pathetic style, and more eloquent than any other of his writings.

After experiencing many reverses of fortune, in regard to his circumstances, but generally changing for the worse, he at last died wretchedly in a house, known by the sign of the Bull, on Tower Hill, April 14, 1685, whither he had retired to avoid the pressure of his creditors. Some have said, that downright hunger compelling him to fall too eagerly upon a piece of bread, of which he had been some time in want, the first mouthful choked him, and instantly put a period to his days.

drinking, and like the unhappy wits of that age passed his days between rioting, and fasting, ranting jollity, and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower Hill.

‘Poor Nat. Lees (I cannot think of him without

At the time of his death he had made some progress in a play, as will appear from the following advertisement, printed in L'Estrange's ‘Observer,’ Nov. 27, 1686:

‘Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway, some time before his death, made four acts of a play; whoever can give notice in whose hands the copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton, or to Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains.’

2 Nathaniel Lee, a very eminent dramatic poet of the seventeenth century, was the son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield, who gave him a liberal education. He received his first rudiments of learning at Westminster school, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a scholar on the foundation, in 1668. He commenced B. A. the same year, but, not succeeding to a fellowship, he tried to push his fortune at court. He was not long, however, in this pursuit; for, meeting with no substantial favours, he determined to try his talents on the stage; and accordingly, in the year 1672, made his appearance at the Duke's Theatre, in the character of Duncan in Davenant's alteration of ‘Macbeth.’ Cibber says, he ‘was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun, at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it? And yet (continues the laureat) this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making any profitable figure there.’ In 1675, his first play appeared; and he wrote nine plays, besides two in which he joined with Dryden, between that period and the year 1684, on the 11th of November of which he was taken into Bedlam, where he continued four years. All his tragedies contain a very great portion of true poetic enthusiasm. None ever felt the passion of love more truly; nor could any one describe it with more tenderness. Addison commends his genius highly; observing that none of our English poets had a happier turn for tragedy, although his natural fire and unbridled impetuosity hurried him beyond all bounds of probability, and sometimes were quite out of nature. The truth is, the poet's imagination ran away with his reason. While in Bedlam, he made that famous witty reply to a coxcomb-scribbler who had the cruelty to jeer him with his misfortune, by observing that it was an easy thing to write like a madman: ‘No,’ said Lee, ‘it is *not* an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool.’

tears) had great merit. In the poetic sense he had, at intervals, inspiration itself; but lived an outrageous boisterous life, like his brethren. He was a well-looking man, and had a very becoming head of hair. A picture of him I never saw. He was so esteemed and beloved, that before his misfortune we always called him honest Nat., and afterwards poor Nat.

‘Shadwell, in conversation, was a brute.』

Lee had the good fortune to recover the use of his reason so far as to be discharged from his melancholy confinement; but he did not long survive his enlargement, dying in the year 1691, or 1692. Oldys, in his MS. notes, says that our author ‘returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, he fell down on the ground, as some say, according to others, on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement’s Danes, aged about thirty-five years.’

— Thomas Shadwell, poet-laureate to King William III. was descended from an ancient family in Staffordshire, and was born about the year 1640, at Lanton Hall, in Norfolk, a seat belonging to his father, who was bred to the law; but, having an ample fortune, did not trouble himself with the practice, choosing rather to serve his country as a justice of peace. In the civil wars he was a great sufferer for the royal cause; so that, having a numerous family, he was reduced to the necessity of selling and spending a considerable part of his estate, to support it. In these circumstances he resolved to breed his son to his own profession; but the young gentleman, having as little disposition to plod in the drudgery of the law as his father had, quitted the Temple, and resolved to travel. He had a taste, and some genius, for polite literature; and, upon his return home, falling into acquaintance with the most celebrated wits of the age, he applied himself wholly to cultivate those elegant studies which were the fashionable amusements of the times; and it was not long before he became eminent in dramatic poetry, a specimen of which appeared in a comedy, called ‘The Sullen Lovers; or, the Impertinents;’ which was acted at the Duke’s Theatre. As the play was well received, he wrote a great many more comedies, which met with good success.

In the mean while, as it was impossible in these times to shine among the great ones, which is the poet’s ambition, without siding with one of the parties, Whig or Tory, Mr. Shadwell’s lot fell among the Whigs; and, in consequence thereof, he was set up as a rival to Dryden. Hence there grew a mutual dislike between them; and, upon the appearance of Dryden’s tragedy, called ‘The Duke of Guise,’ in 1683, our author was charged with having the principal hand in writing a piece, entitled ‘Some Reflections on the pretended Parallel in the play called “The Duke of Guise,” in a Letter to a Friend;’ which was printed the same year, in four

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'Many a cup of metheglin have I drank with little starched Johnny Crowne; ¶ we called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat.

'But this, my friend, is all the pure digression of old age: I will now speak to that part of your verses which

sheets, 4to. Mr. Dryden wrote a vindication of the Parallel; and such a storm was raised, both against Shadwell and his friend Hunt, who assisted him in it, that this latter was forced to fly into Holland; and Dryden, by way of revenge upon Shadwell, wrote the bitterest satire against him that ever was penned: this was the celebrated 'Mac-Flecknoe.'

In 1688, Dryden having disqualified himself to retain the laureateship, by changing his religion to that of the Romish church, Shadwell was made poet laureate; he had the misfortune, however, to enjoy his honour but a very few years; for he died suddenly in 1692, in the fifty-second year of his age, at Chelsea, and was interred in the church there.

¶ John Crowne. This gentleman was the son of an independent minister in that part of America called Nova Scotia, where he received his education. At his first arrival here, his necessities compelled him to accept of an office still more formal and disgusting than even his situation in America. This was no other than the being gentleman-usher to an old independent lady of quality. Soon weary of this disagreeable drudgery, he had recourse to his pen for support; and as neither the preciseness of his education, nor the distress of his circumstances, could suppress the fire of his genius, his writings, which were in the dramatic way, soon rendered his abilities known to the town and court; when, as it appears, fortunately for him, the Earl of Rochester, whose enmity to Dryden made him readily snatch at any opportunity of mortifying him, prevailed on the Queen to lay her commands on Crowne, in preference to that poet, for the writing of a masque, to be performed at court, which he executed, under the title of 'Calisto.'

Mr. Crowne was now highly in favour at court, and particularly with the King, as indeed any one might be who contributed to his pleasures; and it is well known that Charles II. was ever peculiarly fond of theatrical amusements. The favours he received from this monarch, added to the natural gaiety of his temper, induced him to join with the Tory party; in consequence of which he wrote a comedy, called 'The City Politiques,' in which the Whigs were severely satirized. When written, he found much difficulty in getting it represented; the opposite party, and particularly Lord Arlington, the lord chamberlain, who was secretly in the Whig interest, endeavouring all they could to get it suppressed. At last, however, by the immediate command of the King himself, it was brought on the stage; but, though even the contrary party acknowledged it to be a good play, it created Mr. Crowne a great many enemies; which circumstance, added to the precariousness of theatrical emoluments, induced him to apply to the King for

relates to the first acting of "Marriage A-la-mode,"† on account of which you committed them to my inspection, desiring some account of the then existing theatre.

'This comedy, acted by his majesty's servants at the theatre royal, made its first appearance with extraor-

some post that might secure him from distress for the remainder of his life. This his Majesty readily promised him, but insisted on our author's writing one comedy more, before he took leave of the Muses; and, to obviate all objections, which he made, of being at a loss for a plot, &c. put into his hands, by way of a ground work, a Spanish play, called 'No puede ser.' On this Mr. Crowne immediately set to work; and although, when he had advanced some length in it, he found that it had been before translated, under the title of 'Tarugo's Wiles,' by Sir Thomas St. Serfe, and had even been condemned in the representation, yet he proceeded in his plan, and produced his very excellent comedy of 'Sir Courtly Nice.' And now he seemed to be at the very summit of his hopes of being gratified in the performance of the King's promise; when, lo! in an instant an unfortunate accident intervened to dash them all at once, and tumble down the fabric which he had been rearing! This was no less than the sudden death of the King, who was seized with an apoplectic fit, on the day of its last rehearsal, and who, though he did indeed revive from it, died in three days afterwards, leaving our unfortunate bard plunged in the depth of distress and disappointment.

What were the particular occurrences of Mr. Crowne's life after this great loss, we have not been able to trace; but it is most probable that writing for the stage became his sole support; as we find, besides the play on which his expectations were thus fixed, and which was played at that time with great success (as indeed it has ever since been on every revival of it), that he wrote six others, the last of which made its first appearance about the end of the seventeenth century. How long he lived is uncertain; for although Coxeter, in his notes, informs us that he was living in 1703, no writer has pretended to assign the absolute date of his death. It is probable, however, that he did not long survive that period; and we are told by Jacob, that he was buried in St. Giles's in the Fields.

‡ 'Marriage A-la-mode.' Acted at the Theatre Royal, 1673. Though this piece is called a comedy in the title-page, yet it might, without any great impropriety, be considered as a tragi-comedy; as it consists of two different actions, the one serious and the other comic. The designs of both, however, appear to be borrowed. For the serious part is apparently founded on the story of Sesostris and Timareta, in 'The Grand Cyrus,' part ix. book 3; the characters of Palamede and Rhodophil, from the history of Timantes and Parthenia, in the same romance, part vi. book 1; the character of Doralice, from Nogaret, in 'The Annals of Love;' and the hint of Melantha's making love to herself in Rhodophil's name, from 'Les Contes d'Ouville,' part i. p. 3.

dinary lustre. Divesting myself of the old man, I solemnly declare that you have seen no such acting, no not in any degree, since. The players were then, 1673, on a court establishment, seventeen men and eight women. But I'm out of province on this head. 'Tis to be hoped that Mr. Cibber will give us an history of the stage from Shakspeare's time, or at least from the restoration, till the period where his own begins, 1690. If any traditionary accounts remain, he's the only man living that can inform you: if he should die without composing such a work, the loss to the Belles Lettres world will be irreparable.

' Old Bowman, I think, is no more, to the infinite regret of the curious and ingenious in this particular; others will drop off daily, except Mr. Cibber takes down what they remember, and delivers it to posterity. That admirable and worthy person, Mrs. Bracegirdle, must recollect many circumstances, which it is greatly hoped she will commit to paper. Ten years hence any history of the stage in the above-mentioned manner will be impracticable: forty years ago nothing might have been performed more easily.

' As Mr. Cibber is the only person furnished with materials for this delightful and ingenious work, so he is alone the proper person for stage-criticisms and observations.—(Some things might be interspersed concerning the famous stage poets of Charles the Second's time, of whom at present we hardly know a syllable.)—In short, Mr. Cibber's book has given the public exceedingly great pleasure. His characters of the men, Betterton, Montfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill, Leigh; and of the women, Mrs. Betterton, Barrey, Leigh, Butler, Montfort, and Bracegirdle, are as animated, as strongly marked, and as precisely individuated, as can be conceived. How the playhouses stood from the restoration till the year 1670, I cannot say. The king's theatre had a manifest advantage over the duke's till their union, 1684.

' The players probably may have by them written

parts with the actor's name affixt, from the year 60 to 70, which will greatly inform us of the state of the stage at its most curious period;—the printed plays affords us little or no light. Be that as it will, the stage in the year 70 arrived to the zenith of its glory.'

This letter is signed W. G.; and the author promises, moreover, a list of the actors and actresses within his own time. I have not been able to find that he performed this promise; nor have the inquiries I have made, as to his name, been successful. If any of your readers could supply either the one or other, they would, I have no doubt, do an acceptable service to the public, and confer a particular favour on

HISTRIONICUS.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Thou'rt faded from life,
As the summer wind's sigh
Breathes through the lone vale
Ere it pauses to die.

Thou'rt fled from the world,
As a ray of the sun
Still lingers on high
Ere his glory be done.

When ev'ning's bright star
Its soft splendour shall shed
O'er sea, and o'er earth,
I will weep for thee—dead.

When sun light shall smile
On the living and gay,
Of hours will I think
That are now past away.

They will not return,
They cannot, to me
Till that last gasp be breath'd
Which unites me to thee.

T. C.

MALGHERITA SPOLETINA.

THE story which is illustrated in our present number will be found in a very amusing work, entitled, 'My Grandmother's Guests and their Tales.' We do not know if it be necessary to say a word more upon a work, the merits of which have already carried it into the hands of most novel readers; and the fame of which has been published from all civilized circulating libraries. At all events, there can be no necessity for doing more than to congratulate very cordially those of our readers who have perused it; and to pity, with every sincerity possible, those who have not. 'My Grandmother's Guests' were several in number, and they were none of them addicted to the unpardonable vice of telling long stories; so that their tales are short, which is of itself no mean recommendation; and they are, moreover, very pleasing and spirited—two accomplishments which are seldom united in any one story-teller, but which are miraculously joined in each of the guests who met at the board of Henry Slingsby's grandmother. It has been said of sermons and gentlemen of the cloth, that any one of them who preached for any time exceeding one hour, must either be an angel himself, or have angels for his auditors. Now we think this will apply to stories which exceed the limits of one volume: they are sure either to flag themselves, or to make the patience and attention of the reader flag. Even the Great Unknown never writes so well as when he writes short stories, and none of his lengthy tales preserve any thing like an even degree of interest,—for which reason we should recommend him to give us no more novels in two, three, or four volumes; but, following the example of those gentlemen to whom the public is indebted for so many amusing works, to write as many volumes as he pleases; remembering, however, never to put less than one complete story in each. We need not remind ladies how unpleasant it is, having finished one volume of a novel, to have to wait until some purblind spin-

ster has done spelling through the second ;—a consummation, by the bye, never brought about until the contents of the first volume are either altogether forgotten, or the interest of them weakened, blunted, and powerless. To have avoided this we take to be an unquestionable recommendation to such a novel as ‘My Grandmother’s Guests,’ each volume of which is, like the houses in the new town of Edinburgh, ‘self-contained.’

[Malgherita Spoletina falls in love with Theodore, and, swimming across an arm of the sea by night to visit him, is discovered by her brothers, who afterwards deceive her by setting up a light, and thus draw her into the main ocean, where she is most unhappily drowned.—*Le Notti di Straparola*, Nott. VII. Fav. 2.]

Love, as I find it very judiciously described by the wisest men, is nothing more than an irrational desire springing from a violent passion ; and this passion is induced in the human heart by too warm imaginations. Its disastrous consequences are the waste of worldly riches, the consumption of life and strength, the deprivation of intellect, and the loss of liberty. There is in it neither reason, nor regularity, nor stability. It is the parent of many vices, a scourge to young hearts, and death to old ones ; and seldom or never does it lead to a good and happy termination. This was particularly remarkable in the case of a young lady of the house of Spoletina, who, under the influence of this fatal power, most unhappily and prematurely ended her existence.

Ragusa, most worthy ladies, is a very famous city of Dalmatia : it is seated on the sea-shore, and at a short distance from it is an island called L’Isola di Mezo, upon which stands a strong and well-furnished castle. Between Ragusa and this castle there is a dry and barren rock, of very small dimensions, on which nothing is to be seen but a miserable hovel, scarcely serving to keep out the weather. The inconvenience and insalubrity of this rock were such, that no person could be

found to inhabit it but a young monk, who was called Theodore. He was a devout and holy man, and kept a small shrine of the Blessed Virgin in his cabin, whither the sailors and fishermen of the surrounding places used to bring their scanty offerings. Theodore lived on this rock, employed in prayer and pious mortifications. He was so wholly destitute that he had not the means of supporting existence; and he used to visit alternately Ragusa and the island of Mezo, to solicit charity.

It happened that one day, when Theodore had gone to the latter place to seek his daily bread by begging, according to his ordinary custom, a circumstance befell him such as he could never have expected. A young and beautiful maiden, whose name was Malgherita, saw him, and, being struck with his person, which was manly, and elegant, and with the wretchedness of his condition, which was enough to move the pity of any tender heart, she became enamoured of him, and thought it was unfit that so charming a young man as he seemed in her eyes should spend his days in sorrow and solitude. The fair Malgherita suffered these thoughts to take possession of her bosom so entirely, that she thought of nothing but Theodore by night or by day.

He, who as yet knew nothing of the impression he had made, continued to carry on his necessary trade of begging, and often went, among other places, to Malgherita's house to implore charity.

Malgherita, upon all these occasions, gave him alms, although she did not dare to discover the passion she felt for him.

But Love, who soon becomes the tyrant of all who put on his seemingly gentle yoke, urged her to disclose her affection, and prompted her to address Theodore in the following manner:

'Theodore, my brother, and the only joy of my heart, so strong is the passion which consumes me, that, unless you take pity on me, my life will soon be at an end. I can resist it no longer; and if, therefore, you would not cause my death, tell me that your love for me equals mine for you.'

A burst of bitter and scalding tears followed this passionate declaration.

Theodore, who had never imagined that he was likely to inspire any one with love, was thunderstruck at this news, and remained mute with astonishment. He, however, soon recovered himself, and, replying to the lady, he displayed as much ardour as she herself had expressed. There were, however, so many obstacles in the way of their indulging their passion, that he was full of despair, and he represented them forcibly, and with great sorrow, to the maiden.

She, who was of a lively invention, replied—

‘Do not doubt, my love, but that I will show you a way by which we shall overcome all the difficulties which beset us. It shall be thus:—At the fourth hour of the night you shall set up a light in the window of your cabin, and, as soon as I see it, I will hasten to join you.’

‘But how is that possible?’ said Theodore. ‘How can you, a timid and tender girl, pass across the sea? You know that neither you nor I have a boat; and you know, too, that, if we had, so rapid is the current between this island and the rock on which I dwell, that the attempt to row across would probably cost your life, and must certainly be discovered.’

‘Fear not,’ she replied; ‘leave the whole affair to me, and I will find a way of coming to you without putting my life or my honour in peril, and without the smallest danger to you. When you put up the light I will plunge into the sea, and swim over to your rock. This I can do with great ease, and without the possibility of being discovered.’

‘Indeed,’ cried Theodore, ‘you mistake the dangers which you will have to encounter. Your strength is not sufficient to hold out so great a distance; you will fail, and die in the attempt.’

‘I am not afraid,’ she replied, ‘and I am bent upon doing it. I know my own strength, and I can swim like a fish.’

Theodore endeavoured to dissuade the maiden from a resolution which he thought little better than mad-

ness; but in vain. He was at length obliged to promise that he would comply with her directions; and they then parted.

The night being come, he set up the light as she had directed him; and, preparing every thing for her reception, he went to the edge of the rock to wait her coming.

As soon as Malgherita saw the light, for which she had been waiting in all the anxiety of that passion which absorbed her whole soul, she began to put her resolution in practice. She divested herself of the greater part of her clothes, retaining only such a garment as would not impede the motion of her limbs in swimming, and then, plunging into the sea, she boldly breasted its tide. She had not overrated her expertness in this exercise, for which the women of Dalmatia are famous, and in less than a quarter of an hour she reached the rock.

Theodore received her in his arms, and bore her to his humble dwelling, where, kneeling before the Virgin's shrine, they implored her blessing. In the sight of Heaven, and accompanying their oath with the solemnities prescribed by their religion, they swore to be true to each other while their lives should endure.

No human eye witnessed this marriage: the stars of Heaven alone looked on, and the favouring darkness wrapped the wedded lovers from the sight of the world.

Before the dawn they tore themselves from each other's arms, and Malgherita went back to the castle on the island as she had left it, and reached her chamber undiscovered. As often as the close of the day came did she again swim to the barren rock, which was now a paradise to her; and here she passed the long nights in the society of her beloved Theodore.

At length it happened that, as she was swimming to the rock one night, a fog arose, which prevented her from seeing the light quite clearly, and drove her out of her course, so that she was seen by some fishermen, who were pursuing their occupation. At first they took her for a large fish; but, looking more closely, they

found she was a woman, and they then watched her until she reached the rock, where they saw her land, and enter Theodore's cabin. This, however, did not diminish their astonishment. They stayed near the rock until she returned; and then, marking the course she took homeward, they rowed after her, and, in spite of all her precautions, they discovered who she was.

These poor fellows at first had no intention of betraying the secret with which they had thus accidentally become acquainted; but afterwards, when they came to discuss the matter, and to think of the disgrace which must ultimately be brought upon a respectable family if it were not put a stop to, as well as of the nightly peril in which the young girl's life was placed, they resolved they would disclose all that they knew. They therefore went to the house of Malgherita, and, asking to see her brothers, the fishermen told the young men every particular that they had seen.

The brothers heard this fatal intelligence with great emotion. At first they could not believe it, and proposed, before they gave credit to it, that they should have the evidence of their own eyes; but, after examining again the fishermen, and making inquiries in their own house, they were too well convinced of its truth in all respects. They then consulted together as to the best means of putting their unhappy sister to death without delay, but in such a manner as to conceal the disgrace which she had brought upon their name. At length they agreed upon an expedient, which was immediately put in execution.

The youngest of the three brothers at nightfall got into a boat, and rowed quickly, and as if clandestinely, to the rock where Theodore dwelt. When he arrived there he told the hermit who he was, and besought him to give him a lodging for the night, alleging, as a reason for his request, that he had been engaged in an affair which had terminated unfortunately; that, for the share he had taken in it, his life was forfeited to the laws of the land; and that, if he should be seized, he must inevitably die.

Theodore, who was delighted with an opportunity of

being useful to a brother of Malgherita's, received him with the utmost cordiality. He put before him the best fare his hovel afforded, and sat up the whole of the night conversing with him.

In the mean time, and while the younger brother wholly occupied the attention of Theodore, the other two, as soon as the night had quite closed in, went out of their house secretly, and, embarking on board a small sailing-boat, having first provided themselves with a torch, they directed their course towards the rock. When they reached it they made fast the boat, and then fixed the light they had brought with them to the top of the mast in such a manner that it was sure to be seen by their hapless sister, whom they had left on the island of Mezo.

Their design succeeded;—the courageous girl, as soon as she saw the accustomed signal of the light, threw herself boldly into the sea, and swam towards it.

The brothers, upon hearing the noise which Malgherita's swimming made in the water, loosened their boat, and, taking up their oars, they rowed slowly and silently from the rock towards the main sea, the light still being fixed up against the mast.

The luckless girl, who, owing to the darkness of the night, could see nothing but the light, which to her had always, hitherto, been a favouring as well as a guiding star, followed it without hesitation, and did not perceive that it changed its place. The brothers, in the mean time, never ceased to row on; and their vessel proceeded as steadily and as fatally as the footsteps of Death. At length, having arrived at the deep ocean, they on a sudden extinguished the torch.

Malgherita, when she lost sight of the light, was in utter confusion and despair: she did not know where she was, or what she could do; her strength began to fail, from the long exercise she had taken; and, finding she was far beyond the reach of any human help, she abandoned herself to her evil destiny, and her delicate body was swallowed up, like a wrecked vessel, by the remorseless and devouring sea.

The elder brothers, satisfied with the result of their savage scheme, returned home to the island. The youngest, when the day appeared, repeated his thanks to Theodore for the asylum he had afforded him, and departed soon afterwards. The news was spread about, first through the castle, and afterwards all over the island, that Malgherita Spoletina was nowhere to be found. The hypocritical and sanguinary brothers affected to be greatly afflicted at this event, which they had themselves caused, and at which they were infinitely rejoiced.

On the third day after this most unhappy lady's fatal death her body was cast by the sea upon Theodore's rock. The wretched man was walking along the narrow shore, meditating, and endeavouring to guess what fatal accident had deprived him of his tender Malgherita, when her dead body was washed to his feet. The moment his eyes fell upon it he recognised it, and his horror was so great as almost to deprive him of life.

At length, summoning up his courage as well as he was able, he took hold of the inanimate body, and drew it out of the water, and carried it into his hovel. His grief now became uncontrollable; he cast himself upon the corpse, and kissed the pale lips, lamenting and mourning, while the rapid tears fell from his eyes upon her heavenly bosom, as white—and now as cold—as the mountain snow. He called upon her in vain, and the echo of his desolate abode repeated his passionate exclamations.

When his grief (by being indulged unchecked) had spent itself, he thought of the necessity of performing the last rites of sepulture to his beloved Malgherita. He took the spade with which he usually laboured in his little garden, and dug a grave near his hovel: then, with many tears, he closed those eyes and that mouth—once his greatest joy and pride, now dimmed and cold in death—and made a garland of roses and violets, which he put upon her head. This being done, he kissed her for the last time, laid her in the grave and covered her with earth.

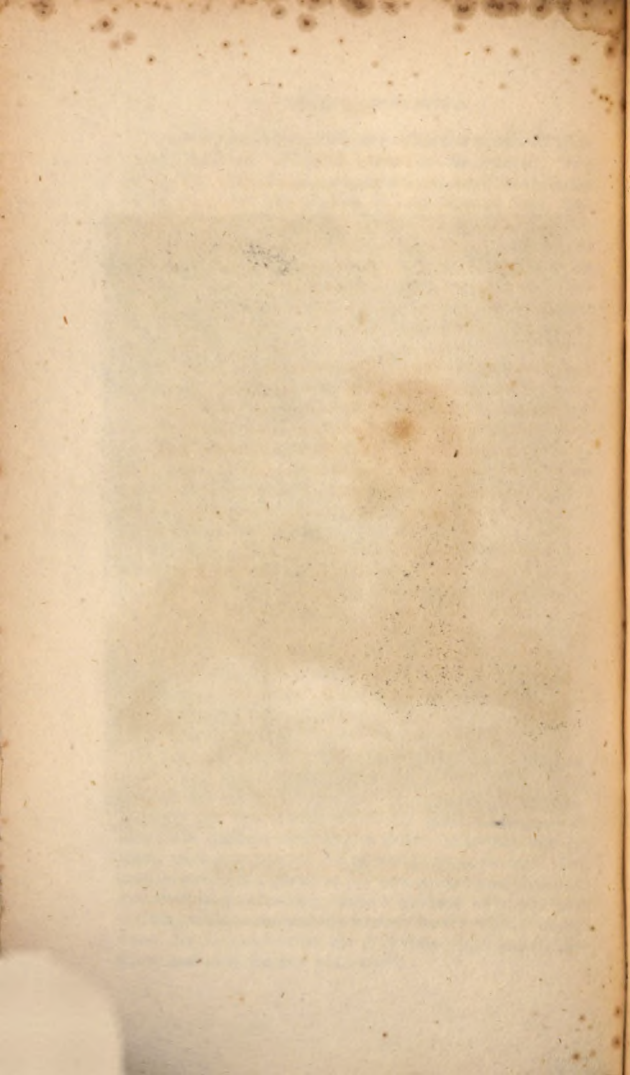


Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by Cha. Rolle.

MALGHERITA SPOLETINA.

Published March 1, 1827, by James Robins & C^o Ivy Lane, London.



CONCETTI.

I SAID, ' My heart, how is't you still
 Speak truth whene'er you speak of sorrow ;
 But when a song of joy you trill,
 You're forced a fair false smile to borrow ?'
 ' Because when you for heart's-ease long,'
 It said, ' you steep the heart in lies ;
 As boys, to hear the linnet's song,
 Put out the linnet's eyes !'

I said to Pleasure, ' Changeful fay,
 Who can put hope or trust in you,
 Scarce known before you flee away,
 Scarce seen before you fade from view ?'
 ' Praise the Gods, praise them,' Pleasure said,
 ' For that, ye foolish mortal elves ;
 If they had me more constant made,
 They would have kept me for themselves.'

I said to Cupid, ' Little boy,
 You've stol'n my heart, so don't deny it ;
 Give it me back, or I'll employ
 Some harsher method to come by it.'
 ' Alas,' he said, ' I gave it to
 A lady, who's a sad deceiver ;
 I stole it—I'm the thief, 'tis true,
 But black-ey'd Myra's the receiver.'

I said to Beauty, ' Flee, oh ! flee
 The cup that sweets with poison tips ;
 Nor let each trifler, like the bee,
 Steal honey from those rosy lips.'
 ' Nay, nay,' said Beauty, ' all that bliss
 I gave it not, I but repaid it ;
 The bee that doth the flow'ret kiss,
 Deserves the honey, for he made it.'

HENRY NEELE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORSHIP OF HYMEN.

THE origin of the worship of Hymen is thus related by Lactantius. The story would furnish matter for an excellent pantomime. Hymen was a beautiful youth of Athens, who for the love of a young virgin disguised himself, and assisted at the (Eleusinian) rites: and at this time, he, together with his beloved, and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates; who, supposing him to be what he appeared, lodged him with his mistress. In the dead of the night, when the robbers were all asleep, he rose and cut their throats. Thence making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore to them their daughter, and all her companions, if they would consent to her marriage with him. They did so, and this marriage proving remarkably happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.

THE USURIOUS LOVER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

You owe me, Iris, thirty kisses,
 Two years have they been over due;
 So pay me now those well-earn'd blisses,
 The principal and interest too.

To the first thirty we must add
 Five more for each year, which will mount
 To forty. Madam, I'd be glad
 If you'd discharge my small account.

So pay me what you owe me, these
 Sweet kisses, you dishonest elf;
 Else, as the law provides, I'll seize
 Your body, and so pay myself.

HENRY NEELE.

THE HARE AND WOODCOCKS.

(From 'Village Recollections,' a M. S.)

BY ROBERT HOWITT, ESQ.

It is a piece of good and ancient truth
 Raked from the ashes of consumed time,
 Confirmed by lips of wise and reverend men
 As worthy of acceptance. —*Old Play.*

JOHNSON HOUSE, the residence of Francis Johnson, and from time immemorial that of the Johnson family, is still the best farm-house in the village, and must have been a noted abode in the olden time, and probably once the manor-house. It is even now a subject of dispute with some, whether it, or the hall of Simon Broadbelt, the corpulent miser, whose lands lie contiguous to the Johnson's, is the oldest. My friend Francis has also a rival in the *honour* of family descent; and that in Peter Spriggins, whose name is to be found as an out and in-pensioner of the poor-house, on the parish books, from the days of King Edward the Sixth, in whose brief reign the lazy and the poor were first provided for. Nay, not quite so far back, his name is plainly readable up to Charles the First; and the good folks not being able to comprehend the first, which was badly written, they decided, with the true tact and wisdom of antiquarian research, that it was no other than Peter Spriggins; and the fellow is any thing but ashamed of his singular pedigree. They may say what they please about Simon's hall, but to me Johnson House has every thing of the undisturbed antique around it; its high walls, with the hereditary peacocks parading on them, and its broad walled paddocks with their old spreading sycamores, and, most of all, the old pyramid-shaped dove-cote, with its ancient vane, that, as it screams out with every shifting wind, speaks volumes of its antiquity. Francis is, and has been from his boyhood, a shooter; his days are pleasantly passed in the fields with his dogs and gun; and not unfrequently his evenings, where the feats of the day are recounted to his brother-in-law, Dick Willis, at the sign of the

Sun, the village ale-house, of which Dick is the landlord. Dick and he were school-fellows, and early companions over a social glass ; and it was Jane, Dick's sister, who was their charming waiter ; it needed then but little foresight to perceive the friendship of the two would become more closely knit together, by Jane changing the name of Willis for that of Johnson.

Many were the wise-heads who were, or affected to be, surprised, that Francis did not look abroad into the neighbouring villages for a wife, his equal in rank, if not in wealth : but what were other villages to him ; his own was his world, and to have gone out of it on such an occasion would have seemed trusting his happiness to strangers. Perhaps amongst the farmers' daughters of the place he might have found in the world's eyes a more suitable alliance ; but, fortunately for Jane, the ' fair maid of the inn,' they were all intolerably ugly.

It is now fifteen years since I first knew Johnson ; and at his own fireside I learnt, seated between his two boys, while their younger sister Jane sat by her mother, the annexed incidents which had then just taken place.

Simon Broadbelt, vexed that his opulent neighbour was more successful than himself with the gun, or rather since he did not of late years choose to shoot his own game on account of the license expenses, and Johnson not caring to dispose of his hares and birds on one for whom he entertained no respect, the old gentleman took every opportunity to injure him ; but which, happily, rarely occurred. One day, however, little William, the elder brother, going out with the gun, met with, and we may fancy *instinctively* shot a hare. The boy was overjoyed, and so was Simon Broadbelt, who, hid behind the hedge, said to himself, ' Ay, ay, I'll fit him ; I have him now.' In a few days a summons came, whilst the father was out a-shooting, from Justice Ashby of the next village. ' Well,' said Dick Willis to Farmer Smith, ' I'll be even with him—I've a project : you have a good gun, Smith—let us look round the lordship, and do our best to procure something in

the way of game for the justice.' They went, and were successful ; and it was not long before Dick was in the presence of Ashby. ' He is a mere boy, sir, I assure you ; I have brought you a hare and a brace of woodcocks, the first shot this season, which I hope you will accept.' ' Yes,' says Ashby, ' they are beautiful birds. He is but a boy, you say, a mere boy—what an unneighbourly action ! The hare, too, is a very fine one ; depend on it he shall have a severe reproof—I will let him know that Justice Ashby can do justice—good impartial justice—his wealth shall not avail him : the birds are very fine—the hare a very good one—thank you, Mr. Willis.' The rector, too, was known to have influence with the justice, and a hare was also shortly hanging in his larder. The affair was kept a secret from William's father, so that his gun was not brought into requisition to assist in foiling the petty tyrant ; for Dick well knew he would not, even for the joke's sake, have allowed the game to have been sent to prevent the full administration of justice.

Johnson is a loyal man, one who reveres the laws of his country, and is a warm admirer of the established church : he has been, by the unanimous consent of the parishioners, churchwarden ever since he came of age, and may frequently be seen with his gun under his arm in the church-yard, attending to the affairs connected with his office. Whatever might be Johnson's opinions of law or the church, Dick Willis paid them but little respect when they stood in the way of a good joke. Monday came, the day named in the summons for the young poacher's attendance ; and Dick, with his sister and nephew, repaired to the justice room, and, that old Simon might have plenty to witness his defeat, took along with him all the respectable people he could collect in the place. When they drew up to the door of the office, they heard a loud disturbance within. ' You baggage ! you have stolen my watch !' said Ashby, aloud. ' Please your worship,' replied the damsel, in a mournful tone—' Stop !' rejoined Ashby ; ' I want none of your tears—I want my watch—I say you have stolen

it—I laid it on the table.’ ‘If your worship’—the girl again uttered; but the justice was so blinded by passion he would not allow her to proceed. ‘If you don’t give me the watch I’ll commit you.’ ‘So!’ said Mrs. Ashby, who entered, ‘don’t put yourself into a passion, Mr. Ashby; feel in your pocket.’ ‘I have,’ added he; ‘she has the watch.’ ‘What is that in your waistcoat-pocket?’ inquired some one. ‘O! quite a mistake, quite a mistake!’ muttered the justice, as he drew forth the watch; ‘let the wench go, she is an impudent wench.’ ‘He is in the right humour for our cause now,’ said Dick to his friend Smith, as they listened at the door; ‘but, if he should turn upon *us*, woe betide us!’ They entered, and old Simon was soon with them. Ashby, calling William to him, and taking him by the hand, inquired—‘Is this the boy, Mr. Broadbelt?’ ‘The same, sir,’ answered Simon. ‘You shot the hare, did you, my little man?’ ‘I did, sir,’ said William. ‘And you shall have a piece of it to your dinner—I fancy it is ready by this.’ He then dismissed the case, as one unworthy a gentleman of Mr. Broadbelt’s standing, and advised him to go home and cultivate the goodwill of his neighbours. Just as the defeated miser was turning round to depart, musing on the lost information money, Dick, with a significant look, caught him by the shoulder, and pointed out to him, through a door that stood a-jar, the *fine woodcocks*.

Broadbelt vaulted into his saddle, muttering something about being sold, and made the best of his way home, with a face red as Dick Willis’s sign of the Sun, which had just then been retouched with a goodly compound of blood and brickdust, and its rays softened with yellow ochre; for without this our simile must have been incomplete, as you may well guess he had not a little of ‘yellow melancholy’ also mingled with the fiery glow of his visage. It is needless to say, when seated on his own hearth, how many pipe heads he snapt off with knocking out the tobacco ashes, or the monstrous quantity of tobacco he impetuously puffed away more than usual, or the sealing-waxed

If Genius filled the goblet I have quaffed,
The hand of Death it was that gave the draught ;

And I, unawed, his stern behest obey.
Yet have I loved the minstrel's dear renown—
And long had hopes to grasp the laurel crown.

But, poets and nightingales aside, we will now return to Dick Willis and his round group of merry companions, who, leaving William and his mother to dine with the justice, sped back to Johnson House to report success. Their mirth was somewhat checked, for they were hungry and ready for the beef, and had prepared their lips for a cup of Johnson's best nut-brown October; for the flame of joy, like that of a lamp, must have its 'oil and wine,' or it will quickly be spent:—alas! Dorothy, from the cellar-head, announced 'the barrel was out.' It had been the feast the preceding week; and, as ill luck would have it, the barrels at the Sun were out also. What was to be done? it was hard, when they had won the day, to have their mirth extinguished with an empty cask. There was one barrel in the cellar untouched, brewed when Master William was born, and intended for his birth-day, when arrived at twenty-one. They knew it was *good*, and many *good* reasons were adduced to try its strength and flavour: they never felt such a love for good ale as *then*, and would have been proud of a sermon from the rector on the uncertainty of life, grounded on the text 'Live while you live,' or from the voluptuous Solomon, and indeed the very verse annually preceding the feast sermon, 'Eat and drink, and make merry, for it is the gift of God.'

Never was there a more convivial night passed at Johnson House—alas! for Billy's October!—and many were the visitors who did not allow the moon to light them on their way home: they might disdain the services of the sun's proxy, for they parted not till the broad light of the morrow.

Years passed away before I again called at Johnson's hospitable home; and I found the old sportsman

busied with the same pursuit. He showed me, in his sitting-room, a large collection of stuffed birds, many of them of very scarce kinds, and all of his own shooting. He gave me the particular history of each, the 'where and when' of shooting, and the many *lucky* and also *unlucky* incidents connected with their attainment. My friend is now more than sixty, as warm a lover of the sport as ever, though he complains the flints he now gets are clumsily made and a worse material; his powder is not so fine and good, his gun more frequently hangs fire, and the birds get up more wildly than they wont; *of course*, not a wit of his youthful vigour is abated—and his sight, good as in his earlier days. A few more years, and I fear his shooting apparatus will get still worse, and his gun rust, or be wielded by a younger, though not by a surer, hand.

Nottingham.

R. H.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

THE talents of Mr. Moore and Mr. Bishop have been combined to produce a work bearing this title. The union, without being quite so happy in its results as those former efforts in which Mr. Moore married the music of his native land 'to immortal verse,' is nevertheless worthy of the reputation which the poet and the composer have earned.

The 'Evenings in Greece' are supposed to be spent in the island of Zia (the Chios of the older Greeks) by some maidens, whose lovers have sailed upon an expedition against the enemies of their country. They are supposed to be sitting round a fountain, and helping on the last hours of the sinking day with songs and sports. The first pain of parting is over, but the maidens still weep for their lovers.

'But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts—
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden's mirror rests,

Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass !
Soon did they now, as round the well

They sat, beneath the rising moon,
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell

In holy fountains,—some would tune
Their idle lutes, that now had lain
For days without a single strain :—

While some, from all the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,
Sat, whispering in each other's ear
Secrets that all in turn would hear :—

Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,

That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay.'

In the course of the evening various songs are sung,
all so delightful that the difficulty is which we shall
select. The following is beautiful :—

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

' I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side,
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.

" Oh Love !" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,

" Here, in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain ?

Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,

And brought the past all back again ;

And said, " Oh Love ! whate'er my lot,

Still let this soul to thee be true—

Rather than have one bliss forgot,

Be all my pains remember'd too !"

But the melancholy charm which is in the following fragment is not to be surpassed—

THE FORSAKEN.

‘ Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night—
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
Nought left but memory, whose dreary tread
Sounds through this dreary heart, where all lies dead—
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!’

The description of the song which follows is full of the delightful poet’s best and happiest spirit.

‘ Of many a stanza, this alone
Had ’scaped oblivion—like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, that, thrown,
With the lost vessel’s name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power—
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element—
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That’s linked with feelings once our own—
With friends or joys gone by—will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!’

We are obliged, although we have much more to say on the subject, to close here our notice of this work ; and we do so, expressing our opinion that the poetry and the music are valuable acquisitions to the lyrical stores of our country.



ITALIAN PANTOMIME.

ITALY, if it was not the birth-place of those pantomimes which have since delighted all countries and all ages, was unquestionably the place in which they were carried to the highest perfection. The natural disposition of the people leads them to that broad humour which is the principal character of pantomimes, and their extraordinary vivacity and facility at improvisation of all sorts is admirably adapted to this species of entertainment.

Many learned antiquaries have taken the trouble to ascertain the origin of pantomimes; and, although there are perhaps subjects the importance of which might have had more forcible claims to their labours, there is hardly any on which folks, who are too busy or too idle to search for themselves, would be more glad to have some information.

It appears that the pantomimes, as they now exist at carnivals and festivals, and in the entertainments of the populace in Italy—for they no longer enjoy the honour of having a regular theatre—were, in their commencement, a sort of shoot, or offset, from the chorus

of the regular ancient drama. That chorus employed singing, dancing, and gesticulation in its performances; its object was to explain or supply all that the drama omitted or left in obscurity, and at the same time to amuse the audience, who seem, even in classical times, to have been oppressed by the tediousness of the classical rules. A consciousness of their power soon detached the *mimi* from merely supplying the choruses, and they exhibited, independently of the regular drama, in Greece and in Rome, at periods, the history of which is so deficient that nothing but their existence can be satisfactorily traced.

They became highly popular at a somewhat later period, although their performances then consisted of little beyond dancing and gesticulation. The pleasure which is communicated only through the eyes is unquestionably less refined than that which excites the intellectual feelings in persons who can appreciate both; but there are many more persons who experience the former than the latter, and this circumstance accounts sufficiently for the fact that, whenever pantomimes have been exhibited in competition with tragedy or comedy, they have always had the million in their favour, and sometimes have caused their rivals to be altogether deserted.

Under Augustus, it is said, all species of public amusement, and particularly pantomimes, were encouraged for the purpose of diverting the minds of the people from reflecting on the tyranny in which they were held. The encomiums which are heaped upon the mimes, Pylades and Bathyllus, the first of whom excelled in the tragic, and the other in the comic style of acting, show that this art had been carried to a high point of perfection at this period. They enjoyed the favour of the emperor; established schools, which were soon filled with pupils. Their importance grew with their good fortune; and we have the testimony of Seneca, that nobles and privileged persons did not disdain to court their friendship. As it usually happens with such folks, their pride at length was

their destruction ; for to such a pitch of insolence did they arrive, that Augustus himself was forced to take part against them. Pylades was banished from Italy ; and Hylas, a dancer, who had been his pupil, and had become his rival, was publicly scourged in the palace.

Tiberius, in whose time the pantomimes had grown so licentious that they were thought a public evil, endeavoured to put them down by a decree ; but the people, who were content to relinquish their freedom, would not part with their favourite amusement. They broke into open revolt, the only means of appeasing which was by revoking the decree ; and the emperor could only succeed so far as to forbid the senators from being present at the representations of the mimes. The destruction of the empire did not destroy pantomimes ; traces of them are to be found in every period of the Roman history ; and it is clear that they flourished at Constantinople when the empire of the east, and the arts of civilisation, fell beneath the Turkish scymitars.

Of the characters of these ancient pantomimes nothing remains to the present day but the Harlequin. The dress, altered as it has been repeatedly, yet retains, even in the present degraded days for pantomimes, unquestionable marks of its origin. The faces of the *Sanniones* were blackened with soot and grease ; their shoes were flat (whence their name *planipedes*), or else they were without shoes—a token of vulgarity at a time when the tragic and comic actors wore invariably the buskin or the sock. It is easy to recognise in this description some of the more remarkable features of the Harlequin as he now exists.

The pantomimes were at first written in a free irregular kind of verse ; then they came to be composed in prose ; and, by an easy transition, not to be written at all, but improvised. The leader, or archimime, arranged the plan, or *canevas*, of the piece, and assigned the various parts to the other actors. When they played, each tried to make the best of the character allotted to him ; threw as much wit and pleasantry as he could into the dialogue, and added gestures and grimace

whenever and wherever he thought he could make the spectators laugh. Each played according to his own notions, with no other limit on his fancy than the necessity of conforming to the plot which had been laid down, and with no other preparatory study than reading that plot.

As this kind of drama had no literary pretension, it is not surprising that it kept its ground while the Latin language and literature sunk into the most utter degradation. Tragedy, comedy, and all the other arts perished; but pantomimes, which had identified themselves with the manners and habits of the people, and which took every change which they experienced, flourished in the general ruin. It is clear that in the sixth century they were commonly represented at Rome; and in the thirteenth century the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas employed himself in investigating the question, whether a Christian could play in a pantomime without injury to his immortal soul. Happily for the world (because all the world is interested in the preservation of pantomimes) the learned father decided that a Harlequin's soul may be saved.

Although historical evidence proves quite satisfactorily that the Harlequin is no other than the Sannio of the Romans, the manner in which he was made to fill his part on the modern Italian stage is very different from the use to which he was originally destined. As he appeared when the revival of letters in Italy spread its effects even to the pantomimes, he preserved none of his old costume but his black face, his cropped hair, and his flat shoes. His habit was that of the peasantry of Bergamo; his doublet, vest, and pantaloons, torn and patched with various colours. His character that of a perfect simpleton, who was the butt and tool of every one. The humour of this part was considerably heightened by his speaking always in the Bergamask dialect, and thus recalling to the minds of the inhabitants of the Italian cities the contemptuous notion which, it is difficult to tell for what reason, they always appear to have entertained for the people of that province.

As pantomimes improved, Harlequin was made to discharge more important functions ; but at first he was rather more like the clown of our modern pantomimes, bating his roguery, than any other. In one of the pantomimes in the *Theatre de la Foire*, Harlequin alludes to his Bergamask origin in a song, of which the following is a verse :

Vous demandez le nom de ma patrie ;
 Je vais parler avec sincérité :
 C'est à Bergame, hélas, en Italie,
 Qu'une Tripière en ses flancs m'a porté.

The wood-cut gives an exact representation of the old Harlequin of the Italian pantomime.

Other characters have been introduced at various periods, but all of them with a view similar to that which ascribed to Harlequin the dialect of Bergamo ; that is, of satirising the different States of Italy in the persons of the various actors who represented the inhabitants of those States.

Thus the Pantaloon was the representative of Venice, the wealth and pride of which State made it, at the period when the Pantaloon was brought on the stage (about the beginning of the thirteenth century), the envy of the other Italian powers. The name is a satire on the Venetians, who, in allusion to their foreign victories, called themselves the planters of the lion, their national standards being decorated with the lion of St. Mark. The dress was such as was usually worn by the citizens of that republic, who were most of them merchants, and consisted of a robe, or simar, of eastern shape, which they kept on at home and in their counting-houses, and exchanged for a cloak, the dress of gentlemen, when they went abroad. The stockings and breeches, joined together, was a garb peculiar to Venice, and this retains to the present day the name of the pantomimic character. This part of the dress was originally scarlet ; but, when Venice lost the sovereignty of Negropont, the whole population went into mourning, and the pantaloons remained black from that period. The Panta-

loon was always represented as an old man, and generally a kind, well-disposed, but simple personage; often amorous, and always the dupe of his rival, his mistress, his son, or his servants. Sometimes a more elevated tone was given to his part; but this was after great improvements had been effected in the pantomimes in the French theatre.

The Doctor was another of the most important personages in the pantomime. In his person the Bolognese people were ridiculed. They are said to be great talkers; and, for this reason, the Doctor is an eternal chatterer. He was generally made to look like a fat man. His dress, a caricature on that of medical practitioners of his day, consisted of a large broad-leafed hat, a long black cloak, with the sleeves hanging loose, and a pouch filled with vials and the tools of his trade. The comic effect of his character was produced by the impositions, of which he was made either the object or the instrument, by the contrivances of Scapin, who will be hereafter described, or of Harlequin, when Harlequin had, in process of time, grown to be witty and mischievous. Another means of exciting the laughter of the audience was by the misplaced and incorrect quotations of learned authors, with which the Doctor seasoned his discourse.

The only character which remains to be described of the four personages represented by the very excellent wood-cut prefixed to this article is the Policinella. So much has been said in a recent article (No. II.) on the subject of our own Punch, that we shall not here enter into a comparison between that and the great original. The Policinella of the Italian pantomime is supposed, with the same satirical intention, to be a native of a village in the neighbourhood of Naples. Acerra is the place of his birth, a place which has gained the unenviable reputation of producing great rogues. Policinella is a thief, a liar, a coward, a braggart, and a debauchee; and, although most of his exploits bear on some of those characters, the whim with which he contrives to get through them has always been a source

of delight even to the people who are the objects of this satire. A modern author (M. Viessieux) says 'he delights in licentious double entendre, gross jokes, and dirty tricks; there is not a single good quality in him; his cunning is always very low, and he is invariably outwitted when he meets with a person of any sense; so that in the end he is generally discovered, whipped, imprisoned, or hanged. Such is the celebrated Policinella!' Such he is now, and such he has always been.

Having now described the four characters represented in our cut, we leave the subject for the present; proposing in a future number to give other of the characters, and to resume the notice of the Italian Pantomimes.

FLORENCE.

FAIR Florence, thou art rich in worth,
 Chartered from Time's decay;
 By Art and Genius at thy birth,
 Dowered with enduring sway:
 Unasked the conqueror's iron fence
 Thy regal bounds to trace,
 Apart thy lovelier influence
 From war's ungentle race.
 But long as Arno's silvery tide
 Rolls through thy verdant plain,
 Shalt thou preserve, in queenly pride,
 Thy intellectual reign!
 Thy memory, a spell to raise
 The worship of the mind,
 Till, giddy with excess of praise,
 Man deifies his kind;
 Dazzled by the bright names that crowd
 The Medicæan page:—
 Still hang those banners high, as proud
 Of that soul-stirring age,
 Which (as by mental earthquake shock
 Thrown up) emerged sublime,

A blazing, solitary rock,
O'er the abyss of Time :—
A Pharos, piercing through the veil
Of long Barbaric night,
To which the far-receding sail
Shall often look for light.
Then Learning, with a hundred hands,
Briareus-like, explored
The chambers of remotest lands,
With early wisdom stored ;
And Art, with new Promethean stroke
Creative wonders wrought ;
The marble into being woke,—
The fulgent canvass thought :
And Science, with her crown of palm,
Raised her colossal crest,
And taught the elements to arm
Vassals at man's behest.
Forthwith the obedient compass told,
The spell-word of the deep ;
And o'er her raging waves, controuled,
The strong Armadas sweep.
Then Mind, a talisman, too, brought,
Of twin supremacy,
By which o'er subject tides of thought
Man helms a stormier sea ;
Walking its billows, strong to still
The Passion's maddening start ;
Or hurl asunder, wide at will,
The flood-gates of the heart.
Star of the moral firmament !
The mind-directing press,
We hail thee, an averter sent
To strengthen, to redress
The weaknesses, the wrongs of man ;
As, with a spirit's power,
Thou lengthenest the contracted span
Of Genius' ruling hour.

Shaking from the exhaustless urn
Dust with untiring hand,
Till subjugated nations turn
Before thy mute command:
Was it thy advent to proclaim,
Those scintillations shone,
That, gathering to a shield of flame,
Swept thy bright path along?
That earth showed her terraqueous base
Broader within her clasp?
And mind, with nature keeping pace,
Seemed widening in its grasp?
Still Florence, though around her sprung
New worlds, with glory rife,
To visionary beauty clung,
And sought ideal life.
Embodied forms of minstrelsy,
Her trophied galleries throng,
And rays of immortality,
Light up her stream of song.
But Florence, faithless to her trust,
Drove *him* beyond her wall
Living—whose vainly honoured dust,
Too late, she would recal.
And from a distant isle, beneath
A sky of storm and gloom,
By foreign hands, the fairest wreath
Is gathered for his tomb.
Yes! to the harp, whose tones were fraugh
With hopes high and serene:—
The bard, by inspiration taught:—
The banished Florentine!*

Our Byron, in congenial lay
Has rendered back alone;
But when shall strains, as worthy, pay
Like homage to his own!

B—Y.

* Dante.

THE LADY'S TEST.

DURING the times of chivalry, when young paladins presented themselves in crowds as candidates for the honour and advantage of obtaining rich ladies in marriage, and were never disheartened at any test, however severe, which might be required of them by their mistresses—in these same times, which, happily for suitors, are now no more, there lived a young lady of rank, who was alike renowned for the antiquity of her family, her enormous wealth, and her enchanting beauty. She was courted by three brave knights at once, but neither of them was to her taste; and what made matters more distressing, was, that their assiduities deprived her of the moments which she would willingly have consecrated to the sole object of her affection. Hildevert, the man of her heart, was inferior to her in rank, and she naturally presumed that innumerable obstacles would be raised as soon as she should communicate to her proud parents the name of her lover; but she loved him so well that she was firmly resolved rather to renounce all matrimonial engagements than wed any one but him. Hildevert was a handsome young man, who filled, in the castle of her father, the office of secretary. The young lady had grown up by his side, and he had, probably without being aware of it, planted in her heart the seeds of the tender sentiments which had afterwards taken so deep a root there: nor could she, at the same time, forget that when her father, conformably to the pious custom of the age, had quitted his domains to fight beneath the Christian standard in Palestine, Hildevert had, by his bravery, saved her paternal roof from the rage of banditti who had attacked it.

During a certain winter season, when the three knights came regularly to woo this lady, she resolved to get rid of these importunate suitors at once, and for ever.

She announced, according to the custom of the time, that a test should decide to which of the three the

preference was due—a declaration which satisfied at once her parents and her lovers. The lady reserved to herself exclusively, as was customary in such cases, the right of naming what the test should be, of preparing it, if necessary, and of being present when it was executed. Tradition is silent as to whether she consulted her favoured lover upon this subject—whether it was he who invented the project which she executed—whether she was indebted to some ancient romance for the idea, or whether it was altogether an invention of her own. Tradition, however, has not concealed from us the fact that she was assisted in the execution of her design by Hildevert, and by an old faithful servant.

When all the preparations were completed, she desired the first of her suitors to be called, and addressed him thus :

‘ My father has for some time past had his coffin prepared, in order to remind him that his term of life is drawing to a close. To-night I will order the coffin to be placed in the hall. Put yourself into it, like a dead man, and do not stir at all, whatever you may behold. These commands obeyed, I shall know that you really love me.’

‘ Charming lady,’ replied the knight, ‘ can it be difficult for him to act the part of a dead man who is at every instant ready to expose himself to death for those bright eyes ? Command what you please, you will find your lover unshaken to his latest breath.’

The young lady afterwards spoke in these terms to the second of her suitors :

‘ We have a dead man in the castle ; the corpse will be laid in the hall to-night ; do me the favour to watch by its side, in order to prevent the occurrence of any accident. It is absolutely necessary that you should conduct yourself with resolution, and maintain your post by the side of the coffin whatever may chance to happen. By a strict fulfilment of these conditions, I shall be enabled to judge of the sincerity of your love for me.’

‘ What command has issued from that lovely mouth !’

replied the knight. 'This slender test my very squire would willingly undergo for a breakfast; and wherein can it possibly offer any difficulty to one who is ready to brave death that he may find favour in your sight?'

The lady then took the remaining one of her three suitors aside:

'I intend,' said she, 'to amuse myself at the expense of a man who has undertaken to watch a corpse to-night, and who boasts and piques himself prodigiously upon his courage. Disguise yourself as a devil; I have a dress prepared for you. At the hour when spectres are said to visit the earth, go and terrify this guardian of the dead, and endeavour to make him quit his post. But remember to maintain yourself resolutely in your own, whatever may happen; for by this I shall form my judgment of the ardour of your passion for me.'

'What! adorable lady, is such infant sport as this all that you require as a proof of my bravery and love? No matter, your pleasure is my law; and, since it has taken this turn, should Lucifer himself guard the coffin, I would make him yield his post to me.'

As soon as night set in, a large coffin, covered with black, was brought into the castle hall. Wax tapers, and all the appointments of death, were placed around. The knight to whom the part had been assigned, arrayed in a linen shroud, placed himself in the coffin in the presence of the lady, and clasped his hands firmly together; a crucifix was laid upon his breast, and his head, which rested on a pillow, was crowned with flowers. The livid tint of death disguised his countenance; and the lady, after considering him in this position, and feigning to shudder with horror at the spectacle, gave him strict injunctions not to open his eyes, or to give the slightest signs of animation.

The second knight began by doing ample honour to the splendid supper to which he had been invited. He was full of gaiety and spirits, and laughed heartily with the rest of the guests at all the current tales of sorcerers and spirits, swearing that from his very youth he had scoffed at the idea of ghosts. When

appointed hour arrived, he walked courageously towards the hall, where the lady was awaiting his arrival with the old warder of the castle. She indicated to him his post, giving, however, at the same time, full liberty to walk or sit still—to read—in a word, to employ himself in any way he thought proper, providing only that he should not lose sight of the corpse, and that he should defend it from whoever might approach the coffin.

When the lady and the warder had retired, the most profound silence reigned throughout the hall. The knight began to scrutinize it in every part, and at last exclaimed 'What will not love render a man capable of!' then, throwing himself into a chair near the coffin, he fixed his eyes upon the corpse. The sight of this object caused an involuntary shudder to pervade his whole frame; for his brother suitor, who counterfeited the dead man, played his part so well, and his pale and livid countenance resembled so exactly that of one in whom life had become extinct, that the most distrustful eye would have been deceived.¹ His head, too, half raised, appeared as though it would advance towards the rash man who stared so fixedly upon him, and drag him with him to the tomb which already gaped for all that death had left him of mortality. The knight withdrew his gaze from the hideous object before him, snuffed the lights, and began to read an ancient family chronicle; and in this occupation he became so busied in the relation of a siege of some town in Italy, that he forgot the dead man and the coffin; and, admiring the heroic sentiments of the brave knights whose deeds rivetted his attention, he became, like the stout knight, prepared to push the adventure to its close.

The lady, who, with her lover and the old warder, was observing, from a neighbouring apartment, what passed in the hall, began to entertain some misgivings respecting the success of her stratagem, when the hour gong struck loudly on her ear. Instantly the third light was heard to approach the hall.

He struck a tremendous blow upon the door of the hall at the very moment when the knight who was poring over the chronicle was engaged, in his imagination, in cutting his way through a breach by the side of his gallant ancestors. The noise made him leap instantly from his chair as though the hand of him who struck had caught him up suddenly by the hair. 'Who goes there?' he exclaimed. No answer was returned; and the silence which had prevailed since the blow was struck was only interrupted by the echo of his voice. The guardian knight seized a taper, and drew near the door with the design of opening it; but, changing his purpose, he stopped, listened attentively, and was about to repeat his question, when a second blow, louder than the first, was heard. 'Come in, I tell you,' exclaimed the guardian knight; and then stepped back a few paces, in order that he might keep his eye upon the corpse, which remained tranquil and motionless.

The guardian knight placed his taper on the floor, drew his sword, and marched with lengthened strides towards the door. A third blow, compared with which the other two were really gentle, shook the door. At the same instant the two sides flew open, and the devil entered.

It is well known that, in ages of ignorance such as that in which this adventure took place, the devil was firmly believed in by the inhabitants of Europe. The people, the knights, and even the princes themselves, believed that he assumed all sorts of forms for the purpose of tormenting mankind. Upon this occasion he appeared in the guise of a tall and robust man, whose firm steps shook the flooring of the hall. His powerful arm brandished a heavy lance; he cast a look full of fury upon the guardian knight, and another upon the corpse; and, spite of the glittering sword of the former, walked firmly towards the coffin. The guardian knight defended his post valiantly, and the issue of the contest began to be doubtful, when the dead man forgot the part he had to play. The danger

to which he found himself exposed from the sturdy blows which rattled by his coffin, and his curiosity to behold the fray, induced him to raise himself in his coffin, and open his eyes; but, no sooner did he behold the frightful figure of the enemy of souls, than he leaped from the coffin, and prepared to flee.

At the sight of a corpse in flight the two combatants lost all courage; the devil made for the door, and the guardian knight took refuge in a neighbouring chamber.

The young lady, accompanied by the witnesses of her success, entered the hall, which rung with bursts of laughter, and, recalling the three knights, who dared hardly raise their eyes for shame, she reminded them of their compact, and bade them recollect that both the laws of gallantry and knighthood forbade them again to press their suit.

The knights took a hasty departure from the castle; and Hildevert was shortly afterwards united to the object of his affections.

SONNET TO MARY.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HERBERT SWIFTE, 1649.

I LOOKE ON you, and this conceite is mine—
 How that your eye-brows are younge Cupid's bow;
 And with your gracefulle lashes doth hee twine
 The fatal stringe that he doth binde thereto.
 And, as the Indian's shafte from hidden brakes
 Upon the silly deere in secret flies,
 Soe your sly archer fit occasion takes
 To wounde us with the arrowes of your eyes.
 You smile at this—then I conceive again—
 The rogue laughs oute in triumph on youre brow,
 With scornfulle glances to increase our paine—
 Nor will you ease to oure sore smart allow:
 Which makes me blame churle Nature in this kinde—
Soe noble mien shoulde have as noble minde. R. H.

THE PIE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. LAUN.

MR. HEFTELMEYER was the court tailor, and had a due sense of his importance. No person, who would pretend to be well dressed, could think of wearing a coat that did not proceed from the gallery of Mr. Heftelmeyer; and all the attempts of his rivals to attain the singular elegance of his cut failed most miserably. But he was perhaps more, and certainly more justly, renowned for the beauty of his daughter Amelia, than for his tailoring accomplishments, transcendant as they were. All the flatteries which were addressed to her were disregarded; for she had vowed her affections to the son of a celebrated preacher, Mr. Seeheim; and although that reverend personage had expressed his disapprobation of his son's marrying Amelia, she was satisfied with the young man's assurances that nothing could ever change the affection he entertained for her.

Mr. Heftelmeyer could not understand why the preacher should object to this marriage, because he thought himself inferior to no one in importance; and, moreover, he inhabited the first floor of the hotel, while Mr. Seeheim lived in the second. His wife said she was sure it was not the preacher, but Madame Seeheim, whose pride opposed the union. The real truth was, that the whole affair was one of foolish vanity on the part of the parson. He was afraid that his relations, who were distinguished persons, would not countenance his son if he should marry a tailor's daughter. Maurice could not understand this, and resolved, although he was an obedient son, that as soon as he could establish himself in any way of living independent of his father, he would make Amelia his wife.

In the meantime, there was anything but a neighbourly feeling between the two families. One day Mr. Heftelmeyer wondered that his wife would eat no dinner, and at length extorted from her a confession, that

she had set her mind on a pie which she had seen carried to Madame Seeheim, and in so ostentatious a manner that she had no doubt it was done purposely to mortify her. Amelia ventured to doubt this, and received a reproof for her pains. Mr. Heftelmeyer, like a good husband, consoled his wife with a promise that she should have such a pie as would make their neighbour's pie blush for very shame.

The court pastry-cook was an artist not less distinguished in his line than the court tailor, and quite as proud of his productions. To this important personage Mr. Heftelmeyer applied, and ordered a pie for the following Sunday, enjoining the pastry-cook, at the same time, to put upon the top of it, by way of ornament, a letter S finely gilded; which was meant by the gallant tailor to be a compliment to his spouse, whose baptismal name was Sophia. The pastry-cook in vain represented that such a decoration was by no means in good taste—it was Mr. Heftelmeyer's taste; and as he had to pay for the pie, and to eat it afterwards, he had surely a right to follow his own vagaries. The pastry-cook saw that a man might make good coats, yet know nothing of the true principles of taste; so he shrugged up his shoulders, and set about making the pie.

Sunday came, and the pie was brought home—nothing could be better timed, for Madame Heftelmeyer had been put to bed just six days before; and this proof of attention on the part of her husband, was, he thought, sure to be taken in good part. He enjoined silence to all his household, and intended to make his present a surprise to his wife. He had it placed on a table in the anti-chamber, and left the door open, in order that Madame Seeheim might be sure to see it as she passed down stairs. Unluckily the good lady did not go out at all, so this part of the scheme was frustrated. Mr. Seeheim, however, who was gone to church, must see it as he came home, and so the door was still left open.

Before Mr. Seeheim's return, however, an old woman, who was in the habit of asking alms, came up

the stairs. She entered the anti-chamber, where no person happened to be. She knocked at the inner door ; but the child was crying most lustily, and prevented her knocks from being heard. The old beggar, although she had just come from the church where Mr. Seeheim had been preaching a sermon against mendicity and theft, had not profited by his exhortations. The first she was already committing, and the sight of the pie induced her to commit the other. She seized the masterpiece of pastry with the gilt S upon it, and made the best of her way down stairs. Just as she reached the bottom, she heard some one enter the passage ; and thinking the best way of avoiding detection would be to turn back again, she mounted the staircase rapidly, and, passing the tailor's door, went still further up stairs. The person whom she had heard followed her, and she saw it was Mr. Seeheim, who was all the while congratulating himself on the effect which he thought his sermon would have in diminishing the practices of beggary and theft.

The old woman felt herself already in the hands of the police, when she found that she could not get higher than the second floor, and that Mr. Seeheim was behind her. A sudden thought occurred to her, which, as it promised her safety, she did not hesitate to put in practice. Making up a demure face, she told the preacher that she had been sent with the pie as a present to him and his wife, and begged his acceptance of it with as many compliments as she could invent off hand.

' But who is it that has sent it, my good woman ?' said the parson, perfectly dazzled by the sight of so handsome a present.

The old woman had her cue here, and said she had been expressly forbidden to tell. Mr. Seeheim believed her ; and, seeing the gilded S on the pie, convinced him that it had been made for him, and nobody else. He gave the woman something for bringing the pie, and returned to her the pewter dish on which it had been sent.

The old hussy, delighted at having got so well off, hurried down the stairs as fast as possible, and, gaining the street, got clear away.

Madame Seeheim was delighted with her husband's handsome present. 'One would almost believe,' she cried, 'that we live in times when good deeds meet with a certain and prompt reward. Yesterday you read to me your sermon against mendicity and theft, and to-day, almost as soon as you have finished preaching it, this handsome present is sent to you.'

Mr. Seeheim tried in vain to guess who it could be that had sent him this pie. He fixed upon and rejected various personages, and at last ended by declaring that he could not satisfactorily attribute this compliment to any one of his acquaintance. While he was occupied with these agreeable reflections, a scene of a very different nature was acting in the floor below. As soon as the loss of the pie was discovered, a noise and confusion, which may easily be imagined, had ensued. Each person accused the other of inattention and negligence, but the tailor internally blamed himself for the ostentation with which he had displayed the pie; and but for which the accident would not have happened. He enjoined his maid servant, under threats of immediate dismissal, not to say a word of the matter to any one, in order that he might at least avoid the scoffs of the preacher and his wife, who, he concluded, would be delighted to hear of his misfortune.

The inmates of the second floor, in the meantime, had tried the contents of the pie, which they found excellent. Madame Seeheim had just finished dinner, when she said to her husband, 'I can't imagine what has happened below; but there is a great noise in our neighbour's rooms. I hope no accident has happened to the poor woman who is confined.'

'I should indeed be very sorry,' said her husband; 'for, although I don't want our families to be united, they are very honest people, and I have a great regard for them. They have, upon many occasions, been very

civil to us ; and as I should not be sorry to make the first advances for a reconciliation, suppose we send down some of the pie to the lying-in lady.'

Madame Seeheim readily accorded with her husband's proposition ; and, as she also knew that Mrs. Heftelmeyer's name was Sophia, she sent that part of the pie on which the gilt S was placed.

While the servant carried this peace-offering down stairs, the worthy pastor was felicitating himself and his spouse upon what they had done. 'There would not,' he said, 'be half so many quarrels in the world, nor would they last half as long, if people would be willing to accommodate their differences. I am sure we shall not have cause to repent this.'

Alas ! how differently did the events turn out from what the parson had predicted. The tailor had no sooner set his eyes upon the dish with the pie in it, than he rushed by the servant, without hearing her message, and ran up stairs to his neighbour's room, which he entered very abruptly.

'How is this, sir,' he cried ; 'do you mean to insult me by this treatment ?'

'Is it possible you can imagine that I mean to do so ?' said the pastor, mildly.

'How can I think otherwise,' said the angry tailor ; 'and how can I guess what has induced a man of your character and years to play so wanton a school-boy's trick ?'

'I really don't understand you,' replied Mr. Seeheim ; 'but as your behaviour and language is very offensive, I beg it may cease. If this is the return you make to an act of politeness and good will, I shall take care not to repeat it.'

'Politeness and good will, indeed !' cried the angry tailor ; 'you shall see, sir, what the magistrate will say to such politeness'—and he bounced out of the chamber.

Mr. Seeheim could only think that his neighbour had gone mad ; and, as he saw him go out of doors soon after, he expressed a very sincere hope that he would

come to no harm. In the course of a short time afterwards, Mr. Herbst, a lawyer, entered.

‘Your neighbour, the tailor, has been with me just now,’ he cried, ‘and has been consulting me with a view to taking legal proceedings against you; and I am come for the purpose of seeing whether I can arrange matters amicably between you.’

‘How is it possible to arrange matters amicably, or otherwise, with a man who is decidedly out of his senses?’

‘Well, indeed, I have perceived no signs of insanity,’ said the lawyer; ‘and, on the contrary, I must confess that the complaint he makes against you has very much surprised me. My friendship for you makes me say that it would give me great pain if the trick you have played him should be made public.’

‘Why, really, my dear Herbst,’ said the pastor, ‘you puzzle me as much as my neighbour has done. All the notions I have hitherto entertained of justice and decency must have been mistaken. You think seriously that what has passed between Mr. Heftelmeyer and me will furnish sufficient grounds for a formal complaint?’

‘Certainly; how can I think otherwise? Either what you have done was in jest, which, under the circumstances of disagreement which subsist between you and Mr. Heftelmeyer, would be looked upon as a very unwise and unjustifiable liberty, or else it is a downright theft.’

‘A theft—’

‘Don’t be angry—I know you are incapable of such an act; and, besides, your subsequent conduct shows—’

‘Do give me leave.—I will prove to you, in two words, that Heftelmeyer is unquestionably mad, and that he has represented things to you most absurdly false. This is the fact. All this disturbance arises from a contemptible piece of a pie, which I sent as a mark of civility to his wife, who is lying-in; and out of this, by some means or other, you make a theft, and an impropriety of behaviour.’

‘ Mr. Seeheim ! Madame Seeheim ! ’ cried the tailor, who at this moment appeared at the door with a most mortified and contrite air, ‘ I beg your pardon a thousand times. I beseech you not to mind anything that Mr. Herbst may say. The whole matter is a mistake, and I come before you covered with shame at having requited your kind intentions so ungratefully.’

This speech was as inexplicable as any part of the business ; and the pastor and the lawyer looked at one another, as much as to say there was no doubt now that the poor fellow was really demented.

Matters were soon explained. It appeared that the police had made a general perquisition, at a moment when it was least expected, among all the suspected persons in the city. The old woman, by whose ingenuity the pie with the gilt S had found its way to Mr. Seeheim’s apartments, had been taken, and the pewter dish, on which Mr. Heftelmeyer’s name was inscribed, being found in her possession, had led to inquiries, the result of which, with her own confession, cleared up the whole of the mystery.

Mr. Seeheim laughed heartily at the adventure, and readily forgave his neighbour’s impetuosity. The lawyer seized the favourable opportunity for bringing about a firm reconciliation between the parties ; and three months after the adventure of the pie, Maurice and Amelia (notwithstanding Mr. Seeheim’s great relations) were happily married.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

O THAT thy lot through life may be
As fair and stainless as this page,
May life’s rough stream be smooth to thee,
Though dark clouds low’r and tempests rage.

And should life’s stream thus brightly run,
Like sunshine on the ocean’s wave,
Calm be the hour when thy bright sun
Shall set beneath the darkling grave.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE WILFULLY BLIND PHILOSOPHER.

In Boccalini's 'Ragguagli di Parnasso,' among many odd stories, is the following :

Peranda, some years before his death, was grown blind, and Girolamo Fracastoro, upon a promise of five hundred crowns, undertook to cure him. Now, the morning the operation was to have been performed, Peranda places himself in a chair, and asked the physician if all things were in a readiness for the cure ? The physician answered, yes, his instruments and plaisters were all prepared, and nothing wanting. 'Ay, but,' says Peranda, 'the things you have named are of the least importance towards the giving me that satisfaction I desire by the recovery of my sight ; tell me, then, how goes the world ?' 'Why e'en just as it did,' says the physician, 'when you fell blind.' 'Say'st thou so, friend,' replied Peranda ; 'then prithee hold thy hand, and proceed no further, for I'll never part with a penny to recover that faculty which I was content to lose, that I might no longer be punished in beholding those vile enormities, so nauseous in the eyes of all good men.'

In another of the chapters, page 167, Apollo visits the prisons, and tries many of the Virtuosi, who have been committed for crimes or debt. Among the prisoners he finds one accused of a singular offence, on which he pronounces an equitable sentence.

MERCY MISPLACED.

Next came on the trial of Nicola Franco Beneventano, who had imprudently fired at a great wolf, with a fowling-piece charged only with small shot : upon which the beast, being but slightly hurt, flew at him, and almost tore him to pieces. All that were present in the court wondered extremely at this prosecution, and were of opinion that the poor man ought rather to be pitied, and have his wounds cured, than prosecuted.

But Apollo was very angry that one of his Virtuosi had been guilty of such indiscretion; for he had often told them, they should let wild beasts and such formidable animals alone, make them a low bow, and give them the way—at least never attack them but with a good musket loaded with a brace of bullets, that they might be sure to lay them sprawling at once, and do their business effectually. Now, because Beneventano had transgressed this order, he condemned him to the usual punishment of the imprudent, viz. that nobody should excuse his fault, nor compassionate his misfortune, but all should laugh at his folly.

THE RENEGADO'S RELIGION.

In Massinger's 'Renegado,' Gazetto is made to utter a bitter sarcasm against the mere forms of religion.

Vitelli. I wonder, sirrah,

What's your religion?

Gazetto. Troth, to answer truly,

I would not be of one that should command me

To feed upon poor John, when I see pheasants

And partridges on the table. Nor do I like

The other, that allows us to eat flesh

In Lent, though it be rotten, rather than be

Thought superstitious, as your zealous cobbler

And botcher preach at Amsterdam

Over a hotch pot. I'd not be confin'd

In my belief; when all your sects and sectaries

Are grown of one opinion, if I like it

I will profess myself; in the mean time,

Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva,

I'm of that country's faith.

SIR LAUNCELOT'S EULOGY.

The funeral eulogy pronounced over Sir Launcelot of the Lake, by Sir Bors, in the 'Mort d'Arthur,' exhibits a compendium of knightly excellence, and is not to be surpassed for terse eloquence.

'And now I dare say,' said Sir Bors, 'that, Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou were never matched

of none earthly knight's hands. And thou were the curtiest knight that ever beare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse, and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knights. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in the rest.'

MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

In Dr. King's poems is a small piece bearing this title, which exhibits the fondness for conceits, which was the fault of the author's time, with a depth of thought and power which is by no means common.

See, busied man, why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy life's short calendar?
When every spectacle thou lookest upon
Presents and acts thy execution.

Each drooping season, and each flower, doth cry
' Fool, as I fade and wither thou must die.'

The beating of thy pulse, (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy parting bell;
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy
Covers alike deceased day and thee.

And all those weeping dews which nightly fall
Are but the tears shed for thy funeral.

A ROYAL EPITAPH.

Margaret of Austria, when nearly perishing in a storm at sea, composed her epitaph, which runs thus :

Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,
Q'eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.

Beneath this tomb the gentle Margaret's laid,
Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.

DI VASARI.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

AN article bearing this title appeared in the last December number of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' We never remember to have seen, in any magazine article, so powerful a spirit as the author of this tale displays; and we regretted, without meaning any disrespect to Blackwood, that so excellent a production should not have been presented to the public in an individual and substantive shape. The original and vigorous conception, and the eloquent style of the tale, characterise it as the work of a man who is capable of reaching the very topmost height of this description of imaginative writing.

The scene is laid at Florence, and the period is that of the great plague of 1343. On a subject which has been treated by some of the most powerful spirits of ancient and modern times, it might seem that no part of it could be shown in a new or striking light; but the author of *Di Vasari*, without imitating in any point his illustrious predecessors, has given the details of this appalling calamity with an intenseness and originality which are the unquestionable proofs of a fine genius. The following extract will show the faculty which the author has of identifying the scenes which he professes to describe. A cavalier and his servant are passing through the suburb of the city, the aspect of which is thus sketched—

'For the greater part, the houses in all the streets within the city, like those in the villages eastward of the walls, bore the aspect of abandonment and desertion. Doors closely barred, and battened with spars on the outside; unless where they had been burst open, on suspicion of containing dead, or else in search of plunder. Casements open in abundance; flapping and swinging to and fro in the wind; but all wreck and disorder, or total emptiness, within, and, in some places, wide gaps, with heaps of half-burnt ruins, obstructed the way—the remnants of fallen houses,

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with others falling, half destroyed, and blackened by smoke and fire; for, among the minor scourges which, during the time of the plague, had visited the city, conflagrations, wilful or accidental, had been frequent and extensive.'

The description of the Spedale, in which the plague patients lie, is frightfully true.

'One of the massy folding-doors at the great entrance was flung open; and, right hand and left, from its farthest extremity, as far as the eye could see, down to that very door, the common corridor of the house, appeared, on each side, closely set with pallets. Every bed was occupied, doubly, and even trebly; or rather the whole range of beds—for each touched the other—was formed into one great litter; crowded with sufferers, in all moods, and in all stages of disease. Some—they might be living, or they might be dead—all that could be seen was a strange shapeless lump, rolled in the wretched bed-clothes! Others, covered up in hoods and caps, incapable of speech, stared from the pillows, with their glassy eyes, and ghastly faces—that the viewer shrank to look on them! Some, furious and strong in agony, sat in their beds bolt upright,—raving, tossing their arms, and muttering horrible imprecations—hideous objects of misery. The most fearful of all were the most healthy,—those whom they called the "Convalescents;" and who glided about in their long, white, shroud-like hospital-gowns and dresses; looking and moving like creatures emerged from the grave—even more appalling to Nature than those who were ready to descend into it.'

It is not within our purpose to follow the tale throughout; every line is written with vigour, and is full of thought. None of the make-weight descriptions, which are so common in tales, find place here; and it would be doing an injustice to give extracts from passages, the whole of which must be read to understand their force and consistency.

The cavalier, attended by his servant, is on his way

by night to the villa of the Countess Arestino, whom he has once loved—whom he still loves—but from whom he has resolved to separate himself;—he is about to marry, and the countess is the wife of another man. The countess is dying, and her urgent request to Vasari, to see him once more, could not be denied. He has come at imminent peril to himself, and to her; and at midnight he is in the lady's chamber. The description of this chamber, which is exquisite, and of the lady, we must pass over. Vasari's resolve is shaken; the sight of his mistress overcomes him, and he is ready to become her slave again;—but it is with a far different design that she has summoned him. Jealousy, and a determination rather to destroy and die with the thing she loves, than let another enjoy it, are the last thoughts of the countess's life; she has taken poison, and has laid a secure plan that Di Vasari shall not long survive her.

'A dial, which faced the feet of the couch on which she lay, struck, with its shrill bell, the first hour of the morning.

'The stroke seemed to fall upon the countess, and paralyze her remaining faculties.

"Angiolina!" cried the chevalier, springing from the floor, "Angiolina! speak, for mercy's sake! Angiolina!—she is dying!"

'His attention was quickly called to his own safety: a footstep, as he spoke, approached distinctly through the corridor.

"Angiolina!" He started to the door by which he had entered. "Ruin and despair!" it was closed without—it would not open.

'The footsteps came on still. Why, then, there was but one hope—his dagger was in his hand.

'The Lady Angiolina heard—she saw what was passing. She moved—she pointed. No—it was wrong—not there! She made a last effort—she spoke, once more. "Yonder, Lorenzo—There! there!"

'It was but the advantage of a moment. The curtains of the couch on which the countess was lying

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parted the coming and the going guest. The light fall of the swinging door by which the new visitor entered the chamber, echoed the heavy drop of that which had shut the chevalier from view.

From that moment Di Vasari is neither seen nor heard of. An impenetrable mystery shadows his fate; the exertions of his friends to remove it are in vain. At length an outlaw is taken, who is supposed to know, if he would disclose, this secret; and he is put to the torture in the hope of extracting it from him. This robber is sketched (and our regret is that he is only sketched) with a power and freedom which has hardly ever been surpassed. In the hope of making terms with his judges, and particularly with a relative of the lost Di Vasari, he pretends to know something of his fate. The judges have got into their power the outlaw's wife; and his soul, inaccessible on every other point, is easily touched upon this. A scene of the most intense interest ensues, in which the robber, despising the torture when inflicted on himself, is turned from the firmness of his purpose by the threat that the woman he loves shall be exposed to it. At length, finding that he is in the toils, his only object becomes to gain time, that, in the first place, he may die with his wife; and, in the next, that he may have vengeance on his judges. Gonsalvo Di Vasari, the chief of them, says to him:

“If you should find resolution enough to die silent under this torture, I will try whether your wife here has strength to be equally contumacious.”

The rage of the hunted wolf was in the robber's countenance. He saw his danger—saw that he was caught in his own toils. The very error of his judges (more than their mercilessness) led inevitably to his destruction.

“Gonfaloniere!” he cried furiously—“Gonsalvo di Vasari! Hold once more! Reflect—there is a line beyond which human suffering does not pass! The meanest wretch in Florence, who cares not for his own life, holds the fate of the highest among ye at his

mercy. You feel that you dare not, for fifty times your titles and possessions, commit this villainy you meditate, and let me live. There are others—companions—friends—reflect on it!—who will be left behind; and whom an act like this will rouse to certain vengeance. You have no fault to charge on this helpless woman. You can gain nothing of that you seek from her. You sacrifice her to gain that which cannot be gained—for, so help me Heaven in my last hour, I have it not!—from me. Beware! for no deed like that of tyranny and baseness ever passed unpunished. Do not drive a trodden-down wretch to desperation! Do not rush uselessly upon an act which will stand alone in the annals of infamy and crime?—Or, tell me at least,” continued Arionelli, passionately, “if there is indeed no hope—no chance—of mercy! Before you ruin your own objects, and mine, past helping—Signor di Vasari—I know whom it is I have to deal with—Definitively—what is it that you demand?”

“For the last time,” said Gonsalvo Di Vasari, “that this court will deign to question—full confession as to the fate of my cousin, the Chevalier Lorenzo.”

“If he be dead?”

“A token of his death; and the story of its manner.”

“And though he *be* dead, shall Aurelia then be free?”

‘The Gonfaloniere replied—“Of that, you have our pledge.”

‘The outlaw paused for a moment, anxiously, and in thought. “My Lord di Vasari,” he said, “I have already sworn that I had no share in your cousin’s fate. I believe that he has fallen. But means of inquiry I have none, except by message to those who are beyond your warrant; and who knew more of Dominico Torelli’s latter course than I know. Who, but myself, can do an errand such as this? Who else can search out those who hold life only while they are not found? And me you will not part with? There is

but one resource. Aurelia knows the haunts of my band ; she can seek those whose aid I need, and will be trusted by them as myself. Let me then be carried back to prison ; and let her depart whither I direct ; and if in twenty-four hours she return not with some intelligence, my life shall answer the event."

"Would it not be safer to reverse that arrangement?" said Gonsalvo, significantly,—“to retain Aurelia here in prison ; and suffer you, Arionelli, in whom I trust, more than you credit, to depart?"

‘A long silence followed, which was broken, at last, by the robber ; but the tone in which he spoke, and his manner, was, for the first time, strangely contrasted with the expression of his features. “My lord!” he said, interrupting the Gonfaloniere, “let us close this conference.” (And his voice was steady, even to seeming unconcern ; though his countenance was deadly pale, and his eye was livid and glassy, and his lips seemed to perform their office with an effort—as if some swelling in the throat choked up the utterance.) “The proof which Signor Gonsalvo demands may be furnished more easily than I had recollected. Two men of my band are now in your gaols of Florence. One of them is named Vincentio Rastelli : he is the lesser offender—set him free. Let Aurelia and myself then be carried back to prison—only one demand *must* be conceded—that our dungeon shall be the same. Let Rastelli have free access to me at will, and free passage to go and come, unfollowed and unwatched, wherever I shall send him. Promise that, my bond being kept—before I die—I shall see Aurelia at liberty. And before midnight to-morrow, Signor Gonsalvo shall have that put into his hands, which shall for ever set his mind at rest as to the fate—whatever it has been—of Lorenzo di Vasari.”

* * * * *

‘It was the hour of midnight on the morrow ; and Gonsalvo di Vasari sat in his library alone ; and he rejoiced in the fortune of his arrangements. The robber

Rastelli had been set at liberty. He had visited Arionelli in his prison. He had gone upon one mission and had returned as unsuccessful; but at once again, he had sped forth upon another. Was it possible that the outlaw might yet fail? Scarcely so! for Aurelia's sake, his strength would be put forth to the utmost. Would the agent make sure of his own safety and escape? This was not likely, for already he had once returned; and the fidelity of such people, generally, to their friends and leaders, was as well known as their enterprise and ferocity.

‘It was not likely neither that Arionella would have taken his course, without feeling a strong reliance upon its success. A few hours then—nay, a few moments now—were to put him in possession of that evidence, which would end all doubt as to his cousin's rich inheritance. For Aurelia—her safety was promised; but her liberty—this evidence obtained—might be a matter for consideration. The outlaw himself would die upon the scaffold. It was pity that so much beauty as Aurelia's should be cast away. Meantime Gonsalvo di Vasari sat alone in his palace; and the hour of midnight was past, and yet there was no messenger. He arose and opened the lattice—the moon shone brightly—but the streets of Florence were at rest. Was it possible that he should be trifled with! A servant was summoned. But—no!—no person had appeared.

‘At that instant, a man, wrapt in a dark cloak, was seen stealing across the Piazza of St. Mark. His form was robust, and his step firm; it was the figure of the robber—of Rastelli. He paused a moment under the shadow of the church of St. Benedick, as if to watch if any one observed him; then crossed the square—the portico concealed him;—but it was the hour—the very moment—it must be the messenger!

‘There was a hasty tap at the door of the cabinet——

“My lord—he has come.”

“Admit him.”

“He did not stay.”

"Where is his message?"

"My lord, it is here."

The servant placed a small iron casket in the hands of his master; a folded packet accompanied it; and retired.

Gonsalvo broke the seal of the packet. There was not a word—the paper was blank. But it contained a small key, apparently that of the casket, of a singular form and workmanship.

The letter was a blank! The chest, then, which was in his hands, contained the secret? Gonsalvo hesitated. Was it fit that the deposit should be at once opened? Was it not more fit that the disclosure (whatever it was) should be public—in the presence of the Gonfaloniere, and in the apartment of the Senate?

And yet it might be that the casket contained matter hostile to his desires, rather than tending to assist them. It might be that the proof even of Lorenzo's death failed wholly; and such truth, once openly declared, could never be got rid of.

He poised the chest in his hands. It weighed heavily. What could be its contents? Perhaps the written confession of Arionelli, or some of his companions. At all events the course of a private search was safe: a public one might be made formally, in the morning, if convenient.

He took the key, secured the door, approached the taper, and cautiously examined the lock of the casket.

The key entered freely. It turned in the lock. The bolt shot. The hand that lay upon the lid tightened its grasp to lift it open.

At that moment the magazine within exploded. The chest, with a report that shook the apartment, burst into a thousand atoms. The household of Di Vasari was alarmed. His domestics rushed in a body to their master's chamber. They tried to enter; but the door was fast. They knocked; but no answer was returned. While they stood irresolute in horror and alarm, an officer of justice, attended, came thundering

at the gate. The prison of the Seralio had been alarmed in the night. The robber Arionelli, and his wife, were dead by poison, and the Gonfaloniere, in council, desired the presence and assistance of Signor di Vasari. The affrighted domestics burst the door open. The message from the State was answered by the spectacle within. On the floor lay Gonsalvo di Vasari—dead; his garments scorched; his face and hands discoloured; his body mangled with a shower of balls; and the shell of the fatal casket at his feet.’

Still the fate of Di Vasari remains unexplained until forty years afterwards, when the ancient housekeeper of the Arestino family is showing a young bride the wonders of the old castle; and, among other things, an antique chest in the bedchamber of the last countess:

“These,” pursues the garrulous old woman, “are the pictures which used to hang in it; and the marble busts; and those fine flower vases, of which my lady was so fond. This cabinet contained her jewels, and many of them remain still. Some of the diamonds his lordship, the count, presented to the nuns of *S^t. Agnes la Fontagna*. But the turquoises are here, that my lady wore mightily, for they became her complexion. And the pearls, too; but they are spoiled, quite black with age and want of wearing! That robe-chest, too—I pray your ladyship’s pardon for the dust upon it—this house has been unused and empty so long—and servants will neglect where one is not always—that chest was her ladyship’s, and I dare say contains choice fineries, for it stood always in her chamber, and has never been opened since she died.”

‘This last fact seemed more extraordinary than any of the wonders which had preceded it, “Has it really never been opened!” said the young Olympia. “But what a pity that such beautiful ornaments should have been left to decay!”

“Never opened, may it please your ladyship, nor could it, but by violence,” returned the governante. “For it is a Spanish piece of work, and was sold to my lady by a foreign merchant, who told the secret of

opening it only to her. It opens, your ladyship sees, with some spring—Heaven knows where! but there is neither lock nor bolt. Nobody could open it ever but my lady; and I am sure, since I lived in this house, I have tried a hundred times.”

‘There could scarcely fail, in such an assembly, to be some desire, as strong as the governante’s, to see the fair countess’s hidden treasure: but the having to open the chest by force was a difficulty too formidable rather to surmount. To have performed such a feat (independent of any other objection) would apparently have required strong assistance; and therefore, whatever anxiety curiosity felt, modesty checked its expression; and the gay party proceeded on their rambling review, amidst various strange conjectures as to the manner of Di Vasari’s death; or comments upon the conduct of the Count Ubaldi, and the unhappy fate of his fair lady.

‘But, at the close of the evening, when the song rose loudest, and the feast was still enlivening the hall, there were two female forms seen to glide with lighted tapers along the oaken gallery, and enter the light blue chamber;—it was the beautiful bride—the Lady Amina—and her favourite companion, Olympia Montefiore.

‘The Lady Amina led the way, laughing; but there was a touch of apprehension mingled in her smile. “For Heaven’s sake,” said she, pausing in the doorway, “let us go back!”

“What folly! what can we have to apprehend!” was the reply.

“But Theodore may have missed us.”

“And if he has!—Is it not his wedding-night, and can anything you do displease him? Besides—to-morrow he will cause the chest to be opened himself.”

“Then let us wait until to-morrow; and we can then see it.”

“Yes! and then everybody will have seen it—and it will not be worth seeing!”

‘As the beautiful tempter passed her companion,

and knelt beside the case, her figure looked like that of Psyche, bending on the couch of Cupid.

"If we should not be able to open it after all!" said the bride, half fearful, half laughing.

"We will—depend on me," said the other, anxious and excited. "I know the secret of these Spanish chests. My father has one—they are common now in Venice—the spring is concealed—but once know the situation of it—as I do—and it is simple."

"But—I tremble all over!"

"Why, what nonsense!"

"But—I'll go away, if you don't stop."

"But only think how we shall laugh at Lavinia and Euryanthe! Now—hold the taper. It is but one touch. Now—I have it. There!—do you see?—Now—Amina—now—hold here—help me while I lift the lid——."

* * * *

"Within the chest there lay a skeleton—stretched at its length, and bleached to whiteness. There was a jewel mocked one of the bony fingers; and a corslet of mail enclosed the trunk. And the right hand clutched—as though yet in question—a long and massive dagger. Its handle was of gold embossed; its blade was of the manufacture of Damascus. And, on that blade, though rusted here and there, were characters which still appeared distinctly. Their pale brightness flashed, as the light of the taper fell upon them; they formed the name—and they told the fortunes—of Di VASARI."

We have occupied so much space with extracts that we have little left for comment. We feel it impossible to speak in too high terms of the excellence of the tale; and we cannot close our notice of it without expressing an earnest hope that we shall soon see the author in another form, and one which will procure for him, individually, the public favour to which his talents entitle him.

THE CRUSADER.

THE Christian forces had been lying before Antioch so long that the besiegers and the besieged were equally tired of a contest which brought advantage to neither. Their mutual wants led these fierce enemies to a better understanding than any thing else could have done; and a truce was agreed upon, that the horrors of a continual and sanguinary warfare might at least have some respite. A treaty was made, and solemnly sworn to; religious ceremonies ratified the compact; and there was no doubt that its stipulations would be fulfilled just so long as it suited neither of the parties to violate them.

The gates of Antioch were at once thrown open, and an unrestricted intercourse took place between the army of the Christians and the defenders of Antioch. The leaders of the Croises wandered at will throughout the city, and their presence soon became so familiar as to excite scarcely any observation.

Among the boldest warriors in the field, and among the idlest saunterers when quiet times prevailed, was Sir Stephen Vermandois. By way of beguiling the heavy hours which the cessation of his ordinary military duties had thrown upon his hands, he amused himself by wandering, unattended, through the streets of Antioch. One evening he had been walking onward, opening his eyes, and wondering at every thing that came in his way, when he suddenly found himself in a quarter of the city much less populous than any he had before seen. The houses were surrounded by walls, and were less thickly placed than those in other parts of the city. There was a kind of privileged look about them, and Sir Stephen concluded, without hesitation, that they must be inhabited by the better order of the people of Antioch.

As he walked beside the garden walls of one of them, which appeared to be of great extent, he heard the voice of women; and, without being impertinent, he was willing enough to meet with some adventure which might vary the tediousness of his present life. He

listened again ; he was sure it was a woman's voice he heard ; and, with the help of a palm tree, the tall branches of which afforded him the means of climbing, he was soon on the top of the wall. Below he saw two females ; one appeared, by her figure (for her face was obscured from view, owing to her position), to be quite young ; the other had reached a more advanced period of life. That which astonished him the most was, to perceive that their dresses were of the European fashion. He looked again, and saw that the younger of the ladies was in tears, and that the other was consoling her. This was enough to rouse a less sensitive person than the Crusader. He descended the wall rapidly ; and, approaching them, soon quieted the alarm which his sudden appearance had created, by explaining his name and rank, and offering his services to remove the cause of the lady's grief.

In some situations a few words suffice to inspire mutual confidence. The elder of the ladies explained to Sir Stephen that she was the attendant of the other, who was the daughter of Sir Baldwin de Courtenay, a celebrated leader, who had died soon after the first arrival of the Crusaders. He had, however, previously formed an union with an Armenian Christian, by whom he had the Lady Violetta. Soon after the birth of this child he had died, and the brother of his wife had taken charge of the poor lady and her infant. That infant had now ripened into womanhood, and her present grief was occasioned by her uncle's announcement that he had entered into a treaty of marriage for her with a leader of his own nation. This uncle was a man as well known to Sir Stephen as to all the other Christian leaders, and he had long been engaged in a traitorous correspondence with the besiegers. His name was Phirouz, and he was the head of the celebrated tribe of Benni Ferri, or the armour makers ; he had great weight among the people of his own persuasion, of whom there were many in Antioch. By intrigue and rapacity he had collected immense possessions ; and still, such was his avarice, that he left no means untried to increase his stores.

Sir Stephen was interested by the fate of the young lady. He already hated Phirouz, and he would have pitied any human being under the Armenian's control; but, when he saw how beautiful she was, and listened to the enchanting music of her voice, a softer sentiment prevailed, and he found that her form had made a deeper impression on him than any fair one had yet produced. As he was a man of few words and great honesty, he soon told her so. It is hardly necessary in these days, when the science of making love is so matured that our readers know all about it quite as well as we do, to describe the course of Sir Stephen's declaration, or the Lady Violetta's blushes and hesitations, and consent. The good Blanche, who, as all abigails in her place would be, was delighted at this occurrence, and at the prospect which it presented of getting free from the tyranny of Phirouz, did every thing in her power to encourage the lovers. They separated, with a promise on his part to renew his visit on the following evening. Several evenings passed in this manner, but not without Phirouz, whose servants were all spies upon each other, being apprised of the fact. One evening when the lovers were wandering through the luxuriant garden, Blanche remaining at a proper distance behind them, the head of the tribe of Benni made his appearance suddenly before them. Instead of reproaching Sir Stephen with having clandestinely entered his gardens, he professed the utmost delight at seeing him, and did not allude, unless when the curl on his lip betrayed the sarcasm which he dared not utter, to the manner of his introduction. This was by no means satisfactory to Sir Stephen. He knew that the Armenian must be displeased; and, although this did not disturb him a jot, he would not permit the appearance of deception to remain. He told him, shortly, that his intention was to thwart the plans he had laid for marrying his niece, because she had never seen her intended husband—because she suspected he was a Jew, and because she had plighted her affections to him (Sir Stephen).

All this Phirouz listened to with unmoved gravity ; he declined giving any reply to the Crusader's proposition as regarded his niece, because he said she could not yet know whether she loved him (the Lady Violetta's heart gave the lie to this) ; and he protested that he had no immediate intention of marrying her at all, and certainly none of marrying her against her inclination. Never was a speech which he who uttered, and they who heard it knew to be, from the beginning to the end, a falsehood, heard with more patience. After some further conversation Sir Stephen took his leave, with the understanding that his visits were to be as frequent as he chose, but not again over the garden wall.

Before parting, Violetta took an opportunity of assuring him, with great agitation, that she was sure her uncle had laid a plan for his destruction. There was something peculiar in his manner which they who were often with him always observed when one of his diabolical plans was on foot. She bade him be cautious, and promised that she would send a guide, on whom he might rely, to conduct him out of the city. He laughed at her fears, and bade her farewell.

Some few hundred paces from the house of Phirouz, he perceived a misshapen dwarf, who, approaching him, put into his hand a small casket, with a significant look. Sir Stephen opened it, and saw it was a portrait of Violetta. He concluded, therefore, this was the guide she had spoken of. He asked him if it were so ; the poor wretch opened his mouth in a manner which convinced Sir Stephen that he had lost his tongue. At the same time he made a sign that the knight should go on, and he preceded him at a rapid pace. This was faster than Sir Stephen liked to walk, and he would fain have slackened his speed once or twice ; but the gestures of the dwarf convinced him that there was some reason for his haste. It was now just nightfall when they reached a large Mosque. The dwarf looked anxiously at each pillar, as if expecting some one to start from them. He drew near the Crusader ; and, by a sudden spring at his neck, brought him down on one

knee. Before the knight could get his hand on his dagger he heard the twang of a cross-bow, and felt the quarrel whiz over his head. It occurred to him immediately that the dwarf had seen his danger, and had averted it; but, with the rapidity of lightning, he had disappeared. Sir Stephen saw his rush behind one of the large columns; he heard a struggle, and something fell heavily. The dwarf issued immediately from the pillar, holding a large poniard, from which the blood fell in large drops. He drew the knight a pace or two forward, and showed him, by one of the lamps, a man lying weltering in his blood. A significant glance at his poniard told that he had slain the fellow; and, as he pointed to the cross-bow, which had fallen from his hand, and to Phirouz' *insignia* embroidered on his vest, Sir Stephen guessed the reason. All this was the work of a moment; and the dwarf, without allowing Sir Stephen to stay, hurried him onward to the gate, where his esquires and his horses were waiting for him.

Sir Stephen reached the camp, burning with indignation against Phirouz, who he did not doubt was the contriver of this attempt against his life; and resolved to go the next day into Antioch, and fetch the Lady Violletta away in spite of the Armenian.

The morrow, however, brought other employment for him. A messenger had arrived the day before, with information that a splendid present of a silk tent, from one of the friendly Saracen potentates to Godfrey of Boulogne, the Christian leader, was on its way, and a guard had been ordered out to meet it. This duty fell upon Sir Stephen; but, as there was not the slightest probability that the truce could be broken, no thought of danger occurred to him, and he prepared to set out, postponing till the next day, but not therefore relaxing in, his intention of punishing the treachery of Phirouz. He had proceeded about half a league on his way to the point, at which he was to await the arrival of the Saracens, when, as he was riding slowly behind his troop, who were just entering a defile, his attention was arrested by something falling on his

casque. He looked up, and saw upon one of the branches of a tree, which overhung the road, the dwarf who had saved him on the preceding evening from assassination. There was an expression of alarm and anxiety in his countenance as he threw down, upon the knight's saddle bow, a rose branch, from which the leaves had all been plucked, with a sprig of aconite twisted round it. Sir Stephen had lived long enough in the East to know that this was a signal of some danger at hand: he looked again, but the dwarf had disappeared. He had fifteen chosen men of his own troop with him, and he cared little for any danger he was likely to meet with; but even the caution which the dwarf's threat had at first inspired him with, was wholly removed, when he reached the appointed spot without accident. He halted his men, and awaited the coming of the Saracens. The sun was almost intolerably scorching, and the tired soldiers had dismounted and unbuckled their armour, and were talking beside the fountain. On a sudden a noise was heard, and, before half of them could leap on their horses, they were attacked by a large body of Saracens, issuing from the wood at their backs. The Christians made such defence as they could, but it was in vain: if they had been prepared, they must have fallen under the onset of such numbers as now attacked them. Sir Stephen had dismounted, but had not divested himself of his armour. He performed prodigies of valour, and many of the Saracens fell beneath his ponderous mace. At length a bolt struck him, and he fell. The fight was immediately at an end; the Christians, such of them as could, took to instant flight; and the Saracens drew off without plundering the slain, as was their usual practice.

An hour had elapsed since the fight, and the Saracens had disappeared from the field, when the dwarf appeared, searching anxiously among the slain. At length he found the body of Sir Stephen, and having, with great difficulty, disencumbered it of the crowd of corpses around, he drew it out to another part of the plain, and placed it at the foot of a tree. He ascertained that





Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by J. Goodbear.

THE CRUSADER.

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life was not extinct, and proceeded to staunch the wounds, and to pour down the Crusader's throat a balsam which he drew from his vest. At length his cares were rewarded, and the knight opened his eyes. The dwarf made a sign to him to be silent; and, placing him in as convenient a posture as was possible, he hastened across the plain.

The Lady Violetta knew Phirouz, who never forgave any one who thwarted his plans, and was convinced that he had resolved upon the knight's death. The poor dumb creature, whom she had made use of to protect her lover from the attack of the assassin, had also enabled her to learn the nature of Phirouz' other plan. He had procured, by means of intrigue, that Sir Stephen should be sent to meet the escort, which he had made it believed would arrive a day earlier than he knew it could be at the appointed spot; and had planned the attack upon him by a band of Saracens whom he held in pay. The attempt of the dwarf to apprise him is already known. When the Lady Violetta heard that Sir Stephen was gone forth, she knew there was little chance of his escaping the plot that had been laid for him; and she preferred any danger to remaining longer under the controul of Phirouz. It was not difficult to persuade Blanche to accompany her, and, conducted by the dwarf, they reached a chapel in the neighbourhood of the fatal spot. Here the dwarf left them, until he had found Sir Stephen; and, as soon as he had restored him to consciousness, he ran back to apprise them of his success, and seek the necessary succour.

With anxious and trembling steps the Lady Violetta hurried to the spot which the dwarf had pointed out, where a scene of horror and carnage met her eyes. At any other time such a sight would have made her blood curdle; but such was now her eagerness to find Sir Stephen, that she scarcely observed it. Seated on the grass, and his back supported by the trunk of a tree, the exhausted Crusader reclined. His eyes were closed, and his relaxed limbs gave him all the appearance of being dead. In his right hand he held the miniature

which Violetta had sent him ; and this proof of his affection, in the very moment of death, excited a violent passion of grief in the lady. Her feelings overpowered her, and she sank into Blanche's arms. Soon, however, recovering herself, she knelt by the side of the wounded knight, and watched, with the deepest anxiety, his slow and painful breathing, not daring to utter a word, which might rouse him, and perhaps add to the exhaustion under which he was suffering.

A very short time had elapsed before the dwarf returned. He had met upon the road some of Sir Stephen's troop, whom the news had reached, and who had come out to rescue their master's body ; for of saving his life they had no hope. A litter was quickly formed, and the knight was borne back to his quarters. The Lady Violetta, overcoming the timidity of her temper, demanded an interview with Godfrey of Boulogne, to whom she related her disastrous history, and who immediately granted her his protection. The knight's wounds were not dangerous, and he was soon able to claim his bride. The marriage festival was celebrated with great pomp, in the presence of the assembled army ; when, just as Sir Stephen was leading his bride from the altar, a blow was struck at him by an unknown man, who had mingled with the soldiers, and who had thus approached very near. But for the dwarf the blow would have taken place ; but he, catching the fellow's arm with one hand, held him by the throat with the other, until he was secured by the soldiers. He confessed that Phirouz was his employer ; and added, that he had sworn the death of Sir Stephen. This vow was ill kept, for in the course of the following week an attack was made on Antioch ; Sir Stephen's soldiers remembering their master's obligations to Phirouz, directed their assault to the quarter in which he commanded ; and he was soon found and slain. Sir Stephen, tired of the Crusade, carried his bride home to his domain, in the fruitful province of Burgundy ; where he lived for the rest of his days as happily, and as quietly, as the feudal institutions would permit.

— ' And these

Were "gentle SHAKSPEARE'S" features; this the eye
Whence Earth's least earthly mind looked out, and
flashed

Amazement on the nations; this the brow
Where lofty thought majestically brooded,
Seated as on a throne; and these the lips
That warbled music stolen from heaven's own choir
When seraph-harps rang sweetest. But I tempt
A theme too high, and mount like Icarus,
On wings that melt before the blaze they worship.
Alas! my hand is weak, my lyre is wild!
Else should the eye, whose wondering gaze is fixed
Upon this *breathing bust*, awaken strains
Lofty as those the glance of Phœbus struck
From Memnon's ruined statue: the rapt soul
Should breathe in numbers, and in dulcet notes
"Discourse most eloquent music."

The principal part of the second volume consists of dramas; not intended for representation, but so constructed as to describe some passionate incidents with all the force and poetry that belong properly to the drama. The author makes an ingenious and satisfactory apology for the manner of his compositions; and, anticipating them, answers all the objections that can be suggested. These dramas are three in number, and it is difficult to say which of them is the most excellent and delightful. The last is on the subject of Antiochus, son of Demetrius, who became enamoured of Stratonice, the betrothed of his father. He pined with hopeless passion; and his physician, having discovered the cause of his malady, had the courage and address to induce the king to give up his intended bride. He tells the monarch that his son is in love, and that the object of his affection is his (the physician's) wife. The king immediately entreats him to give up his wife for the purpose of saving the prince's life. The physician remonstrates; asks if, supposing their places to be changed, the king would do so. He replies that he

would ; the truth is then disclosed, and the magnanimous parent sacrifices his passion to the preservation of his son. Mr. Neele has made some judicious departures from the original story, and has increased the interest of the subject to an intense degree.

Antiochus discloses to Stratonice his passion for her, when he believes he is at the point of death :

‘ Dear Stratonice !

I love thee ! Do not start—for I am fleeting
Fast to the silent mansions of my fathers,
And all that’s gross and guilty in that love
Is separating from it, as the dross
Parts from the melting ore. Soon, soon, ’twill be
The sinless passion of a guardian spirit,
Blessing and hovering round thee. When thy presence
First cheer’d our city, how the welkin echoed
Th’ applause of myriads ! how the air was peopled
With praises of thy charms ! I spake no word—
Inferior joys live but by utterance,
But rapture is born dumb. I loved thee then,
And felt my heart’s change, which had seemed before
A treasury of waste affections—flowers
Run wild and withering. But then my soul
Glow’d, like an altar which has long been piled
For worship, when the sacred fire at once
Descends and kindles it. And need I tell
The sorrowful sequel ? Need I paint my heart
When first I knew my father’s destined bride ?
Thou know’st that, with the many, grief soon heals,
And Love full often, like a peevish child,
Sleeps while its tears are wet. But thou behold’st
The thing I am. This ’tis to love as I
Have loved, and love thee still, Stratonice,
And must till death. This ’tis to let the heart
Be fed on by wild hopes, which, like the bee,
Murmur their treacherous songs, while they are rifling
All the flower’s sweetness.’

The third scene commences with a soliloquy, which is replete with beauty and passion. In the silence of

night the love-stricken boy opens his casement, and utters the complaint of his heart in the following strain of rich and passionate poetry :

' Oh ! night, night, night—beautiful, matchless night !
 Thy charms are all divine, far, far beyond
 The gaudy glare of day ; and ye, fair stars,
 Soft, silent, bright, how beautiful are you,
 Ye gorgeous wanderers through the pathless skies,
 Conducting heaven's own light to our dim sphere,
 And from your bountiful and shining urns
 Raining the happy night-dews down on earth,
 Till her full cup o'erflows with blessedness !
 Beautiful ! beautiful ! Morn's orient hues
 (The dewy morn, which, like a new-born babe,
 Visits our world in tears ;)—noon's purple pomp,
 When the day-god rides highest, and his steeds
 Shake from their bright manes light ineffable ;
 And evening, so adorn'd with loveliness,
 That Phœbus yields to her ; yet, ere he parts,
 Prints on her lovely cheek a kiss so warm,
 That the deep blush is long seen mantling there
 After his flight is ta'en : all, all of these
 Sink into insignificance, compared
 With this—this gathering of the world's, this harvest
 Ripe with immortal light, in lines of gold
 Waving through heaven's wide field. Yes, ye bright orbs,
 Even to the ignorant eye ye seem divine ;
 But how much more to his, who in you sees
 The glittering links of that resplendent chain
 Which fate has drawn around our world to bind
 The destinies of man. Alas ! in vain
 I read, with anxious eye, your page for aught
 That tells of love, or of Stratonicæ :
 Still ye speak peace and softness, and my mind
 Feels your sweet influence, like a lake, whose bosom
 By day reflects nought but the hurrying clouds
 Driven by unruly winds, yet now is filled with
 The calm, bright images which ye impress
 Upon its tranquil mirror. My wild harp !

Thou hast hung mute and idle long, and if
 Now tempted by this holy silent hour
 Once more I wake thee, mournful must the strain be ;
 For I have strung thy warbling wires so oft
 To notes of woe, that mirth's vain melodies
 Finds no vibration there.

[Plays on his harp, and chants the following lines.]

Oh! Time is like a river, gliding
 Away—away!
 And in its gloomy billows hiding
 Joys bright as day;
 And with its restless current wearing
 Man's heart to clay;
 And life's best hopes, like base weeds, bearing
 Away—away!
 And Life is like a dew-drop, smiling
 For one short hour;
 With fair and glittering show beguiling,
 Yet sun and shower
 O'er its frail essence each prevailing,
 Shorten its stay;
 Tremulous, restless, and exhaling
 Away—away!
 And I, a tree by lightning stricken,
 Am sinking fast;
 Sorrows, like clouds, around me thicken,
 T' o'erwhelm at last;
 Past joys are like dead branches, aiding
 Their root's decay;
 And hopes long loved, like sear'd leaves, fading
 Away—away!

At the end of the volume are a few occasional poems, among which are scattered some 'gems of purest ray serene.' The address to the Rhone, which was written under the immediate inspiration of the first sight of that majestic stream, is extremely happy:

'Rush on, rush on, heaven-tinted Rhone!
 Ye deep-blue waves, rush on, rush on!

O'er many a weary league I've past
To gaze upon thy face at last ;
And many a league must traverse still,
By spreading main and soaring hill,
Ere aught th' enraptur'd eye shall see
So bright, so blue, save heav'n and thee !

' Child of the Alps ! loveliest of all
The streams that down their steep sides fall,
The heav'n so near thy nursing place
Has left its brightness on thy face,
And earth, exulting in her guest,
Gath'ring her noblest and her best
Of lake, mead, mountain, wood, has thrown
All o'er thy path, majestic Rhone !

' Sweet stream ! born midst th' eternal hills,
The brightest of a thousand rills ;
Heav'n still reflected in thy face,
What course soe'er thy swift waves trace ;
And still to th' unfathom'd sea
Speeding, methinks, I read in thee,
And thy blue waters, as they roll,
An emblem of the human soul.

' Like thee, a thing whose source is found
Far, far above terrestrial ground ;
Like thee, it ne'er should, while on earth,
Lose all the splendour of its birth ;
But ever bear upon its breast
Celestial images imprest :
Till mingled with th' illimitable sea,
The swelling ocean of Eternity !'

There is a finely romantic spirit in the following 'Incantation,' supposed to be chanted by the magician, Cornelius Agrippa, when he showed, in his magic mirror, the bodily form of the Lady Geraldine to her lover, Lord Surrey :

' Spirit, sweet spirit, who dost dwell
In the loveliest, fairest shell,

E'er was form'd of mortal clay,
 Hear my spell, and come away !
 Come and bless thy lover's eyes,
 Come and stay his bursting sighs,
 Come, though ocean rolls between ye,
 Come, though mountains rise to screen thee,
 Come, though nature's laws say nay,
 Hear my spell, and come away !

' Spirit, sweet spirit, while I speak,
 My potent art its charm doth wreak
 On thy limbs and o'er thy eyes,
 Rapt in sleep thy body lies,
 Whilst thou rid'st the viewless air,
 O'er turrets, rocks, and woodlands fair,
 And when thou return'st, a dream,
 All that thou hast seen shall seem,
 Then haste thee, haste, make no delay,
 Hear my spell, and come away !

' By the hidden things of earth,
 Form'd before the Mammoth's birth ;
 By the secrets of the deep,
 O'er which th' unfathom'd waters sweep ;
 By the stars, whose lamps on high
 Shew things to come to mortal eye ;
 By the name which spirits obey,
 Unutt'able by lips of clay,
 Haste thee, haste, make no delay,
 Hear my spell, and come away !

We must tear ourselves from this subject, which our regard for the author, as well as our opinion of his talents, would induce us to dwell upon ; but we cannot do so without bearing our impartial testimony to his merit. He has, in the poems before us, shown himself a master in the style of composition which he has essayed. He has done quite enough to induce us to think that he can do much more ; and, in the hope that we shall soon see him putting forth, in a more important form, his claim to the public applause, we, for the present, bid him heartily farewell.



MORE MORNINGS AT BOW STREET.

WHETHER 'Wisdom crieth out in the streets,' some persons may doubt; but that fun and humour abound no one can question who has read the 'Mornings at Bow Street.' The very ingenious author, encouraged by the success which his former volume met with, has just prepared another, containing his subsequent collections. Some most appropriate designs, by Mr. George Cruikshank, accompany it; and both the artist and the author have fully kept up to the public estimate of their merits in this new production.

There is nothing which proves a man's talent more satisfactorily, on whatever subject it may be exerted, than his being able to give to a trite and every-day matter an interest and originality which shall entitle it to general attention. This Mr. Wight has done in a very distinguished manner. Police Reports are usually as dull and as vulgar as the affairs to which

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they relate; they commonly fall into the hands of persons who are qualified for no better exertions, and form the least satisfactory part of all the arrangements of the public press. Mr. Wight, however, being, as he has proved himself, very much superior to the generality of his *collaborateurs* in knowledge and intelligence, possesses also a very keen sense of the ridiculous, a perfect taste for humour, and a most happy style of describing the odd scenes which have come under his observation.

It is a pity for his readers that he has fallen upon evil days. The improvements which have taken place in the police within the last half century and upwards have abolished some of its most ridiculous features; and now nothing is humorous or absurd but the offenders. Time was, when the magistrates and their officers would have formed no less fit subjects for Mr. Wight's pencil. Now, magistrates are only very stupid, and pompous, and indolent—with the exception of Sir Richard Birnie, who has a smack of the elder school. He, however, in all points of view, forms a contrast to the magistracy of the metropolis; his want of education and breeding, the natural consequences of his former calling, and of his place in society, would now effectually prevent him from holding any office whatever; and, but that he has experience and the Scotch spirit of obsequiousness and pertinacity, it would be difficult to imagine what has placed him in the employment he holds. The common run of police magistrates are gentlemen, persons of some education, a little knowledge of law, (as by a recent regulation they must have been called to the bar,) and a little influence. They are, however, not persons capable of distinguishing themselves, or they would not submit to such an occupation, but are generally men who have found their professional hopes disappointed; and therefore gladly undertake, as a *pis aller*, the laborious idleness and the moderate emoluments which a chair in a police office affords them.

This change has abridged the field of Mr. Wight's

exertions. The modern magistrate has no more feature or character than a well-worn shilling; the former magistrate was usually a profligate ignorant rogue, who made up by exactions from all who came before him—the robbers and the robbed—such emoluments as he thought his virtue and his exertions entitled him to. We can imagine that, with such characters to depict, the ‘Mornings at Bow Street’ would have contained some fine and biting satire, which is now necessarily excluded; but then, the odds are, that if the author had published such a work at such a time, his mouth would have been stopped, as Fielding’s was, by being himself made a police magistrate.

Of such materials as were before him Mr. Wight has made the most. He has sketched, in the broad vigorous style of true caricature, the fooleries and whimsicalities of the people of this strange city, who are, notwithstanding all that foreigners say of their phlegm and gravity, to our thinking, the most humorous people under the sun. The pure cockney, in all the nakedness of drink, is exhibited to the life; the domiciliated Irishman, or, as he is called by the author, ‘the green islander,’ is made to utter his own unsophisticated blarney; the gentleman, and would-be gentleman, ‘bemused in beer,’ the nameless creatures that fill the streets when all that is decent and orderly are in their beds; thieves, cheats, and gulls, make up the motley group. A strong and indignant spirit of sarcasm prevails, and censure is dealt unsparingly where it is deserved; and yet, notwithstanding the difficult nature of some of the subjects, the author has displayed so much tact and delicacy, that the whole work does not contain one offensive expression, or excite one impure idea, or exhibit vice in any but her most repulsive and odious forms.

Some of the funniest scenes in the volume are those in which Irish men and Irish women are the actors. There is such a mixture of whim and folly and cunning in all that the lower orders (and perhaps it might also be said the higher ones to) of Irish people do, that they

are themselves full of ready-made ridicule ; and, like the picture of a monkey, which is always a caricature, you have nothing to do but to put it in action, and make it a satire. One of the happiest of Mr. Wight's Irish sketches is entitled

MICHAEL IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.

'Messrs. Michael Brien and Callaghan M'Carty presented themselves before the magistrate, begging that he would be pleased to settle matters between them ; they having battered and bruised each other until they were quite tired, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

"An plaze your honour," said Mr. Callaghan M'Carty, "this one alongside o' me is Mykle Brien, the father-in-law to me, becaze I married the daughter of him, Norah Brien that *was*, but Mrs. M'Carty that *is*—now she's me own lawful wife, long life to her ! for she isn't the likes of him at all, nor like to be, plaze God, but paceable an quiet—barrin a shmall dthrop onst in the twelve months, in regard of St. Pathrick, or a thrifle that away, and the very pathern of her ould mother, plaze your honour. An last night, plaze your honour, Mykle Brien wallop'd the ould woman, and she run'd out of his place and cum'd into mine, and we tuck her into't, and giv'd her a dthrink o' beer to wet her sorrow, for she's ould and hardly dealt by, the cratur ! an a bit afther comes Mykle Brien hisself, wi' th' dthrink in his head and the vingeance in his heart agin her ; an 'Where is the ould divel ?' says he to me through the keyhole, for meself made the door fast as he shouldn't come into't. An 'Get along wid ye paceably, Mykle Brien,' says I ; 'sorrow a bit I'll let ye into it this night at all !' says I. 'Divel burn ye to keep me out of it, and me own lawful wife in it this blessed time !' says he. 'Be aisy, Michael,' says I ; but plaze your honour he wouldn't, for he cum'd in at the windy the wrong ind foremost—savin' your honour's prisince ; for sure he cum'd in wid his behind before, mighty ondasint, in regard of the throwers wantin

mindin; and I tuck the blow-bellis out o' th' corner and fitch'd him a clane slap wi' th' broad of 'em upon his wrong ind, to knock him out of the windy agin, into th' sthreet; but he roul'd innert instid—right across the table; an the beer, an the backy, an the little bits o' tay-tackle, was all upset—an 'Where is the ould divel?' says Mykle. But he couldn't see her at all, in regard of the big taty-kittle she clapp'd over his head to shut up his eyes, for fear he'd be afther wallop'in' her agin. 'Be aisy, Mykle,' says I, but he wouldn't, for he blasphamed desperit bad inside the taty-kittle, though Corny Keogh, his wife's sister's second cousin, larrup'd the top of it wid a saw he had to make him aisy, an meself wattling him wid the blow-bellis at the t'other ind; but he wouldn't be aisy at all for us, plaze your honour, like a world's rogue as he is! Thinn the neighbours cum'd in to keep the pace, an divel a bit of pace there was in it, but a great skrimmage; and at last Mykle twisted his faytures out o' the taty-kittle, and tuck the blow-bellis clane away from meself; an, by the Powers! he gives me a mighty swate clout on me head wid 'em. Och! but me own place spinn'd round me like a windy-mill wid the stunnin of the clout I got from him!"

"Then the fact is, he broke your head?" said the impatient magistrate.

"Nat altogether, your honour," replied Mr. Callaghan M'Carty, "or meself wouldn't be here spaking may be; but he left his *mark* upon me." This "*mark*," a lump about the size of half a cricket ball, on the very top of his head, he pointed out to his worship's notice; and then he concluded his case by stating, that, before he had time to "return the compliment," the watchmen came in and "broke up the skrimmage," by driving Mykle and the neighbours home to bed; and therefore he and Mykle met, next morning, "cool and comfortable," and agreed to "take the *law* upon each other;"—in furtherance of which agreement they had now waited upon his worship.

'It was now Mykle's turn to *spake*. Poor Mykle

seemed to have come off second best in the skirmish; for, over and above the wattle inflicted upon his *wrong* end, his whole countenance was so bruised and swollen that it looked more like a ripe melon than any thing else. "And bad luck to yur blow-bellis, and yur taty-kittle!" he began, at the same time looking any thing but *cool* and *comfortable* towards Mr. Callaghan M'Carty; "bad luck to yur blow-bellis, and yur taty-kittle, for its meself won't be able to sit in pace this fortnight by reason of the wattle I got from ye on my sate; but I never seen betther of ye than just a graat big blaggard! Your wurtchip, the ould woman's a bad ould woman, and dthinks more than she harns; though she takes a bushel o' fruit into the sthreet every day, and brings none of it back to spake of; and its bekase I loves the ould cratur above all the world that I larrups her now and then, and can't bear to see the mother of thirteen childer taking dthrops in a gin-shop when she's got a good husband at home in her own place; so if I didn't love her, I wouldn't be afther larruping her at all, but let her roul about in the kennel like a dthrunken baste instead; and what for is it that 'Carty locks her up from me? Sure I'd all the right in the world to go in afther her, and I did; and I was smashed all to pieces among 'em, with bellises and taty-kittles, plaze your wurtchip, as your wurtchip may persave; for Corny Keogh clouted the taty-kittle not half so much as he clouted my shoulders; and when—"

"I will hear no more of this stupid nonsense!" said the magistrate; "go along about your business, and if you dare to break the peace again I will hold the whole gang of you to bail."

"That's jest what we want!" cried Mr. Callaghan M'Carty. "Indeed an it is, yur wurtchip!" cried Mr. Mykle Brien; but the officers showed them the door, and "the divel a bit of law" they got to bless themselves with!

But it must not be imagined that the author's powers are confined to the ridiculous; on the contrary, he treats a melancholy subject (and such unhappily abound

in the walks he has chosen to tread) with a pathos and simplicity which are not inferior, in point of merit, to his more mirthful attempts. The following sketch is an admirable proof of his success in this style :

POVERTY AND DESPAIR.

‘ A poor, and apparently half-famished, old man, of diminutive stature, was brought before the magistrate by Dallas the street-keeper of St. Mary-le-Strand, who had taken him into custody under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

‘ Dallas had observed the poor old creature earnestly engaged in whetting a worn-out pen-knife on the boards under the gateway of Swan Yard, opposite Somerset House. There was something so strangely agitated in his manner of doing this, that the attention of the officer was attracted, and, walking to a little distance, he continued to watch him unobserved. Several times the old man ceased from the operation of whetting, to feel the edge and point of his knife; and at length, turning to the wall, he muttered a few words, and suddenly plunged the knife twice into his throat. The officer immediately ran up, and, seizing his hand, endeavoured to wrest the knife from him. The old man struggled violently to repeat his blow; but the officer succeeded in preventing him. Feeble as he was, however, he grasped the knife so firmly, that it was with difficulty it was taken from him. The blood was now flowing profusely from the wounds he had given himself, and he appeared dreadfully exhausted. Dallas immediately carried him to a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who dressed his wounds. There were two deep incisions, but neither of them mortal. These having been dressed, he was taken before the overseer of the parish, who bountifully gave him a whole shilling, and directed that he should be carried before the magistrate in the evening. In the interim, Dallas, with a humanity not often found in persons of his description, took him home to his own house, instead of the watch-house; and, to use his own words, he there fed and comforted the poor old

creature with the best he had. During his repast the old man informed him that he was a native of America ; that he left that country forty years ago, and had spent the last twenty-nine years as a seaman in the British service ; but, becoming past further labour, he was turned adrift some few months ago, and since then had been gradually starving in and about Plymouth : that he had strolled up to London, with the hope of being sent home by the American Ambassador : but that gentleman could do nothing for him, because he had served in the British navy ; and after wandering about the streets for two or three days and nights, without either food or lodging, he had made up his mind to end his life and his miseries together.

‘ Whilst the officer was relating these circumstances to the magistrate, the old man appeared totally unconscious of what was going on : he stood gazing upon the floor in melancholy abstraction ; and it was not until the magistrate had spoken to him several times, and elevated his voice considerably, that he lifted up his face to reply.

‘ The magistrate asked—“ Is it possible that you seriously intended to destroy yourself ? ”

‘ The old man regarded him in silence for nearly a minute ; and then, in a voice scarcely audible, he replied :—“ Why should I live ?—I am sixty-one years of age—I am forgotten by every body—I can labour no longer—and I am starving in these wearisome streets. I have asked *three* people to-day for food, or the means to purchase some, and they have passed me unheeded ; and I have not tasted any thing since nine o’clock yesterday morning, till this good man gave me something this afternoon.—Old, and poor, and forgotten, as I am, why should I live ?—I have no home, no country, no friends ; I am full of pain and misery, and why should I live ? ”

‘ The magistrate pointed out to him the wickedness of self-destruction. The old man shook his head and sighed.

‘ In answer to the interrogations which were after-

wards put to him, he stated that his name was George Bailey, and that he was a native of Norfolk, in Virginia; that he left America in the year 1781, and went to France, where he resided till the year 1793; that he then, in order to avoid the conscription, entered as a volunteer on board a French privateer, the *Phæton*, in which vessel he was taken prisoner by the—— sloop of war, and transferred to the British service; in which he had remained ever since; sometimes in the merchant service, and sometimes in the royal navy. The books at Somerset House, he said, would show the truth of his statement, as he could name every vessel he had served in.

‘The magistrate told him he could do nothing for him except sending him to gaol for a short period, and when that expired he would be as bad off as ever.’

‘The old man gazed intently on the magistrate for a few seconds, placed his hand upon his side, which appeared to give him great pain, and replied—“I hope not, sir,—my sufferings will soon be over—I shan’t trouble any body much longer.”’

“Do you wish to be sent to gaol?” said the magistrate.

“Any where,” replied the friendless one; “send me any where out of these long wearisome streets—send me any where, so I can but die in peace, and I will bless you for it! It is horrible to wander about these noisy streets hour after hour, and day after day, begging in vain for a bit of bread, and lying down at nights amongst wet straw and rotten leaves, all sick, and faint, and hungry, and full of pains. Oh, send me any where out of the *streets*, sir!”

‘The miserable man uttered this with such pathos, that every person in the office was moved, some even to tears; and the magistrate directed that he should be taken to Tothill Field’s Bridewell, there to remain until something could be done for him.’

If it be any satisfaction to an author to find that his example has produced many imitators, this pleasure is Mr. Wight’s; for not only do the police reporters of

this country attempt to emulate his style, although, it must be confessed, with no very happy success : but, in France, a separate newspaper has lately been started for the express purpose of conveying information as to the proceedings in courts of justice ; and all the numbers we have yet seen of the ‘ Gazette des Tribunaux ’ have been a palpable imitation of the style of the ‘ Mornings at Bow Street.’ Whether it be for lack of kindred talent in the *Redacteur* of that Gazette, or that there is less *materiel* in the people of the French metropolis, we do not pretend to say ; but it is quite clear that the ‘ Gazette des Tribunaux ’ is only a sorry imitation of Mr. Wight’s labours.

The praise due to the volume before us is, however, to be divided. Mr. George Cruikshank’s claim to it is equal to the author’s. He has seized, with so apt and ingenious a spirit, the points of the various narratives which appeared fit for illustration, and has executed them with so much force, originality, and skill, as can hardly, we think, be equalled by any other artist of the present day. His drawings are by no means caricatures ; they are perfectly finished, and that too with extraordinary neatness and delicacy ; and they also represent the scenes or the subjects to which they relate in the most striking manner possible. There is mind and invention in every one of them ; and, in some of them, as much wit as a pencil can convey. How much that is we do not stop to inquire. No one doubts that Hogarth possessed this power ; and, if any one doubts that George Cruikshank has some of the same quality, let him look at the cut at the beginning of this Number, and then—if he can for laughing—give us reasons for his opinion. The story to which it relates is called in the volume ‘ How to discharge a Waiter.’

In some of his designs are contained a graphic pun, sometimes a series of puns. For example, there is a story in the book of a married couple, who fought soon after they had received the blessings of Hymen. The manner in which Mr. Cruikshank has treated this

subject is by a tail piece, in which two little loves are setting-to in a *ring*.



In short, to all who have a taste for humour and fun—to all who love excellent drawings, original conceptions, and admirable wood-cuts—'More Mornings at Bow Street' will furnish a rich and rare treat; and, as they will be out in a few days, we exhort our readers most earnestly to lose no time in furnishing themselves with this very agreeable and mirth-inspiring production. The following tail-piece is to illustrate the adventures of some *flying dustmen*.



STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Eve closes o'er as fair a scene
 As mortal eye might wish to greet ;
 The world of waters spreads serene,
 And murmurs music wild and sweet.
 I wander on the darkening shore,
 The harmless waves my pathway sweep—
 One lonely sail skims distant o'er
 The surface of the eternal deep.

Oh God ! how beautiful ! how grand
 The wonders of this solitude !
 How, at the still, yet stern command
 The spirit bows, becalmed—subdued !
 How exultation sinks to rest ;
 How passion dies before the spell ;
 How *human* feelings fly the breast ;
 And tears, nor joys, nor sorrows, swell.

And this, indeed, were bliss to me,
 If one fair hand were pressed in mine—
 Thou star that shin'st in memory,
 When all beside have ceased to shine ;
 Even here thy calm and lovely light,
 Where all to me is strange and wild,
 Still holds its influence pure and bright,
 By change and wonder unbeguiled.

No, no, though all of loveliness
 Where'er it turns, allures the eye,
 It cannot make thy beauty less,
 Nor wake one faithless smile or sigh.
 With one bright hue too deeply dyed,
 By others e'er controlled to be,
 This heart all themes of joy beside,
 Tints with the passioned thought of *thee*.

GIULIO.

OENA AND RYA.

TRANSLATED FROM A PERSIAN POEM.

MOTAMER, a noted Arabian chief, repaired one evening to the tomb of the Prophet. Scarcely had he engaged in his pious meditations ere a deep sigh sounded in his ear; and, listening attentively, he heard a voice utter this affecting lamentation:—‘By what grief art thou touched, oh, my heart! in this mournful night? What unsupportable weight oppresses thee? Is it the voice of the nightingale, that, filling the air with the notes of grief, makes thee beat so violently? Oh! is it not rather, that the friend of thy soul is preparing to leave thee in the obscurity of night—is not this announced to thee by these ominous forebodings? O night! whence thy cruel tardiness? Has then the firmament become motionless? Has the day-star wandered from its appointed path? Why does not the song of morning arise in its gladness? Why slumbers the voice of the Muezzim on the height of the holy minaret? Alas! I have not a friend over whom to shed my tears!’

Suppressed by sighs, the voice of the unfortunate was hushed, and a deep silence reigned around. Motamer, who had remained motionless in his place, lamented that he had neglected to profit by the voice of this child of grief, to guide him through the darkness, to the spot where he was, that he might offer consolation, or at least share his sorrows; when the plaintive voice was again audible, expressing, in the most passionate language, the pains and distresses of love.

The tender Arab did not suffer this opportunity to pass unimproved, and he gently advanced towards the side whence the lamentation proceeded. The moon, which, at this instant, emerged from behind a cloud, beamed on a youth of exquisite beauty, in the pensive attitude of melancholy: his brow, of dazzling whiteness, reflected mild lustre, and his locks of waving hair, partly shading his graceful figure, resembled the

hyacinth, floating over a tuft of lilies. His cheeks were washed with tears.

‘Child of misfortune!’ said Motamer to him, soothingly, ‘tell me, I entreat thee, what tribe is ennobled by thy origin? Tell me thy name, and freely pour thy griefs into my bosom, which already feels attracted towards thee by the tenderest sympathy.’ ‘It was amongst the Ansarites,’ replied the young man, in a faint and languid voice, ‘that I first drew my breath: my name is Oena; and if, as thou sayest, an interest in my fate is awakened within thy heart, rest near me: I feel that it will be a relief to me to confide the cause of my woes to thee. Yesterday, at daybreak, I visited the Mosque of Ehزاب. My soul expanding with holy enthusiasm, I paid to the Creator and his Prophet the vows of a sincere and fervent heart: having performed all the sacred rites of prayer, I bent my steps towards a little wood of palm-trees.

‘There, surrendering myself to the pleasing dreams inspired in the soul by the gentle slumber of nature, I perceived a group of light and slender nymphs, who, bounding like young gazelles, advanced towards me. The most precious pearls hung from their ears; superb collars encircled their lovely throats; their long robes, gracefully flowing, exhaled celestial perfume, and their falling footsteps made the heart exult. But one of them, particularly, was of angelic beauty; an inexpressible charm was spread over her; she shone resplendent in the midst of her companions, as a Peri surrounded by simple mortals. Her fascinating smile intoxicated the senses.

‘Suddenly advancing before the others, she approached me alone, and, bending over me, uttered these gentle words:—“Oena, wilt thou yet longer suffer this perishing heart to languish?” With the swiftness of lightning she disappeared! Alas! she has kindled in my bosom a devouring fire, and, as a light vapour, has vanished without leaving a trace behind. Her name and her residence are alike a mystery to me. Since that moment I have been a stranger to repose; and, in

the grief that torments me, I had come hither to implore the Prophet to remove from my bosom the languor that possesses it. Vain delusion !' Oena here sighed bitterly ; and, after a short interval, cried out aloud—' Yes, beloved object, how great soever may be the distance that separates us, my heart is united to thine by an indissoluble tie. The material body is indeed subject to separation, but the living soul that animates it, notwithstanding distance, beholds thee in the ardent glance of contemplation ! Regard the burning flame that devours me, and restore tranquillity to the heart which thou hast plunged in the deepest affliction. Return ; for, without thee, paradise, with its eternal felicities, would be to me but a dwelling of enduring despair !'

' What language has just past thy lips, young madman ?' said Motamer, in a tone of reproof ; ' can the love of a created being blind thy eyes with such ingratitude towards the Most High, as to cause thee to despise the pure and everlasting delight of that abode where his chosen will dwell for ever ? Renounce, I entreat thee, this fatal passion ; and restrain, a little, the dominion of thy senses.' ' O stranger to the invincible power of love,' replied Oena, ' thou knowest not that the heart wherein it has struck deepest root, should it gather of the fruit but grief and tears only, would rebel against heaven itself, rather than extirpate it. The musk will in time lose its scent ; the ruby its colour ; the earth its stability ; but thy remembrance, O my beloved ! will never be effaced from my soul !'

Motamer, affected by his pitiable state, spent the rest of the night in offering him consolation ; and, when the stars of heaven began to fade, together they directed their steps to the Mosque of Ehزاب.

A gentle breeze lightly bent the tops of the lofty palm-trees, and they had scarcely entered their shade ere they perceived advancing towards them the same group of damsels who had attracted the attention of Oena on the previous morning. But, alas ! their

beautiful companion was no longer amongst them: the stars were yet twinkling, but the moon had withdrawn her radiance. 'The beloved of thy heart has left us,' they said to Oena, meeting him: 'she adorns with her beauty a distant abode; towards the tribe of the children of Selim her graceful steps are directed: too fortunate tribe to possess so many charms! Before her departure she, however, confided to us her secret; we have read the contents of that desolate heart where love has imprinted grief and despair in indelible characters. She is named Rya, from the freshness of her complexion, which surpasses the brilliancy of flowers; and the sweetness of her breath more fragrant than the odour of the rose.' Oena, at this beloved name, was ready to sink beneath the weight of conflicting emotions that darkened his bosom.

'Why, O young man, these tokens of weakness, at the very instant when the invigorating beam of hope casts its consoling ray over you. Have you not learned the name of your beloved, and the tribe to which she belongs? And I pledge myself, if you have not deceived me by false appearances, not to lose sight of you till I have seen you united to this beloved object: fortune and influence shall both be employed on your behalf.'

He then tendered him his hand in token of friendship, and they proceeded together to the assembly of the Ansarites, where the chiefs and great men sat in consultation. Motamer interrogated them respecting the young man, and inquired if he were deserving of their esteem. 'They agreed unanimously in their praises of him. 'His virtues,' they exclaimed, 'like a brilliant lamp, reflect the greatest lustre upon us: in every heart is he an object of affectionate solicitude.'

'You will not then,' said Motamer, 'refuse him your support in the painful circumstances in which he is placed, and which he fears to impart to you. The victim of an ardent attachment for the young Rya, a fair flower of the tribe of the children of Selim, the

unfortunate will be reduced to despair, if you refuse to join me in exertions to obtain the hand of this beauty from her father for him.'

At this proposition several of the Ansarites rose, and offered to accompany Motamer and Oena to the tribe of the children of Selim; and prepared their camels for the journey.

After a long and fatiguing route across the desert, they entered at length the desired territory. The father of Rya, being apprized of the arrival of the strangers, received them in the most amiable manner. Rich carpets were immediately prepared for his guests, and the mats of hospitality were unrolled, and spread with an abundance of the choicest meats.

'O thou, who art the glory of the Arabian tribes,' said Motamer, addressing him, 'think not that one of us will touch the viands offered to him, if thou wilt not condescend to grant a favourable answer to the lively wish of our hearts.' 'And what,' he returned, 'do you expect from me? What is the object of your journey?' 'It is to pray you to bestow upon Oena, the pride and honour of the Ansarites, that pure and spotless pearl, the fascinating Rya, for whom he is pining in the chains of love.'

'God forbid!' he replied, 'that I should compel the obedience of my daughter,' wishing to disguise his refusal: 'the choice of a husband I leave to herself; I will go and inform her of your proposal, and return to you with her answer.' He left them apparently tranquil, but his bosom was convulsed with anger: it burst forth when in presence of his daughter. 'What has thus, my father,' she asked with a timid voice, 'excited your indignation?' 'And how can I calmly contemplate the audacity of the Ansarites, who would compel me to form an alliance with them? A deputation from this people are now in my tent: they solicit your hand for one of their tribe.' 'And whence, my sire, this aversion to the Ansarites? They are every where distinguished as brave and generous: and has not our holy Prophet himself pleaded in their behalf before God?

But who amongst them aspires to my hand?' 'Oena.' 'Oena!' she replied, feigning astonishment; 'Oena! it is a name that I think I have heard.' 'Think you that I am ignorant of it?' returned the incensed parent. 'Do you imagine that I am not already acquainted with all that has passed between you? That I have not heard of your culpable meetings? No; I swear that you shall never become the wife of Oena.'

'And what of guilt was there contracted,' replied Rya, 'in that momentary interview? Has it sullied a flower of my virgin laurel? Has it even withered a leaf? Ah! but for your oath, my feeble voice would prompt a reply: it would say to thee, "The Ansarites are a faithful people, and of renowned courage; a people, an alliance with whom could not but be honourable: why disdain their proposal? Why, by a refusal, sow in their hearts the seeds of hatred, and impel them, probably, to take violent measures?"'

Overcome by this argument, or, rather, yielding to the fear of a calamitous war, the father of Rya retracted his oath; he returned to his guests, whom he addressed as follows:—'Rejoice, my friends; my daughter has listened to your proposal with favourable sentiments. But who amongst you will be able to give me the price for this invaluable pearl?' 'I,' replied Motamer; 'speak, and your demand shall be answered.' 'Let there be paid to me,' said the father of Rya, 'one thousand mitshal of the purest gold; six thousand dihrems of silver, without alloy; one hundred robes of the finest stuff of Yemen: collars and bracelets, ornamented with precious stones; and musk and amber in abundance; this is the price which I demand for my daughter.'

Motamer dispatched couriers with all speed to Medina, commissioned to return with camels laden with the different articles; and, upon their arrival, the two youthful lovers were united. In their present felicity the sufferings of the past were forgotten.

This happy life was prolonged for several days, and they then prepared for their return to Medina. Rya,

magnificently attired as a bride, was placed on a splendid palanquin; and, accompanied by a brilliant cartège, the Ansarites commenced their journey.

The little caravan, forgetting the treachery of fortune, crossed the desert in perfect security. Already the glittering turrets and the minarets of Medina were discerned at a distance, when a troop of brigands, formidably armed with swords and lances, rushed upon them: like a troop of wolves, ravenous from hunger, springing suddenly upon a herd of cattle quietly feeding, spreading carnage and consternation on every side. At the aspect of their vestments stained with blood, and their broad belts containing well-sharpened daggers, the stoutest heart might have quailed; but nothing could restrain the courage of Oena in defence of his bride. Furious as a lion, he rushed at once upon these barbarians: with his sword and his lance, striking around him, he covered the earth with the slain; and before the flash of his sword, which cleft as a thunder-bolt, the remainder of the brigands fled in consternation.

But, alas! the unfortunate enjoyed not long the triumph of his victory. Having himself received a mortal wound, he fell bathed in blood. A thousand confused voices, raising the cry of despair, announced to Rya her unhappy lot. Astounded, she flew to her beloved; she saw him who so lately moved amongst the living, the most graceful of them all, now lying in death a heap of ensanguined mould; his eyes, that but now beamed with pure affection, dimmed by the breath of the angel of darkness.

‘Beloved Oena!’ exclaimed Rya, in a tone of anguish, pressing her trembling lips to his livid features, ‘I bend beneath the cruel stroke of destiny.’ Then, uttering the most touching lamentations, she bewailed her separation with every semblance of despair; and, bending over the corpse of Oena, her last sigh arose to heaven, and her freed spirit ascended to the ethereal regions, whither her beloved Oena had gone before her.

Their friends, particularly Motamer, lamented their fate with sincerity, and shed many and bitter tears over the two interesting victims ; their lifeless bodies were embalmed with the most costly spices ; and, wrapped in sear-cloth, and rollers of silk and fine linen, were deposited in the same tomb.

Several years afterwards, Motamer repaired to their sepulchre, to pay the tribute of his tears : two young palm-trees flourished on the spot, mingling their branches, as to typify that they shadowed the resting-place of love. The tomb was held throughout the country in the greatest veneration : and the names of Oena and Rya were familiar words in the Eastern regions.

B—Y.

PRAYER.

THE plumed king* of Andes' height,
The warrior bird of Thrace,
From loftiest altitudes, their flight
Urge wide and far through space.

And circling Earth, with buoyant wing,
Outstrip the gales of even ;
Or towards the blue empyrean spring,
Lost in the light of Heaven.

But where nor Condor's wing has flown,
Nor eagle stretched his scan,
By faith upborne, ascends alone
The fervent prayer of man !

Passing the blue immensity
That ocean's star and sun,
The confines of eternity,
That hallowed sigh has won ;

And as a barbed arrow fleet,
Where seraph never trod,
Has cloven to the mercy seat,
That veils the throne of God.

B—Y.

* It is generally believed, that the Condor, assisted by a favourable gale, could fly round the earth, at the equator, in about eight days.

Captain Scoresby's Voyage to Greenland.

BUTCHERS' BOYS.

Oh! it is the bonny butcher-lad
That wears the sleeves of blue.

Madge Wildfire's Song in the Heart of Mid Lothian.

BUTCHERS' BOYS are a race of a peculiar and highly original character: they are not only like no other boys, but they are like no other beings in the whole world. All their habits and propensities are singular and isolated,—‘they have no brothers!’ The youthful aspirants to every other trade present certain points of resemblance to each other; there is an approximation in all apprentices besides; butchers' boys are ‘themselves alone.’ In the *élève* of a shoemaker you may discover; more or less, the germ which experience shall mature into a professor of the gentle craft; a tailor's boy is only a small edition of a tailor; but nothing is less like a full-grown butcher than a butcher's boy.

Of all the outward insignia which distinguish the trades of England, none are so picturesque, so striking, or have so irresistible a touch of elegance in their appearance, as those which decorate butchers' boys. They wear no hat, but seem to court the breezes, and even the storm, with bare heads, that their nerves may be gladdened by the inspiring and invigorating effect of the free air. Lord Bacon, it is said, used to walk without his hat in the showers, that he might feel this bountiful influence of Nature descending upon him as well as upon the silent flowers. Who shall doubt then that it is for as profound and as refined a reason, that the youthful slaughterers of beef and mutton pursue the same practice? They are always scrupulously clean,—shedders of blood as they are, it leaves no ‘damned spot’ upon them;—there is no ‘filthy witness’ upon their hands, which are as pure as those of a sacrificing priest at the unsullied altars of the ancient temples. They wear little, or oftener no cravat, like Raffaello, and Leigh Hunt, and Don Juan Byron, and other great men, who have had a *keen sentiment du beau*, and, like them, are lovers of

out-of-doors enjoyments. Their coats are the colour of *Hotspur's* horse, 'a strawberry roan;' and this colour is worn by none but them. Their blue sleeves and blue aprons give a lightness and gaiety to their appearance, which has at once the dashing look of a soldier, and the simplicity of a citizen. I have heard much of the singular beauty and picturesque effect of the costumes of the Swiss peasantry; I do not deny that they are beautiful: I have seen them all, and admired the greater part of them; but I never thought of comparing them with the habiliments of a butcher's boy. No! for that graceful independent appearance which at once announces and partakes of zeal and freedom, commend me to a well-dressed butcher's boy. Their loosened girdles and depending steels give one the idea of a ready weapon, and a no less ready hand; and it well recalls to one's memory the belted knights and champions of the feudal times. Another, and a singular characteristic feature of butchers' boys, is their crisp curling hair: and oh! it glads my very heart to see a lusty, rosy stripling, all 'redolent of joy and youth,' in the conscious pride of his strength and privileges, walking erect beneath a well filled tray, while his black curled head drops gracefully against the immaculate white fat of a surloin of beef, which seems to rise on each side,—

'Courting the touch, and suing to be press'd.'

Every body has heard the old City Legend of the London 'Prentice; how he distinguished himself in the Holy Land, and was taken prisoner, and cast into a dungeon by the cruel infidels: how too he was brought forth on a day of festivity, and for the honour of Mahound, and the amusement of the Soldan, he was turned into an arena, where two famished lions were loosened upon him: how he then, as courageous as the very wild lions themselves, and with the rapidity of lightning, thrust his nervous arms down the throats of the monsters, and plucked forth their reeking vitals: how he was applauded by the Soldan, who had a

great respect for strength of wrist, and how he was rewarded by the hand of his fair daughter, who had, as all ladies have, a great respect for heroic courage. Every body knows, too, that the gallant London 'Prentice converted his blooming bride, and the Soldan, and all his court to Christianity; but perhaps every body does *not* know that the young hero was a butcher's boy! The fact may be disputed by cavilling antiquaries, but I submit that the tale bears *internal* evidence of the fact; and I ask confidently who but a butchers' boy could have known where to direct his thrust with sufficient accuracy to disengage at one blow the vital organs of two lions?—I hope this is satisfactory.

But to return to the butchers' boys of the present age. In all the round of those manly amusements which are known to have had no small influence in producing that spirit of inflexibility and endurance which is a part of the character of Englishmen, however the fastidious may call such sports brutal, butchers' boys are always foremost. What would be—I cannot check my rising triumph as I put this question,—what would be a bull-bait, without butchers' boys and their dogs? Without their gladdening assistance what would be the delight of seeing a badger drawn? or where the pleasure of beholding Cribb's white terrier, *Billy*, kill the hundred rats in five minutes? Without butchers' boys what would a prize fight be? or a main of cocks? or any other of those refined amusements which, like the grave, level all distinctions? and where the exciting endeavour to cheat each other, mingles peers and pickpockets in one common mass? At all such *re-unions*, butchers' boys are the very Sir Clement Cottrells of the etiquette: their presence of mind, ease, and adroitness, most admirably qualify them for the task, and they execute it with the applause, and to the delight of all beholders. Their love of justice too used to be displayed upon an occasion which, by a recent Act of the Legislature, has become rare; for who could look upon the vengeful

energy with which these young ministers of the laws hurled the dead cats against the culprits who were condemned to the pillory, and not see that it proceeded from the purest love of virtue, and hatred of vice? a very inborn inveteracy against all evil?

Such are butchers' boys in London; but it is in the country that they lead the freest and the happiest lives. Frank and boon as they are every where, it is when relieved from the irksomeness of cities that their souls most seem to have 'elbow-room,' and to revel in the freedom of the blessed sunshine, and the unchained wind. They are the best riders in the world; all the stories told of Arab horsemanship do not surpass—do not even approach—some of the feats achieved by butchers' boys. They can not only train a horse to do all that the skill of horses can accomplish, but they can make an old and a bad one forget his infirmities and vices; they seem, indeed, to infuse their own elastic spirits into the brutes they ride, and, as if by a spell, or by some potent influence surpassing the knowledge of ordinary mortals, while they sit upon them, the veriest jades emulate the fleetest and the best bred coursers. There must be some magic in it, because as soon as they quit the saddle, 'the spell has lost its hold;' it is given to no other man to wake the slumbering energies of the steed, and any but a butcher's boy would be as vainly employed in trying to urge such a horse into a gallop as if he should essay that of the *Commendatore*, in '*Il Don Giovanni*;' or that masterpiece of bronze which bears the eloquent effigy of the martyred king, at Charing Cross.

I have seen, with delight, one of these rural butchers' boys mount a horse, to purchase which twenty shillings would have been far too large a sum, and with a basket on its withers, containing some two hundred-weight of meat and bone, gallop on through flood and field, turnpike road and green lane, while the load seemed to rest as lightly upon the horse's back as the rider's 'bosom's lord upon his throne.' Every house that such a youth stops at seems the more happy for

his visit ; the servant-maids are gladdened at his very sight, and he ' loves and he rides away,' like any other young knight, exulting in his ' unhousted and free condition.' Storms may assail such an one, but all in vain. He heeds the rain no more than a duck ; it's torrents only give a fresher and more glossy hue to his reeking horse's sides, and he goes careering on

' With slacken'd bit, and hoof of speed,'

caring not a straw for all the showers that have ever fallen since the deluge. The wind blows not against him ; it might as well strive to root up a mountain from its buried base, as to pluck him from his saddle. Who ever heard of a butchers' boy being thrown ? It were impossible. The laws of gravitation, the very bond which holds together the atoms of this perishable globe, seem suspended for such riders ; and if Sir Isaac Newton had not been—as all the world knows he was—rather a rash and short-sighted man, he would have made an exception in favour of butchers' boys, from that which he thought an universal law.

There was a pleasant story told, lately, of a somnambulist butchers' boy, with whom riding seemed to have been a sort of passion : his horse was always running in his head, and his thoughts were so constantly mounted, that ' Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,' was not strong enough to hold him.

' I suoi pensier in lui dormir non ponno.'

He was sleeping by the fire, with his master and his family sitting around him, when he got up, and, with his eyes half shut, walked to the stable, where having saddled his steed, he would have ridden away, but that his friends stayed him, and, after some difficulty, put him to bed. One of the most amusing parts of this story however was, that when he was stopped, he thought he had reached the turnpike, and producing his money, insisted upon receiving the proper change, still being fast asleep !

The gallant, but unfortunate, Richard Turpin—a

man whose fate may be instanced by those who advocate the revision of the criminal code, as a strong argument in it's favour,—was originally a butcher's boy. Who does not see in the bold rider, and the fearless bandit, traces of the chivalry of his earlier years: fallen away somewhat from it's purity, certainly, and gaining an evil lustre from his crimes. He was distracted, perhaps, like *Mad Tom*; he wished to have 'Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;' but he was once an honest butcher's boy. None but a butcher's boy would have hit upon the expedient of tying a raw beef-steak round his horse's bit. Poor Turpin!—an evil lot was thine! and it may be permitted even to those who think that murder and horse-stealing are propensities which, for the tranquillity of society, should not be encouraged, to drop a tear over the memory of so brave and light-hearted a highwayman. Would that he had ever remained a butcher's boy!

We live in an age of refinements, and the worse for us it is that we do so; for even butchers' boys seem not to have been exempt from the innovations which modern times have introduced. Some of them can now 'write, and read, and cast accompts.' Not like that sample of a butcher, *Jack Cade's* friend, *Dick of Ashford*, who had a hand in hanging the *Clerk of Chatham* for no greater sin. The time was that a butcher could as easily have translated the Shanscrit, as have written his own name; the greater part of them having 'marks to themselves, like plain dealing men.' We cannot but regard this with somewhat like terror, lest the simple purity of their characters should be injured by such a practice. We fear they may begin to think; and, if once they do this, they are ruined. They will forget the unfettered gaiety of their condition, and become plodding, cogitative persons, dull as the beasts they slay.

We have studiously avoided saying more than was thrust upon us of butchers, — full-grown butchers. They are disagreeable people, and have little remains of the charms of their state of boy-hood; they grow too

fat to ride; they are too busy to court the servant maids; they get rich, and are not seen at fights; they smoke, and drink; and send their daughters to boarding-schools, and their sons to academies; who can never become happy, nor good, for they are butchers' sons,—not butchers' boys. So much do I envy and admire the lot of butchers' boys, that, if it were not opposed to the conditions of mortality, I can think of no felicity greater than that of enjoying a perpetual youth, and following their vocation. Talk of the paradise of Mahomet! it falls into insignificance compared with this; not that I could be supposed to under-rate the value of the sparkling, night-dark eyes of the Houris, nor the ever blooming roses which are to form the couches of the Moslem heroes; but what is the luxurious inanity of this, compared with the ever-varying enterprise and spirit of the life of a butchers' boy?

TO THE HARP OF CAMBRIA.

OH! harp of my country! long, long, hast thou slumbered!

Wilt thou never awake from thy silence again?

Shall the deeds of thy heroes lie buried unnumbered,

Nor live in the page of the bright deeds of men?

Thou hast sounded to none, but the breeze that blows o'er thee;

Which plays o'er thy chords as it whistles along;

Oh! would that some bard to thy music restore thee,

And wake up in melody, liberty's song.

Those walls where thou hangest, now mute and unsounded,

Once echoed the strain of the minstrel and thee,

When those halls with the clangour of armour resounded,

And every bold bosom beat high to be free.

Oh! harp of my country, may silence' dark chain

Soon dissolve at the touch of the minstrel again;

And those halls shall re-echo with liberty's strain,

And ring with the names of the bravest of men.

THE DIFFICULT LOVER.

A SKETCH.

Je ne connais rien d'aussi foux que ceux qui s'imaginent être sages : la plupart sont comme les enfans, ils brisent leur joujou pour s'instruire de ce qu'ils reuferment.

Madame de Beauharnais.

MAY I trouble you to inform me what gentleman that is yonder ; he is about forty years of age, of an elegant appearance, good figure, well dressed, and I meet him every where ? He is always alone : whether at the play, in the park, at Vauxhall, in the streets, I never yet saw any body walking with him. He looks about with an anxious and scrutinizing eye at every one who passes ; he does not seem to be uncomfortable or dissatisfied with himself, and yet he never smiles. Who is he ? Do pray tell me ; and what is he looking for ?

‘ That,’ replied the friend of whom I made these somewhat rapid inquiries, ‘ is the modern Diogenes ; not that, like the Diogenes of old, he is looking for a man ; on the contrary, a woman is the object of his search, and his eyes serve him for a lantern. He is rich, good-looking, of agreeable manners, and excellent understanding ; and yet, for these twenty years, he has been in search of a wife, and hitherto in vain. The reason is, that he has created a chimera, and afterwards set himself to the pursuit of it. I will tell you his history, and you shall judge whether he is not one of the most singular men you ever met with.

‘ When he was twenty years old, he fell in love with a young lady very well educated, of a good family, and possessing a thousand excellent qualities. He paid his addresses to her ; was most assiduous in his attentions ; asked her parent’s consent, and obtained it. Everything was arranged, when one evening he happened to be at a ball with his intended wife. It was then very much the rage to dance the gavotte. Diogenes could not perform the gavotte, but his intended did so admirably. A very agreeable young man asked her to

dance with him; she did so, and acquitted herself to the admiration of every body present. On the following day our friend asked her how she had passed the night; she confessed, among other things, that she had dreamt of her partner in the gavotte. Diogenes got up, wished her a good morning, broke off his marriage, and never saw her again.

‘A short time afterwards he was smitten by a young lady who had no fortune, but who was extremely beautiful, and not less virtuous. He succeeded in making her love him also, as he might do with most women; and every day their mutual affection seemed to increase. When the marriage was near at hand, he questioned her about the state of her heart. “Did you ever love any one before me?” he was asking her incessantly.

“Never,” she replied, “you are the first person that ever possessed my heart. Yet, I should tell you that when I was only thirteen years old, I was very fond of my cousin, and used to call him my little husband.” This was enough for Diogenes; and again he was off.

‘Some years elapsed without his making another attempt, and then he was fascinated by a lady whose beauty and wit might have induced any man to overlook some slight faults. The wedding day was again fixed, when, coming to visit her one day unexpectedly, he found her taking a pinch of snuff. He quitted her abruptly, and went abroad. He soon returned, and the first thing he did was to fall in love with a simple milliner, young, pretty, and perfectly inexperienced. He would have put up with the want of family and fortune, but one day he found her telling her fortune with cards. He quitted her at once, swearing he would never unite himself to a woman who practised such superstitions.

‘Since then I cannot tell you how many engagements he has made and broken. One lady was pretty, but a coquette; another was not a coquette, but she had not grace enough; one was affectionate, but jealous; another gentle, but without sense: one had wit, but too

much conceit ; another made verses, or was too fond of dancing or of laughing, or was too prudish or too volatile, or too reserved. In short, Diogenes has had a thousand passionate engagements, none of which have lasted more than eight days. Easily caught, and as easily loosened again, he seeks every where the imaginary excellence on which he has set his heart. It is in vain that his friends tell him a woman might make an excellent wife, and yet have a little superstition ; that a lady is not less fair for having taken one pinch of snuff ; that she may love her husband, and yet dream of her partner ; and that a heart may be perfectly free, although its owner may have called a cousin her little husband. But his hair is turning grey, and each year it will become difficult to please the charming sex which he wishes to find perfect ; and which is yet so delightful that a man of sense might easily pardon some slight defects for the innumerable good qualities they possess.'

NICHOLAS.

TO WOMAN.

Love thee, Enchantress ! by all I adore,
 The hopes of my life are entwin'd in thy kiss !
 And, while at fair Venus's shrine I implore,
 To gaze on thy form is the acme of bliss.

Thine air, so bewitching ; thy form, so divine ;
 Thy smile, like a sun-beam, reviving to man ;
 I love thee so much, that my lips would incline
 To praise thee, and bless thee, e'en more than they
 can.

Yet, fair as thou art, thy nature is frail,
 And Ruin doth lurk in the glance of thine eye ;
 But still, though inclined against frailty to rail,
 I love thee ! adore thee ! but cannot tell why.

London.

FREDERICK PANTON.

NATIONAL TALES.

MR. HOOD, whose 'Whims and Oddities' have made all the world laugh so heartily, has published a collection of tales, in two volumes, with the above title. He seems to labour under the same delusion as Mr. Liston and other great men, who are quite angry with the public for thinking they are very amusing clever people. They insist upon it that gravity is their *forte*; and, although it is as ridiculous as if Grimaldi were to put in his claim to be made Lord Chancellor, our mirth-exciting friends will be thought as 'pensive and gentlemanlike' as master Stephen in the play. The first effort which these folks make to prove they are not funny makes every body laugh more than before; but then it is not with, but at, the mistaken wags.

Mr. Hood thinks he can succeed in a more melancholy vein, and he has accordingly composed some five and twenty tales, which he calls 'National,' (no one can tell why,) as a proof of his gravity. No two things in the world can be less like each other than his former productions and this; they were clever and amusing—these are common-place and dull. The general feature of them is an imitation of the older Italian novelists; but for plot or incident, or simplicity or pathos, they can in no degree be compared. We are sorry, having so sincere a respect for Mr. Hood's talents as we have expressed on a former occasion, to be obliged now to speak of him in so different a strain; but, in truth, we have not of late experienced a greater disappointment than his tales have occasioned us. The following is one of the best in the collection:

MASETTO AND HIS MARE.

It is remarkable, and hardly to be believed by those who have not studied the history of superstition, what extravagant fables may be imposed on the faith of the vulgar people; especially when such fables are rehearsed in print, which of itself has passed before now as the work of a black or magical art, and has still in-

fluence enough over ignorant minds, to make them believe, like Masetto, that a book of romances is a gospel.

This Masetto, like most other rustics, was a very credulous man; but more simple otherwise than country folks commonly appear, who have a great deal of crafty instinct of their own, which comes to them spontaneously, as to the ravens and magpies. And whereas pastoral people are generally churlish and headstrong, and, in spite of the antique poets, of coarse and brutal tempers, Masetto, on the contrary, was very gentle and mild, and so compassionate withal, that he would weep over a wounded creature like a very woman. This easy disposition made him liable to be tricked by any subtle knave that might think it worth his pains, and amongst such rogues there was none that duped him more notably than one Bruno Corvetto, a horse-courser, and as dishonest as the most capital of his trade. This fellow, observing that Masetto had a very good mare, which he kept to convey his wares to Florence, resolved to obtain her at the cheapest rate, which was by stratagem, and knowing well the simple and credulous character of the farmer, he soon devised a plan. Now Masetto was very tender to all dumb animals, and especially to his mare, who was not insensible to his kindly usage, but pricked up her ears at the sound of his voice, and followed him here and there, with the sagacity and affection of a faithful dog, together with many other such tokens of an intelligence that has rarely belonged to her race. The crafty Corvetto, therefore, conceived great hopes of his scheme: accordingly, having planted himself in the road by which Masetto used to return home, he managed to fall into discourse with him about the mare, which he regarded very earnestly, and this he repeated for several days. At last, Masetto observing that he seemed very much affected when he talked of her, became very curious about the cause, and inquired if it had ever been his good fortune to have such another good mare as his own; to this Corvetto made no reply, but throwing his arms about the mare's neck, began to hug her so lov-

ingly, and with so many deep drawn sighs, that Masetto began to stare amazingly, and to cross himself as fast as he could. The hypocritical Corvetto then turning away from the animal,—‘Alas!’ said he, ‘this beloved creature that you see before you is no mare, but an unhappy woman, disguised in this horrible brutal shape by an accursed magician. Heaven only knows in what manner my beloved wife provoked this infernal malice, but doubtless it was by her unconquerable virtue, which was rivalled only by the loveliness of her person. I have been seeking her in this shape, all over the wearisome earth, and now I have discovered her I have not wherewithal to redeem her of you, my money being all expended in the charges of travelling, otherwise I would take her instantly to the most famous wizard, Michael Scott, who is presently sojourning at Florence, and by help of his magical books might discover some charm to restore her to her natural shape.’ Then clasping the docile mare about the neck again, he affected to weep over her very bitterly.

The simple Masetto was very much disturbed at this story, but knew not whether to believe it, till at last he bethought himself of the village priest; and proposed to consult him upon the case; and whether the lady, if there was one, might not be exorcised out of the body of his mare. The knavish Corvetto, knowing well that this would ruin his whole plot, was prepared to dissuade him. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘the vile curiosity of our country people, who would not fail at such a rumour to pester us out of our senses; and, especially, they would torment my unhappy wife, upon whom they would omit no experiment, however cruel, for their satisfaction. Besides, it would certainly kill her with grief, to have her disgrace so published to the world; which she cannot but feel very bitterly; for it must be a shocking thing for a young lady who has been accustomed to listen to the loftiest praises of her womanly beauty, to know herself thus horribly degraded in the foul body of a brute. Alas! who could think that her beautiful locks, which used to shine like golden wires, are now

turned by damnable magic into this coarse slovenly mane ;—or her delicate white hands—oh ! how pure and lily-like they were—into these hard and iron-shod hoofs !’ The tender-hearted Masetto beginning to look very doleful at these exclamations, the knave saw that his performance began to take effect, and so begged no more for the present, than that Masetto would treat his mare very kindly, and rub her teeth daily with a sprig of magical hornbeam, which the simple-witted rustic promised very readily to perform. He had, notwithstanding, some buzzing doubts in his head upon the matter, which Corvetto found means to remove by degrees, taking care, above all, to caress the unconscious mare whenever they met, and sometimes going half-privately to converse with her in the stable.

At last, Masetto being very much distressed by these proceedings, he addressed Corvetto as follows :—‘ I am at my wit’s end about this matter. I cannot find in my heart, from respect, to make my lady do any kind of rude work, so that my cart stands idle in the stable, and my wares are thus unsold, which is a state of things I cannot very well afford. But, above all, your anguish whenever you meet with your poor wife is more than I can bear ; it seems such a shocking and unchristian-like sin in me, for the sake of a little money, to keep you both asunder. Take her, therefore, freely of me as a gift ; or if you will not receive her thus, out of consideration for my poverty, it shall be paid me when your lady is restored to her estates, and by your favour, with her own lily white hand. Nay, pray accept of her without a word ; you must be longing, I know, to take her to the great wizard, Michael Scott ; and in the mean time I will pray, myself, to the blessed saints and martyrs, that his charms may have the proper effect.’ The rogue, at these words, with undissembled joy fell about the mare’s neck ; and, taking her by the halter, after a formal parting with Masetto, began to lead her gently away. Her old master, with brimful eyes, continued watching her departure till her tail was quite out of sight ; whereupon, Corvetto leapt instantly on her back,

and without stint or mercy began galloping towards Florence, where he sold her, as certain Saxons are recorded to have disposed of their wives, in the market-place.

Some time afterwards, Masetto repairing to Florence on a holiday, to purchase another horse for his business, he beheld a carrier in one of the streets, who was beating his jade very cruelly. The kind Masetto directly interfered in behalf of the ill-used brute,—which indeed, was his own mare, though much altered by hard labour and sorry diet,—and now got into a fresh scrape, with redoubled blows, through capering up to her old master. Masetto was much shocked, you may be sure, to discover the enchanted lady in such a wretched plight. But not doubting that she had been stolen from her afflicted husband, he taxed the carrier very roundly with the theft, who laughed at him in his turn for a madman, and proved by three witnesses, that he had purchased the mare of Corvetto. Masetto's eyes were thus opened, but by a very painful operation. However, he purchased his mare again, without bargaining for either golden hair or lily-white hands, and with a heavy heart rode back again to his village. The inhabitants, when he arrived, were met together on some public business; after which Masetto, like an imprudent man as he was, complained bitterly amongst his neighbours of his disaster. They made themselves, therefore, very merry at his expense, and the schoolmaster especially, who was reckoned the chiefest wit of the place. Masetto bore all their raileries with great patience, defending himself with many reasonable arguments—and at last he told them he would bring them in proof quite as wonderful a case. Accordingly, stepping back to his own house, he returned with an old tattered volume, which Corvetto had bestowed on him, of the 'Arabian Nights,' and began to read to them the story of Sidi Nonman, whose wife was turned, as well as Corvetto's, into a beautiful mare. His neighbours laughing more lustily than ever at this illustration, and the schoolmaster crowing above them

all, Masetto interrupted him with great indignation. 'How is this, sir,' said he, 'that you mock me so, whereas, I remember, that when I was your serving-man and swept out the school-room, I have overheard you teaching the little children concerning people in the old ages, that were half men and the other half turned into horses; yea, and showing them the effigies in a print, and what was there more impossible in this matter of my own mare?' The priest interposing at this passage, in defence of the schoolmaster, Masetto answered him as he had answered the pedagogue, excepting that instead of the Centaurs, he alledged a miracle out of the Holy Fathers, in proof of the powers of magic. There was some fresh laughing at this rub of the bowls against the pastor, who being a Jesuit and a very subtle man, began to consider within himself whether it was not better for their souls, that his flock should believe by wholesale, than have too scrupulous a faith, and accordingly, after a little deliberation, he sided with Masetto. He engaged, moreover, to write for the opinion of his College, who replied, that as sorcery was a devilish and infernal art, its existence was as certain as the devil's.

Thus a belief in enchantment took root in the village, which in the end flourished so vigorously, that although the rustics could not be juggled out of any of their mares, they burned nevertheless a number of unprofitable old women.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Like one who fruitlessly perchance
 Engraves his name upon a tree,
 In hopes to win a casual glance,
 And woo remembrance still, when he
 A distant wanderer may be :
 Thus have I claimed a page of thine.
 Be it but reckoned worthy thee,
 And I shall proudly own it mine.

Birmingham.

S. G—M.

GEOFFREY RUDEL.

THE first awakening light which fell upon the modern world, when the dark ignorance in which it had been wrapped for many centuries was about to be dispelled, was shed by the genius of the Provençal poets. Nothing can be more unjust or ungenerous than to try their compositions by those rules of criticism which an acquaintance with the classical writers (whose names and existence were unknown to the troubadours) and the successful efforts of later and more gifted poets has enabled us to arrive at. The disadvantages under which they wrote, with no other guide than their own taste, no other inspiration than their own feelings, should be taken into the estimate; the state of the society whose applause they sought should be considered; it should be remembered, too, that the language in which they wrote has become obsolete, and that its lighter graces are not felt nor understood even by the natives of the land in which they lived. With all these considerations every candid mind will be inclined to award to the troubadours of Provence the reputation which they have enjoyed, without cavi, until some critics have thought fit to impugn their merit, upon no very clear or satisfactory grounds. An elegant modern writer, although he confesses that he does not always understand and seldom relishes their productions, admits that they possessed individually great merit for the age in which they lived, and unhesitatingly acknowledges the obligations which the literature of Europe owes to them. 'The most intricate disposition of rhymes,' he says, 'were at the choice of the troubadour. The Canzoni, the Sestini, and all the lyric measures of Italy and Spain, were borrowed from his treasury. With such a command of poetical sounds, it was natural that he should inspire delight into ears not yet rendered familiar to the artifices of verse; and even now the fragments of these ancient lays quoted by M. Sismondi, and M. Ginguené, seem to possess a sort of charm that has evaporated in translation. Upon this harmony, and

upon the facility with which mankind are apt to be deluded into an admiration of exaggerated sentiment in poetry, they depended for their influence; and, however vapid the songs of Provence may seem to our apprehensions, they were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a portion of its habitual language.'

No poet of the times in which he lived illustrated more strikingly in his life, and in his verses, the beauties and the defects which belonged to his age and his profession than Geoffrey Rudel. Dante and Petrarch have borne testimony to his genius, and the latter has bewailed his melancholy fate with that pathetic grace which adorns every line he has written. It is no part of our present purpose to investigate the literary merit of Rudel, but to relate so much of his sad history as has furnished the subject for the plate which illustrates this Number.

He was one of the poor relatives of a noble family, and thus obtained such an education, and acquired such accomplishments, as soon distinguished him among the troubadours of his time. At a very early age he had devoted himself wholly to poetical compositions, and the most brilliant success crowned his efforts. He was caressed and rewarded by the nobles of his native land with that prodigal liberality which was a characteristic of the times. He was flattered and distinguished by the ladies, to whom a license was then given by the common consent of society, which too frequently degenerated into extreme dissoluteness of morals. To a common mind this would have been the topmost height that his ambition would have chosen to mount; but Rudel's heart pined for an ideal excellence, which he found not in the world. The glittering insecurity of his position made him restless: he knew that he was the plaything of fashion, and that the same caprice which had raised could cast him down again. His heart was filled with passionate sentiments which found no responsive feelings in those which surrounded him. Love, which was the very essence of his being, and which

was the inspiration as well as the theme of his poetry, consumed him for lack of something to feed upon. The grosser and more sensual passion, which men commonly call by that name, might indeed have been fully satisfied; but the pure spirit of love, which refines and graces the world, does not mingle with such unhallowed materials. Rudel starved in the midst of plenty; and at length constant meditation on some model of fancied beauty and goodness in the fairer sex produced a morbid tone of thinking, which is common enough to minds which the rays of genius have penetrated, and which the world, not altogether unjustly, calls madness. To the world and to the world's inhabitants it is madness; for it neither begins, nor ends, nor is connected, with any of the notions which they commonly entertain.

It was while his mind was in this state of agitation, a prey to the visionary imaginings of a distempered fancy, that he was present at a grand festival given by one of the barons of Provence. Among the gallant revellers were some who had lately returned from travel, and who introduced the name of the Queen of Tunis in their discourse. The praises which they lavished on her beauty, her art, and her virtue, caught Rudel's attention. He listened eagerly, and his imagination instantly suggested to him that this fair queen must be the incarnation of that fancied glory and excellence which he had been so long dreaming of. Wrapped in these contemplations, he leaned his head on his hand; and, unmindful of the company by which he was surrounded, gave himself up to the sweet and bitter fancies which crowded on his brain. He was roused from them by the person sitting next him, who handed to him a portrait magnificently adorned with jewels. It was the likeness of the youthful Queen of Tunis; and, unskilful as the artists of that day were, the beauty of the original was such that even a faint resemblance was enough to justify the travellers' praises. Rudel, having learnt whose portrait it was, sat for a few moments like one entranced. Big tears of wild transport rushed into his eyes, and fell rapidly on his beard; then, as if

in a phrenzy, he seized his lyre, and burst into a passionate rhapsody of admiration, concluding his song with a solemn devotion of himself and his lyre to the Queen of Tunis, to whom, as to a saint, he vowed to make a pilgrimage. The beauty of the verses, the passionate and touching manner in which he sang them, wholly captivated the company, and they hardly perceived in their applause that the object of it had departed, and, to the great alarm of the owner, that he had taken the portrait with him. His eccentricities had of late become so frequent that this excited little astonishment among his friends. On the following day the costly setting and frame of the picture was returned by one of the vassals of the baron, but the picture and Rudel were heard of no more.

An event like this made no small noise. Rudel's fame was at its height; the beauty of the Queen of Tunis now came to be universally associated with it, and both was a subject of conversation and interest throughout Provence. Inquiries were made every where for Rudel, but in vain; months elapsed, and still he was not heard of.

A stately ship was on its course for Tunis. Barons, and knights, and ladies, crowded its decks, and were impatiently looking out for the port at which they were to land. The Christian Queen of Tunis had published throughout the European courts her intention of holding a solemn joust and tournament, and all Christendom was hastening thither to share in the festivities. The golden sun was sinking in the west, and the vessel was moving slowly and steadily on with the slight breeze that had just sprung up. At the prow sat, or rather reclined, a wretched looking man, in the coarse garb of a pilgrim. The scallop shells around his hood, the staff and scrip, denoted that he was engaged in the fulfilment of some vow—a practice which was so common in those days as to excite no wonder among the other passengers of the vessel. But the bright and wild eye of the pilgrim, the emaciated and care-marked features, the hectic flush on his cheek, and his enfeebled form,

seemed to denote that his mortal pilgrimage was near its end ; and that his vow, whatever it was, must be fulfilled speedily or not at all. A boy, who seemed to be his attendant and his only companion, stood near him.

The pilgrim gazed intently on the sinking luminary, and made a sign to the boy, who brought him a lyre. The pilgrim took it in his hands, and, after a short prelude, began to sing an ode to the sun. After a few lines, expressing his admiration of its splendour, his voice sank, and he bewailed, with a most touching pathos, his own fate, which he seemed aware was at hand, when the light of his existence should set in the grave. The melody and beauty of his lay had attracted most of the passengers to his side, and among them were several who, by his voice and his poetry, discovered that which otherwise they could never have imagined—that the expiring pilgrim was the once handsome and gay Geoffrey Rudel, the prince of Provençal troubadours. The story of his vow was well known, and it was not necessary to ask him whither he was journeying. When he saw he was recognised, he prayed such of the knights as he knew best to have him conveyed to Tunis as soon as they could, that he might once gaze upon the beauty of the queen, the contemplation of whose image, he said, had kept him alive. He had been wandering about in search of a ship, keeping up such disguises as were necessary to prevent his being discovered, in which event he knew he should be stopped at any of the Provençal ports. He had journeyed on foot through a great part of Spain ; and this exertion, joined to the distress of his mind, had reduced him to the deplorable condition in which he then was.

In the times of which we speak a romantic feeling pervaded all classes ; but, even if this had not been so, the sight of the poor troubadour was enough to have interested every beholder in his favour. The ship reached her port, and, while the extenuated form of Rudel was carried on shore with all possible care and

tenderness, a messenger was dispatched to the court to inform the queen of his arrival.

The songs which Rudel had composed in celebration of her beauty during his wanderings, and which had been diffused as rapidly as was then usual with all the productions of the troubadours throughout Europe, had reached also the court of the Queen of Tunis, where all the arts of polite life were encouraged. The queen was perfectly acquainted with Rudel's devoted passion for her, and had given in to the feeling which so romantic and distinguished a lover was calculated to inspire, until she found she had really for the bewildered poet a warm and serious interest. On receiving the news of his arrival, and of his illness, which prevented his coming to court, she hastened down to the port.

In a small building on the sea shore she found the hapless troubadour. The knights and ladies who had been his companions on the voyage stood by him as he lay on the floor, unable to move, and exhausted by the fatigue of having been borne from the ship.

The queen rushed into the room, and, when she beheld the dying man, forgetting every thing but the emotions of her heart, she knelt down beside him, and imprinted a kiss on his pale cold forehead. 'Live for me,' she cried: 'I beseech you to live for her whom your verses and your devotedness have inspired with a like passion! Here, at your feet, I lay my power and my crown, and ask only to share them with you!' Tears and sobs prevented her proceeding.

The dying man raised himself as well as he could, and gazed, as if he would gaze away his soul, upon the eyes which bent weeping over him. 'I die,' he said faintly, 'I die happily, for my vow is kept, and heaven is in my sight. Bright saint, I am thine!' He bowed his head till his lips touched the fair hand of the still kneeling queen. One of the attendants came to raise him, but the spirit had fled, and the ill-fated poet was no more.

The festivities at Tunis were changed to mourning.

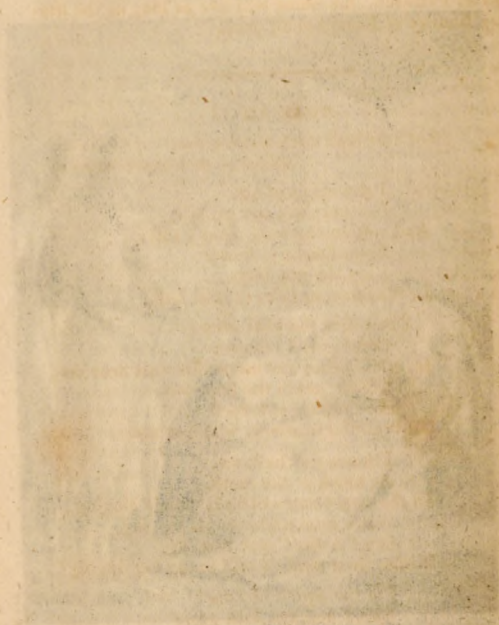


Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by Cha^r. Rolle.

GEOFFREY RUDEL.

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The queen, with a constancy and earnestness which in these days may seem absurd, remained inconsolable for his death. The most marked honours were paid to his memory ; and, embalmed as it is in the verses of Dante and of Petrarch, his name will live as long as the literary history of Europe shall exist.

WHAT AM I?

Hard is the heart that knows not love.

Ahasuerus, the Wanderer — Part V.

I'm a spirit of air,
Neither dark nor yet fair,
And soft on the west wind I sail ;
From flower to flower
I toy the gay hour,
In sunshine, in rain, or cold hail !

I can dive the blue deep :
Coral grot I oft sleep
In, while fishes and mermaids wait near me ;
Couch 'neath the blue-bell,
And mutter soft spell
On beautiful maidens, who fear me.

I dance on the lawn,
At break o' the morn,
To the sweet notes of birds calmly singing ;
When grim night paints the sky,
Cry ' Away ! ' and then fly,
Whilst their music's still in my ear ringing !

I'm the *Spirit of Love* !
And I hail the dark grove
As the spot where maidens receive me
First ; through those toys
By mortals called eyes,
Oh, man, if you *love*, you'll believe me !

F. C. N.

DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

IT is one of the maxims of a celebrated French writer, M. Champfort, that 'a man of talent is lost, if his talent be not accompanied by energy of character. He who has the lantern of Diogenes ought likewise to have his staff.' Without this provision the numerous disappointments that fall to the lot of the possessor of Genius, the frequent failure of his high designs, the galling criticisms, or, what is worse, the entire neglect of the world, throws the shade of melancholy into the soul, and the gifted victim sinks under the oppressive weight. An account of a fatal instance of this kind was lately given me by a friend, who had it from a person on board the ship where the melancholy scene was acted.

In the year 1820, M. Orteval, a young Frenchman of good extraction, prepossessing and handsome exterior, and great natural and acquired abilities, took his passage from America, where he then was, to England by one of our trading vessels. It was soon perceived by the captain that his passenger laboured under extreme depression of spirits. Every endeavour was made to enliven him, but the grief-stricken heart seemed to hug its own destruction. Reading alone seemed to relieve him; but often, as leaning against the side of the ship, would he forget the book in his hand, and memory running on his own misfortunes, the deep emotions which it caused in the breast would draw the tear into his eye.

Nearly a week had rolled on, and none knew the cause of the deep melancholy that constantly sat on the countenance of Orteval; when one night, after having retired at his accustomed hour and finding himself unable to sleep, he arose, and went upon deck. It was a calm and beautiful night; the slight breath of the wind scarce filled the sail which was spread to receive it; the moon shone in all its splendour, and tinged the face of the swelling wave, for many a league round, with a silvery brightness; the twinkling stars, and

brighter planets, enriched the scene, and gave the surrounding heavens a diversified and grand appearance. All the crew had retired except one young man, whom I shall here call Julian, who was left at the helm, and who had often marked with concern the deep grief which overwhelmed their passenger; he had himself been unfortunate, he felt interested, and could not help answering a deep sigh, which the Frenchman uttered, with a still deeper.

Orteval started, and looked round him.

The youth apologized, and continued, 'Your sadness affects me, sir. Is it because you leave family or friends? I also have left a beloved mother and sister, and devoted myself to all the hardships of the sea to support those dear relatives.' The tear of sympathy glistened in the expressive eye of Orteval, as he answered, 'Your kindness makes me feel grateful, and your frankness pleases me. As I do not wish to appear singular in your eyes, I will give you some account of my life, and the cause of that dejection which I am unable to overcome.

'My family was once rich and noble, but in the late contentions by which France has been divided they lost their wealth. I being an only son, and shewing a quickness of disposition, no expense was spared which the means of my parents could afford in my education. Having always, even when a child, admired the noble busts and statues, and the fine paintings with which the Emperor Napoleon had adorned the Thuilleries, I resolved to make the fine arts my study, and became particularly fond of sculpture, which was then much patronized in France; after some time spent in studying at Paris, I was sent to Florence, and other places where the great ancient and modern works of art are deposited, in order to perfect myself. After having visited all the noted places where I could receive any instruction, and having finished my studies, big with the expectation of raising my own and country's fame, I determined to return to Paris. I had previously become anxious about my parents, from whom I had

received no letters for a long time. France was then in the height of her calamities ; the allied armies, spreading destruction, had taken possession of the capital, and Napoleon had retired to Elba. Judge what were my feelings when, on my arrival, I found that my father had fallen in one of the assaults while the city was besieged ; and my mother, unable to sustain the shock, had lived only two days after him : you may conceive, better than I can express, what I felt when I found that the silent grave contained all that I loved best on earth. To add to my distress, I found the new government had seized all their remaining effects. I applied to those that had professed friendship to my father, but I was unnoticed : thus, unprotected and unbefriended, I had no means of subsistence ; and, filled with disgust, I determined to leave my native land. I had heard that the new world was the land of freedom, that it afforded protection to the unfortunate, and that there every one had an equal chance of success. I immediately determined to go thither, embarked, and arrived safe. But here I received no better encouragement ; I have seen men who, by influence and prejudice, have risen far above me, while I have been neglected and abused. I then adopted the resolution of going to England, and have consequently taken a passage on board your ship ; but, sighing, ‘ I believe I shall never again endure to visit the busy haunts of men, where every face is fair and every heart foul ; and where interest reigns predominant in every bosom. I am tired of the world.’

‘ Trust me, sir,’ answered Julian, ‘ you view the dark side of the scene of life ; there are souls whose only pleasure ’tis to reward merit and diffuse happiness : let hope still buoy you up ; happier days are in store for you——’

Orteval interrupted him. ‘ Lay no more,’ said he, ‘ the flattering prospect before me—a thousand times have those chimeras filled my head, and have as often proved false. No, I am doomed to fall as the withered leaf, which is unnoticed but by the destroying blast that

hurls it from its native branch.' Being interrupted, and Julian's watch being done, they each retired to his respective birth below.

Every interview now strengthened the mutual friendship which had commenced between those two kindred souls; which, on the one side, caused the healing cordial to be offered to the wounded heart, but, by an act of fatal despondency on the other, was soon dashed away.

The weather for the last two days had become exceedingly stormy, and Julian's duties, in consequence, did not allow him to see much of his friend. The third morning, however, dawned serene; the sun rose with all its beauties from the watery horizon, and again cheered the heart of the weather-beaten mariner, diffused the ray of hope into his breast, and gilded his prospect. Julian had just seated himself in a cleared part of the ship, and was busy mending some tackle, when Orteval joined him; he seemed much agitated and feverish, his eyes were red and swollen as if with weeping.

'You look ill,' said Julian.

'I am,' he replied, 'life's burden has become too heavy for me; I did expect that I should not have beheld the sun rise again, but I wished to see my friend once more; nay, start not, interrupt me not, hear me patiently to the end!' Here, taking a gold watch from his pocket, and for a moment pressing it to his lips, 'This was the last gift of a dear and loving mother; I wished to deliver it into your hands; accept it as the offering of friendship.'

Julian, astonished, attempted a reply.

'Nay, refuse me not, it is a last request; in my chest you will find another, present it to the captain, who has been kind and attentive to me, for which render him my heartfelt thanks.'

'But what, what is it you mean?' cried Julian; 'your health will soon I hope be restored; why talk in such a strain?'

'Ah! never, my dear friend; wherever I go misery

attends me; I have only one resource; but oh! when you think on me, forget my rashness, and pity one who could have loved you as a friend;' then, seizing his hand, and pressing it with a frenzied violence, he exclaimed, 'Farewell! farewell!' and, leaping on the taff-rail of the ship, plunged into the sea.

Julian, stupified with horror, could scarce cry for assistance; and, when they ran to the side of the ship, poor Orteval had sunk to rise no more: the ship was laid to immediately, the boats got out, but every effort to save him proved fruitless.

When Julian's feelings had in some degree subsided, he performed, with an aching heart, his last requests; among other things, were some small busts, and some paintings of most exquisite workmanship, which, since their arrival in England, have excited universal admiration.

J. C. A.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARCUS AURELIUS AND A RECOLLET FRIAR.

Marcus Aurelius—Now I begin to remember, this must certainly be the capitol, and this building the temple. Doubtless the man I see is a priest of Jupiter. My friend, give me leave to speak a word with you.

The Recollet—Friend! That is familiar, at least. You certainly must be a stranger, to address in this manner Brother Fulgentius, the Recollet friar, an inhabitant of the capitol, Confessor to the Duchess de Popoli, and who sometimes converses with the Pope as if he were speaking to a man.

Marcus Aurelius—Brother Fulgentius in the capitol! Things are a little changed. I do not understand one word that you have said. Is not this the Temple of Jupiter?

The Recollet—Go along, my good fellow, you rave. Who are you with your antiquated dress, and your little beard? Whence come you, and what do you want?

Marcus Aurelius—I wear my usual dress ; I am come hither to see Rome ; I am Marcus Aurelius.

The Recollet—Marcus Aurelius ! I have heard of that name, or some one like it. There was a Pagan emperor, as well as I recollect, who was called so.

Marcus Aurelius—That is myself. I wished again to see that Rome which I once so much loved, and which so much loved me—this capitol where I triumphed in refusing triumphs, and this land which I made happy. But I do not recognize Rome. I have found the column which was erected for me, but I do not find the statue of the sage Antoninus, my father ; that of another person has been substituted.

The Recollet—Indeed there has, my friend of the bottomless pit. Sixtus the Fifth had your column repaired ; but he put upon it the statue of one who was worth more than you and your father put together.

Marcus Aurelius—I have never doubted that it was easy to be a better man than I ; but I do not think it possible to surpass the virtue and goodness of my father. Perhaps, however, my filial piety may have misled me, as every man is liable to mistake. But be so good as to tell me why you call me your friend of the bottomless pit.

The Recollet—Why there can be no doubt that there is the place of your abode. Did not you (unless I make a great mistake) persecute men to whom you were under great obligations, and who procured you a shower of rain for the purpose of enabling you to beat your enemies ?

Marcus Aurelius—Indeed then you do mistake, for I never persecuted any one. I returned thanks to Heaven that, by a most fortunate conjuncture, a heavy rain fell, just at the moment when my troops were ready to die with thirst. But I never heard that I was therefore under any obligations to the people you allude to, although they were very good soldiers. I assure you that I do not dwell in the bottomless pit. I did too much good in my time to mankind, to deserve that the

Divine Being should inflict on me any punishment. But tell me, if you please, where is the palace of the emperor, my successor. Is it still on the Mount Palatine? For, to tell you the truth, I don't know my own country again.

The Recollet—Indeed I believe you, we have improved every thing so much. I will take you, if you like, to Mount Cavallo, where you may kiss his holiness's toe, and obtain indulgences, of which you seem to me to stand much in need.

Marcus Aurelius—Grant me first your's, and tell me is there no longer any Roman Empire, or any Emperor of Rome?

The Recollet—Certainly; there are both. But they are four hundred leagues off, in a little city called Vienna, on the banks of the Danube. I recommend you to go thither and see your successors, for here you run the risk of seeing the inquisition. I promise you that the reverend fathers, the Dominicans, are folks who do not understand jesting, and that they will stand upon little ceremony with a Marcus Aurelius, an Antoninus, a Trajan, or a Titus, or any other people who cannot say their catechisms.

Marcus Aurelius—Catechisms! the Inquisition! Dominicans! Recollets! Cardinals! a Pope! and the Roman Empire in a little city on the Danube! I did not expect these things; but I can easily conceive that, in six centuries, the things of this world must needs change a little. I am, however, very curious to see a Marcoman, or a Cimbrian, or a Teutonic emperor.

The Recollet—You may very soon then give yourself that pleasure, and much greater. You will be surprised, too, to learn that the Scythians have one half of your domains, and we the other. That a priest like myself is the Sovereign of Rome; and that I, Father Fulgentius, may be so in my turn. Then I shall bestow my benedictions in the same place where you drew captive kings at your chariot wheels.

Marcus Aurelius—You do tell me very strange

things, indeed. But all these events could not have happened without great evils. I pity the human race who have suffered on this account.

The Recollet—You are too good. It is true they have cost torrents of blood, and a hundred provinces have been ravaged ; but all these things were necessary, in order that Father Fulgentius should sleep at his ease in the capitol.

Marcus Aurelius—Rome, then, the capital of the world, is fallen, and is most unfortunate.

The Recollet—Fallen, if you please, but not unfortunate. On the contrary, peace reigns there, and the fine arts flourish. They who were formerly the masters of the world are now masters of music. Instead of sending colonies to England we send thither opera singers and violin players. We have now no Scipios to destroy Carthages ; but, at the same time, we have no proscriptions. We have bartered glory for repose.

Marcus Aurelius—While I was alive I tried to be a philosopher, and, since my death, I have become one. I find that repose is better than glory ; but, from our conversation, I suspect that Father Fulgentius is no philosopher.

The Recollet—No ! I not a philosopher ! I assure you that I am a most extraordinary one. I have taught philosophy, and, what is more, theology.

Marcus Aurelius—May I ask you what is theology ?

The Recollet—It is——It is that which is the cause of my being here, and the emperor's being here no more. You seem vexed at my glory, and at the little revolution which has taken place in your empire.

Marcus Aurelius—I adore the eternal decrees ; I know better than to murmur at destiny : I wonder at the vicissitudes of human affairs ; but, since all things must change, since the Roman empire has fallen, the Recollets may have their turn.

The Recollet—I excommunicate you, and am going to matins.

Marcus Aurelius—And I go again to eternity.

ON A DEATH-BELL AT MIDNIGHT.

HARK ! what is that awful sound ?

‘ Piercing the night’s dull ear ;’

It breathes a holy influence round,

It warns us to prepare.

Alas ! it is the solemn knell

Of one beyond life’s river ;

It is the midnight passing-bell

Of a spirit fled for ever.

And in this lonely witching hour,

When silence reigns profound ;

Still more impressive is the power

Of its unearthly sound.

It lifts the soul to musings high,

Free from all worldly care ;

And wings it upward to the sky,

In anxious fervent prayer.

And well we know its measur’d toll,

As it strikes upon the ear ;

Full well we understand its knell,

Pealing in accents clear.

It speaks a moral all can read,

Deep sinks it in the heart ;

It tells us we are only made

To prepare—and then depart.

Yes ! soul and body part they must,

But *when* we do not know ;

The body shall return to dust,

The soul to its Maker go.

Oh ! then let’s ever watch and pray,

Continuing to the last

Faithful. A crown shall us repay

For all our sorrows past.

York.

B. F. B.



ITALIAN PANTOMIME.

Continued from page 171.

THE introduction of the pantomimes of Italy to France effected an improvement and alteration in them of which it might have been doubted whether they were susceptible. They were reduced to the form of more regular dramas; the greater part of the actors were accomplished persons in their art; and the encouragement which Mary di Medici and the Cardinal Mazarin gave to them made them for more than a century the most popular entertainments of Paris. Their theatre was in the hotel of the Duke of Burgundy; they played wholly in Italian, and the description of comedy or farce which they represented is well known by means of the collection which Gherardi has published. Their popularity increased so much as to give rise to a rival exhibition in the famous theatres of the Fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent. At first they were only coarse and vulgar imitations of the Italian pieces, acted in French, and adapted to the taste of the populace. By degrees they got better. Le Sage wrote the plays, and the actors were as good as those of the Hotel de Bourgogne. The jealousy of the Italians was excited to a violent degree; they persecuted their rivals, and

put in practice all the means which their favour with the nobility afforded them of putting down the diverting vagabonds, who, in booths like those of Bartholomew Fair, gave an entertainment that was resorted to by all Paris. Their ingenuity enabled them to evade the effects of an attack which they could not otherwise oppose. When one kind of acting was prohibited they produced another and a better; and so they went on until the Italians were tired, and found that, although they had the law and the favour of the government on their side, it was in vain to attempt to resist the popular feeling. Ultimately the Italians were driven away, and the theatres of the fair flourished until their turn came to be deserted; but even at the present day the theatres of the Boulevards present very nearly the same features as those of the Fairs in their best days.

Among the characters in the pantomime, which are wholly of French invention, was the celebrated Pierrot. He was represented as an imbecile and a silly fellow, who was always the butt of the jokes and rogueries of Arlequin and all other knaves. He was dressed in white, with a broad white hat, a falling collar, immense buttons, and large sleeves, the cuffs of which fell down when he attempted any violent exertion, and gave a ridiculous and helpless expression to his whole figure. In the Pierrots of our degenerate times this circumstance is made the most remarkable, and the character is nothing more than an unmeaning figure with long sleeves. The Pierrot, as originally produced, was like some of the characters which Liston plays, such as Lubin Log, Billy Lackaday, &c., a weak crying simpleton, and his dress was not then of the nondescript kind which it now appears to be. The third figure in the engraving accurately represents the Pierrot in the French fairs.

The most famous of the actors who undertook the part of Pierrot was a man of the name of Belloni. He was born in the Isle of Zante, and was brought to Paris by the Prince Philip de Soissons, who, after having had him instructed in the principles of the Catholic religion, appointed him to be one of his valets, and ordered him

to have lessons in music, and to be taught the guitar. Soon afterwards, one of the strolling companies was permitted to act in the Hotel de Soissons. Pouteuil, who afterwards distinguished himself among the actors of the French comedy, belonged to the troop, and young Dominique, the son of the celebrated Dominique. Francassani, another actor, and Drouin, a hump-backed man, who afterwards gained great celebrity, were also of this society. Belloni took a fancy to this sort of acting, and scraped an acquaintance with the members of the troop, but particularly with an old fellow of the name of Cadet, who was scene painter and decorator to the troop. When the king dismissed the Italian players, Cadet, who had engaged in a speculation for a new theatre which was to be begun in the country, persuaded Belloni to undertake the parts of Trivelin and Scaramouche. This new company made their first appearance at St. Denis, only two leagues from Paris, and went onwards from one city to another, until they reached Angers, where Belloni fell in love with the daughter of an earthenware manufacturer, and married her.

Soon afterwards he quarrelled with Cadet, and went with his wife to join the company of Pascariel, at Toulouse. The famous Maganox, whom Belloni had seen in the country, and whom he carefully imitated, was so much struck by his talents, that he procured him this employment. Belloni, after some time, left Pascariel and went to Paris, where he played at the fairs. His popularity soon reached the highest pitch, and he was acknowledged to be the best Pierrot that had been seen. Thinking that his riches increased too slowly, although he was very well paid for his acting, he determined to open another source of profit by keeping a coffee-house, a practice then not uncommon with actors. Having, therefore, taken out a license, he opened a shop in the Rue des Petits Champs, which he called *Le Cafe Comique*; and placed over the door, by way of sign, the portraits of several of the pantomime actors of the day, in which his own figure was the most considerable.

His reputation, joined to the attraction of his sign, soon gave his coffee-house a great vogue; but, as the state of human affairs is always uncertain, an accident of a most trifling nature precipitated him at once from the topmost height of his good fortune. One morning, when the place happened to be very full, one of the guests discovered something in his coffee, which ought not to have entered into the composition. On looking at it more closely, he discovered that it was—the end of a candle! He communicated his discovery to others, a tumult was the consequence, then a fight, and at last the police were called in to clear the shop. Belloni never got over this mistake—his enemies, and great men always have many of them, said that he made his coffee always with the ends of candles—the unthinking public believed it—and poor Pierrot was altogether undone. He made some fruitless attempts to open a coffee-house in another part of Paris, in the Rue Quincampoix, the scene of Law's bubble schemes; but the folks were too busy in making their fortunes to encourage him, although he had his own portrait, in the dress of Pierrot, placed at his door.

After many fruitless attempts to repair his ill-fortune, which pursued him every where but on the stage, he gave up the contest, and confined himself wholly to the theatre. He died very poor and old, in the year 1718. His wife, like a lady who knew the customs of good society, did not marry again until the year and the day after his death were completed.

An anecdote is told of Belloni, in the *Bigarrures Calotines*, not much in favour of his courage. He had quarrelled with one of his comrades, and the matter took so serious a form, that the other insisted upon having the satisfaction of a gentleman, and wanted Belloni to draw on the spot. Belloni hesitated and refused, because, he said, he did not want to be the cause of his comrade's death, which was certain, if he should engage him. The other abused him, threatened him with a cudgel, and asked him very bitterly why he carried a sword. 'Why!' replied Belloni, with the air he assumed on the stage, and opening

his eyes in the style of Pierrot, 'I carry a sword because other people of condition do.'

Scapin, the figure which stands the first in the cut, and next but one to Pierrot, on his right hand, was a most useful personage in the drama. He resembled very much the servants and slaves in Terence. Intriguing, roguish by nature, and always ready to lend his aid to young libertines and spendthrifts, his most common employment was to cheat fathers and guardians. He used to speak the Bergamask dialect as well as Arlequin; but was never represented as a simpleton. He was dressed in a sort of livery, with a short cloak, a cap, which he commonly carried in his hand, and a dagger. Otway's play of the 'Cheats of Scapin,' which is very well known, renders any more detailed description of him unnecessary; for there was very little variety in his adventures, his exertions and his exploits being almost always as they are there described.

Mezzetin, the next figure to Pierrot on the same side, was a character quite unknown to the pantomimes until the year 1680. It was invented by Angelo Constantini, who was engaged in the Cardinal's troop to play double to the famous Dominique. That actor was, however, so industrious, and so fond of his art, that he seldom quitted his part; and Constantini, tired of being idle, and wanting to distinguish himself, invented the character of Mezzetin. The dress was designed for him by Callot, the celebrated etcher, the Cruikshank of his day. It consists of a cloak of striped silk, a little vest of the same, breeches and stockings of different colours, a little hat, and a large collar about the neck. The character is something like Scapin, but a little more exalted; and sometimes, by way of variety, he used to represent it as a sort of adventurer, a servant turned gentleman, or a supposed foreign noble. After Dominique's death, he assumed the part of Arlequin. A scene was written expressly for him, in a piece played at the Hotel de Bourgogne, in which Columbine presented him with Arlequin's dress. From that time he continued to play the part

until the theatre was suppressed, but he played it always without a mask at the request of the audience. This was a compliment paid to his very handsome and expressive features.

After the suppression of the theatre he was engaged by the Elector of Saxony to form a company for him, in which he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the monarch that he granted him a patent of nobility. Constantini, presuming on his new rank, began to play the Mezzetin in real life, and succeeded in gaining the affections of a lady of rank. Her family, indignant at this, exerted themselves so effectually against him that he was disgraced and imprisoned in the castle of Konigstein, in 1699. After several years' captivity, he owed his deliverance to a singular accident. One of the Elector's mistresses visiting the castle saw him, was interested in the story of his sufferings, and procured the pardon of the Elector. Constantini returned to Paris a very old man, and continued to play Arlequin at the Fair of St. Germain until his death.

The Scaramouche, which is the only character remaining undescribed, is of Neapolitan origin. When the Spaniards first set up their domination in Naples, the vanquished, who could find room for mirth in their deepest woe and degradation, set themselves to work to ridicule the pompous bombast of their conquerors. They consequently introduced to the pantomimes a character of a bully and braggart, who talked impossible things, and was eventually beaten into a sense of his real cowardice. He wore a very long sword, and used to frighten all the people in the piece with his threatenings. He was called Scaramouche, or Capitan Spavento, and sometimes Capitan Spezzafer. The part remained thus until a very famous actor, Tiberio Fiorilli, took it in hand. He introduced many improvements, but still the part remained that of a coward and braggart, however else it was varied. Fiorilli was an excellent actor, and owed his first advancement to a singular accident. He was in the chamber of the Dauphin when Louis XIV. was an infant. The child happened to cry, and Scaramouche

begged to be allowed to try to pacify him. He took the young prince in his arms, and, by his extraordinary grimaces, changed the cry into a laugh. From this moment he was indispensable in the nursery—his *entrée* to the palace at all times was permitted; and with such golden opportunities his natural talents, which were of the first kind, soon met their reward. The affection which Louis conceived for him in his infancy ensured him his protection when he afterwards came to the throne, and he continued it till his death, which happened at a very advanced age. He was acting frequently when he had reached his eighty-third year, and was then so active that he could give Arlequin a box on the ear with his foot. Among his other distinctions he had the high honour of being called Molière's master, and did actually give him some lessons in his art. This fact is alluded to in the verses at the foot of Fiorilli's portrait—

Cet illustre comedien
De son art traça la carrière ;—
Il fut le maître de Molière,
Et la nature fut le sien.

A LOVER'S CONFESSION.

I WILL not say how you are beautifulle,
For that the meepest clowne as well may see,
Nor can I comprehend you are soe dull
As not to knowe it were no newes from me.
Nor will I nowe compare you to the pride
Of sweetest dewie flowre, or fairest starre,
Who sooner mighte from your faire selfe provide
Rare termes to shewe how they defective arre.
Yett though you farre outdoe alle Nature's grace,
And in compare leave her sweete works behinde,
Stille alle confesse who looke uppon your face,
On each faire feature beames still fairer minde.
Alle this you knowe—yet can you not divine,
How blessed I sholde bee, if you were—*mine!*
Nottingham.

R. H.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. IV.

JOAN OF ORLEANS.

THE ferocity with which her captors sought this wretched woman's life can be explained in no other way than by reference to the gross superstitions which disgraced the age in which they lived, and to the extraordinary influence she had obtained over the populace and the army of France. Months had elapsed after her falling into the hands of the English; and every day had seen her exposed to privations and indignities which were disgraceful to humanity, and too shocking to be recorded. Her enemies, knowing the odium they would incur by putting her to death, and being now convinced that although she was a visionary woman she was of so simple and pious a heart that they could find nothing in her conduct to justify her condemnation, resolved to lay plans for her destruction which it was hardly possible she could evade.

All the mischievous ingenuity of the clerical lawyers of that day was employed in preparing charges against her. She was examined in prison, and her two most deadly enemies, the Cardinal of Winchester and the Bishop of Beauvais, were at the head of the tribunal. The honesty and simplicity of her answers baffled the malice of her accusers; and, as they could extract nothing from her own mouth, they perverted, or falsified, or suppressed her replies. Some parts of her examination have been preserved by the very few of her judges who were not also her persecutors; and these show forcibly the mildness of her temper, the purity of her intentions, and the vigour of her understanding.

She was asked, among other questions, if she was within the grace of God.

'To answer such a question,' she replied, 'is a serious matter.'

'It is indeed,' replied Jean Fabri, one of the assessors; 'the accused is not obliged to reply.'

'You would do better to hold your tongue,' cried the bishop in a fury; 'let the accused answer.'

'If I am not,' replied Joan, 'I trust that God will yet receive me into his grace; if I am, I trust that he will preserve me there. And,' she added, 'but for his grace, how could I endure my sufferings?'

At another time, when they examined her concerning her standard, she replied, 'I carried it instead of a lance, that I might not be induced to slay in the heat of the battle; I have never slain any one human being.' When she was asked what virtue there was in her banner—'This,' she answered: 'I showed it to the soldiers, bidding them fall on the English; and at the same moment I dashed into their ranks myself.' They asked her why she placed her banner against the high altar at the coronation at Rheims. 'It had been in the place of peril,' she said; 'it was entitled to be in the place of honour also.'

Her accusers were soon convinced that they must abandon the charge of sorcery, for which there did not appear to be the slightest pretence; and the accusation was confined to two points: the first, that of wearing a man's habit, in which she persisted with astonishing pertinacity; and the second, her refusal to submit to the authority of the church. By means of intrigue of the basest kind, and of falsehoods glaring and gross to the last degree, a sentence was procured on both accusations, and Joan was decreed to be cut off from the church as an infected member, and handed over to the secular arm.

Still the work was not done. To put the wretched girl to death would not answer the purpose of her murderers; they wanted also to obtain from her such a confession of the crimes they charged her with as would destroy the people's confidence in her. A priest, who went (it does not appear for what reason) by the singular appellation of Nicholas the Fowler, was employed as her confessor; and, under the faith of his assurances that he was a partizan of the French king,

he gained some influence over her which he exercised to her destruction.

It was on the 24th of May, in the year 1431, that a spectacle was exhibited which drew forth the whole population of the city of Rouen. Two large scaffolds were erected in the great square. On one of them was seated the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, the Bishops of Noyon and Boulogne, and the members of the court of assessors. On the other stood Joan, pale, and worn out with suffering; but yet with an air of composure and resignation which formed a striking contrast to the almost demoniac expression of the countenances of her judges. Her arms were loaded with chains, her feet bare, and she was dressed in the plain military garb which she had always worn; but now long usage and the filthiness of her dungeon had soiled and torn it, so that it was in a deplorable plight. A rude iron cross was clasped to her bosom with one arm; the other hung listlessly by her side. An ecclesiastic of most forbidden physiognomy stood beside her. This was the priest who had been selected to address the populace. Some of the notaries and clerks were ranged behind; and on her left hand stood the smooth-faced hypocrite Nicholas, with another churchman, who was one of the assessors. At the foot of the scaffold the public executioner was seated in a kind of cart, and immediately opposite, but at some yards distant, was the stake surrounded by faggots. A large troop of English archers and men at arms, dismounted, and bearing axes instead of their lances, formed a guard round the scaffolds, and kept back the people, who pressed eagerly to see and hear the fated girl of Orleans.

The ugly priest began an address which was remarkable for its length and its dullness, and was only relieved by the bitter virulence which the preacher occasionally introduced. Joan listened unmoved to the reproaches which this pious person in his zeal cast on her; but, when he attacked the king, and called him a heretic, she broke silence.

'Speak of me,' she said, 'as you will; but of the king, I swear and will maintain with my best blood that no truer Christian, no braver nor more virtuous heart, breathes in the world. It suits not your office, holy father, to defame your king in the hearing of his subjects.'

'Gag her, if she will not be silent,' cried the angry bishop.

The priest proceeded, and at the end of his address asked Joan if she would now sign an abjuration of her errors in the face of the people. At the same time the horrible preparations for her death were shown to her, and were offered as the alternative in case of her refusal. For a long time she persisted in refusing. The false priests, by whom she was surrounded, endeavoured, by means of falsehood and artifice, to make her believe that the abjuration was not inconsistent with her former declarations. She wavered; the horrors of such a fate as was before her mastered her resolution, and she expressed her submission to the church, and her readiness to abjure any errors she might have committed. On the moment another form of abjuration was substituted for that which had been read and explained to her. The latter contained a full acknowledgment of all the crimes which had been alleged against her, and besought pardon for her crimes. To this the wretched young woman most unwittingly affixed a mark of the cross, for she could not write; and, the object of her tyrants being so far accomplished, she was carried back again to the Tower while the crowd dispersed. The animosity of the English soldiery had been excited against her to the highest degree; and they were taught to look upon her in the light of a person who had brought the powers of hell to the field to fight against them. They regretted that their prey had escaped them; the people of Rouen, on the contrary, generally rejoiced that her life was, as they thought, saved.

She had promised to reassume the habits of her sex, and on her return to her dungeon she kept her pro-

mise. Her cruel persecutors knew that she was not only fond of wearing men's clothes, but that the real cause of her refusing to put them off was, that they protected her better than her own dress from the violence and indignity to which she had often been exposed by her unmanly captors. Having, however, promised to lay them aside, she did so. Still the favourite dress was left in her chamber, in the hope that she might be induced to put it on; and, when they found that she avoided the snare, they took away her female garb when she was in bed, and left her only the other. When she awoke she perceived this, and complained of it; as, however, she was obliged to rise and dress herself, she put on the forbidden habit. This was enough for her enemies. She was immediately accused of having relapsed into her former errors, and was threatened with instant death.

When she perceived that her fate was determined, and that she had been cruelly deluded into a belief that they meant to spare her life, her firmness and composure left her, and in the irritation of her feelings she reproached her enemies with their perfidy. This was the moment for the completion of their designs. In this state of exasperation they asked her again about her visions and her conferences with angels, which she now avowed and insisted on. They then told her that she must prepare herself for the most painful of all deaths—by fire. The poor creature wept and tore her hair, and for some time remained in an agonising transport of grief. The bishop came into her cell. 'Bishop,' she said, 'it is by your means that I die; but, by God's will, I shall this day be in Paradise, where you can never come.'

On the 30th of May, a bare week after her abjuration, she was drawn in the cart of the executioner from the Tower to the great square. A confessor, not Nicholas, who had betrayed her, but Martin L'Advenu, who had, to his own great peril, protested against the process, was with her. Eight hundred English soldiers, heavily armed, escorted the cart.

She prayed all the way to the square with so much devotion and so touching a piety, that the French people who were about her could not restrain their tears, and even some of the assessors were unable to proceed to the place of execution. A priest was seen to make his way through the crowd towards the cart, which he mounted. It was the false priest Nicholas, who, repenting his perfidy, came to avow it, and to beseech the pardon of his victim. The English soldiers, who heard him, would have slain him; and but for Lord Warwick, who had great difficulty in saving him, he would have encountered the fate he so justly merited.

When the procession stopped in the square, Joan lifted up her eyes, and, gazing about for a moment, exclaimed softly, 'Ah, Rouen! Rouen! it is here then that I am to die.'

The Cardinal of Winchester, and several of the French prelates were on one scaffold, and the ecclesiastical and secular judges on the other. Joan was led before them. A long sermon was then preached, the tendency of which was to reproach her for her relapse, which she listened to with patience and in calm silence. 'Depart in peace, Joan,' said the preacher, as he concluded; 'the church can defend thee no longer, and delivers thee over to the secular arm.'

She knelt down and prayed, recommending herself to God, to the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints, particularly St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. The resignation and piety which she displayed drew tears even from the iron-hearted cardinal, and some of her other persecutors. The Bishop of Beauvais read her sentence. She then begged that a cross might be given her. An English soldier tied two sticks together in the form of a cross, and handed them to her. She took it and clasped it to her bosom; but afterwards another was brought to her, which she kept until her last moments.

The English troops began to be tired with the delay,

and murmured loudly to the priests to finish their offices. They also bade the executioner do his duty. Without any other command, nor waiting until the secular judge had read the sentence, the headsman seized her by the arm, and dragged her, still clasping the cross, to the stake, which was placed in a kind of platform which had been built for the occasion. Here she was bound, and on her head was placed a mitre painted with these words, '*Heretic! Relapsed! Apostate! Idolatress!*' Her confessor stood near her. The executioner set fire to the pile; and, as the crackling of the wood was heard, and the first wreath of smoke ascended, she shuddered, and exclaimed, 'Oh Jesus!' She then begged the confessor to go below, and to hold up the cross, so that she might see it in her last moments; and she besought him to continue his pious consolations to her.

The bishop approached the pile, and again she said to him with vehemence, 'It is by thy hands that I die.' Then she protested loudly that the voices she had heard came from God, and that all she had done was by his commands. The flame was now spreading rapidly. She exclaimed aloud, 'Ah, Rouen! I fear that my death will lie heavily on thee!' and beyond this nothing was heard from her but the low murmuring of her prayers, and frequent invocations of the name of Jesus. The flame and smoke soon obscured her form, and a few moments put an end to her sufferings.

The impression which her death made was exactly the reverse of that which her murderers had intended it should produce. Even the English soldiery were moved; and the French people were confirmed in their belief that she was a saint on earth. Miracles were believed to have attended her dissolution. Some persons saw through the flame angels holding her head; others saw her name written in letters of fire in the sky; and an English soldier deposed that he saw her soul fly to heaven in the shape of a white dove.

A more foul and execrable murder does not stain the

history of any people ; and four centuries have not yet been able to make Englishmen forget that it was perpetrated by men who bore the same name, and belonged to the same nation as themselves.

TO THE FLY.

HERALD of summer, with ebony wing,
 Welcome ! dark hummer ! now joyously sing
 Thy wild incantations encircling the air,
 To call thy relations, of spiders beware.
 Buz ! buz ! buz ! now wantonly dip
 In Hebe's cup, yon maiden's lip :
 Taste o' the bliss as she sleeping lies,
 And steal the kiss ere it fades and dies :
 Buz ! buz ! buz ! see away it trips
 On its giddy wing, as it fearless flips.

Blithsome and airy it wends its way,
 Like eastern fair ; and tunes its lay
 To some lady-fly that has won by smiles,
 A look and a sigh from its heart of guiles.
 Buz ! buz ! buz ! see it 'lights on yon flower,
 Tasting the honey and whiling the hour—
 Heedless of time from yon dial of stone,
 It wastes its prime, but 'tis not alone.
 Buz ! buz ! buz ! and millions come,
 To follow the sound of the king-fly's drum.

Spiders are spinning thy web of fate,
 And at thee are grinning with deadly hate
 On thy innocent deeds ; thou art caught, alas !
 And the spider feeds in its secret pass.
 Buz ! buz ! buz ! now fainter grows
 I' the vampire's coil ;—thy heart-blood flows
 For the insect Giaour ; to it 'tis sweet,
 And it blesses the hour that yields the treat !
 It can buz no more ! see it lifeless hangs
 In Death's flimsy web—now free from its pangs !

F. C. N.

ODE TO PYRRHA.

FROM HORACE.

WHAT tender stripling, on luxuriant roses,
 Now clasps thee Pyrrha? Laved with soft perfume,
 What dainty boy upon thy breast reposes
 Beneath the twilight of thy grotto's gloom?
 Still, delicately neat, thy finger closes
 In wreathes thy sunny hair—but ah! for whom?
 Alas! how oft, in agony, will he
 Faith and the changed gods lament: how oft,
 In strange astonishment, behold the sea
 Rough with black storms, in billows hurled aloft;
 Who now, too fondly, basking there may be,
 On its bright bosom, beautiful and soft!
 Who, ever free and constant, ever kind,
 Expects to see thee, since he sees thee now:—
 To treacherous tempests credulously blind,
 Aye brooding 'neath the sunlight of thy brow.
 Oh, wretched they, who hope in thee to find,
 The calm of love, and love's unbroken vow!
 Nottingham.

W. P. SMITH.

. We are much obliged to Mr. Howitt, who is so good as to transmit us this version of Horace's *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*. We do not quite agree with him when he says it is the best translation he has seen; and we are sure that when he said so he had forgotten Milton's most admirable version. The translation, however, is extremely elegant and good as far as it goes; and we wish that the concluding lines, which contain all the point of the ode, had not been omitted. Mr. Smith has not attempted these lines.

——— Me, tabula sacer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

——— Me, in my vow'd
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dark and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

That ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
 And goblins haunt, from fire or fen,
 Or mine or flood, the walks of men.

WHEN I first took orders I went to serve a curacy belonging to a friend of mine, in a parish situated on a remote part of the coast of Norfolk. The village was about a mile from the sea, and the church stood half-way between them, in a bleak spot, which even in summer was dismal enough; but in winter it was so dreary that it might be deemed, with some reason, the haunt of beings that shun the cheerful and busy parts of the creation. The whole of the village and a great portion of the surrounding lands were the property of a gentleman, whose seat was immediately adjoining. This gentleman, as may be imagined, was interested in all the affairs of his tenants, and he endeavored to promote their comfort and happiness as far as he was able. He was a plain unaffected man, and a good sample of that class of the community to which he belonged—the English country gentlemen. I was treated by him with great cordiality and kindness during my stay in his neighbourhood, and we had already begun to be very intimate, when he came to me one day for the purpose of consulting me, he said, on a subject which had given him some trouble.

There was in the village a blacksmith, who, besides setting a very pernicious example of habitual drunkenness, pretended to possess the faculty of foretelling the deaths of his neighbours. This fellow was a great knave, and he had, in many instances, exercised his divinatory powers for the purposes of wantonness and revenge. He, however, carried on his practices with so much cunning, that the simple villagers feared him at least as much as they hated him. Some of his predictions had happened to be true, but they were always such as might have been very safely made without the possession of any supernatural skill. When young people had the visible marks of consumption, and when

old ones were rapidly decaying, it was safe enough for the blacksmith to foretell that in the space of a year they would be no more. The rogue, who had wit enough to see that his neighbours were fit subjects for imposition, thought it would be as well to add a superstitious *eclat* to his predictions ; and for this purpose he used to pass St. Mark's Eve alone, in the church porch, where, as he said, he beheld the unsubstantial forms of those who were doomed to die passing in order along the churchyard path. Among others, for some offence which he had taken against the aged mother of a young man who was then serving in the navy on a distant station, he gave out that the youth would die in the course of the year. Of all his mischievous predictions this was most likely to have had a fatal effect. The young man was to be married on his return to a girl who lived in the village, and who was one of the best as well as the prettiest 'low-born lasses' that ever dignified an humble station by her eminent virtues. The year was drawing near a close, and no news had been received from her lover, although the period at which they were expected had long since passed. Poor Mary had borne up for a long time against the apprehensions and anxieties which the blacksmith's predictions had occasioned, but now they became too heavy and terrible to bear. Her health declined, her spirits were gone, and it appeared too likely that she would form one of the grim troop, who, on the approaching St. Mark's Eve, were to make their appointed journey through the churchyard. The cause of her illness was well known, for, in a village like that of which I am speaking, every body is acquainted with his neighbour's affairs at least as well as his own. The matter was talked of every where, and had spread a panic throughout the place, which greatly vexed the squire.

The object of his visit to me was to consult as to what should be done for the purpose of restoring tranquillity. To drive away the blacksmith was an easy matter, but this would not have been a sufficient re-

medy for the evil. It was the squire's wish that the people should be convinced of the rogue's impostures in the first place: he proposed to me, therefore, that I should pass the fatal eve in the church porch, and that I should publicly announce the result of my observations during the terrible hour to my parishioners.

I had no objection to this—I did not believe in the superstition, and I was in hopes that my visit would have the effect of convincing the good folks of the village of the folly of their fears, and of the falsehood of the blacksmith's prophecies. The only precaution that I thought it necessary to take was that the author of the mischief might be watched, lest he should be induced to play me some trick which could have defeated the object of my vigil.

St. Mark's Eve arrived: I supped with the squire, and remained chatting with him and his family until within half an hour of midnight, when I quitted them, and, wrapped up in a warm and capacious cloak, walked towards the church.

The weather was mild for the season; the wind and rain had prevailed for several weeks, but the sun had occasionally, and for short intervals, given promise of the approach of the tardy spring. The moon was up, and, sometimes shining in unobscured brilliancy—sometimes only shedding a dim and doubtful gleam through the fleecy clouds which coursed rapidly across the sky—gave a thousand different tones to the landscape. My road to the church lay, for the greatest part, through the squire's plantations, which were thickly grown; and, although now only at the end of April, the leaves of most of the trees were out. I have seen a more serene night, but I never saw any more beautiful. The plantation abounded with nightingales, some of which poured out the rich liquid melody of their songs, as if they would never end. I paused more than once upon my walk to listen to the profuse deluge of vocal sounds uttered by these birds upon the midnight air, which seemed charmed into stillness by the spell of their eloquent music. The quaint, but

powerful and beautiful, description in a little poem called 'Music's Duel,' by an almost forgotten English poet,† came into my mind. This author has versified a story told by the Jesuit, Strada, of a musician, who, playing in a wood, found that a nightingale in a tree near him endeavored to imitate the modulations of the air he was performing. He increased the power of his song, and the bird its exertions to keep up with him, until its heart broke with the effort, and this 'music's enthusiast' fell dead upon the artist's lute.

'Oh fit to have,

That liv'd so sweetly!—dead, so sweet a grave!
The passage to which I particularly allude is this:—

'Her supple breast thrills out

Sharp airs, and staggers in the warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie,
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
Music's best seed-plot, when, in ripened airs,
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing.'

But, to return to my adventures, from which the nightingales and Crashaw have diverted me—I went on to the church-yard, and took my seat in the porch of

† Crashaw.

the ancient building, the appearance of which was at least as rude as the times in which it was erected. The wind had freshened a little, and blew with a mourning noise from the sea across the flat high lands which lay between. It sung through the old church tower a wild and fitful song. The moon still remained high in the heavens; its beams fell on the silent graves, which were thickly strewn in the slanting churchyard at my feet; and the thin shadowy clouds flitting over the white grave-rails, which told the names of the lowly dead beneath, gave to them an appearance of animation.

I could not help thinking that, with a very slight exertion, a person of imagination might people the whole of the silent scene before him with active beings, and create fictions out of his own mind, which he might dwell upon until he believed them to be realities. I felt, however, that it would be better for my present purpose not to indulge in such speculations, and I chased them as well as I could from my mind. Still, however, an oppressive feeling hung upon me, for which I could account in no other manner than by the stillness and solemnity of the scene; for, as I have said before, I disbelieved the whole story of the spectres.

The moments crept on with a painful slowness. I thought that the lapse of time had never before seemed so tardy. The silence was wholly unbroken, save by the harsh ticking of an old clock which stood in the church tower, and by the alternate wailing and sobbing of the keen night-wind. I began to wish that the hour of my watch had expired. The coldness of the air had chilled me, and I could not repress a slight shivering which occasionally ran through my nerves. I had now about ten minutes to stay, and began to pace quickly across the small porch, for the purpose of warming myself a little, when I heard the creaking of the churchyard gate. I turned immediately towards the place whence the sound proceeded, and, looking down, I saw in the clear moonlight a figure advancing up the churchyard path. At this moment I must confess that my

fears got the better of my reason and of my resolution. The shivering increased with uncontrollable violence as I continued to gaze on the approaching object. By no natural accident which I could imagine was it possible that any person could be traversing that path at such an hour. It led only from the wild sea-shore to the village, and was so difficult of access from the cliffs, that even the smugglers, who sometimes frequented this neighbourhood, would have shunned it. These reflections flocked through my mind, and aided the impression which my fears had already made. I wrapped my cloak more closely about me, and with some effort stepped out of the porch, that I might see more distinctly the figure which had so strongly excited my apprehensions. It was now much nearer, when it suddenly stopped, and turned round. This pause enabled me to look more narrowly, and you may imagine that my fears were not lessened when I saw that it was dressed in a naval uniform. I rubbed my eyes, to ascertain exactly that I laboured under no visual delusion. Still the figure stood with its back towards me; the white trowsers shone under the moonlight; the glittering buttons, the sword hanging from the belt, the single epaulette—all convinced me that the figure wore the dress of a lieutenant in the navy. The prediction of the blacksmith came upon my mind, and, in the confusion which this sight occasioned, I was almost inclined to admit its truth. I had never seen the young sailor who had been the subject of it, but the coincidence was so strong as to stagger me. The figure turned round, and, as I saw its features, they exactly answered the description I had so often heard repeated. The moonlight has the effect of making pale the human face, and this, together perhaps with my own imagination, gave to that of the figure before me a deathlike appearance. The recollection of the duty which I had undertaken to perform now forcibly occurred to me, and subdued, in a great measure, the panic which had seized me. I stepped forward, and called out 'Who goes there?'

'A friend!' replied the figure, in a hoarse, but perfectly natural, voice.

'What do you seek here, at this hour of the night?' I asked.

'Before I answer you,' replied the unknown, 'let me know what right you have to question me?'

'I am,' I said, 'the curate of this place.'

'Then, sir, I must say you have chosen a cool night for the performance of your devotions; but, since you are the curate, I have no objection to answer your question:—My name, sir, is Benson; I am a lieutenant on board his Majesty's sloop, the Greyhound. My mother, whom you probably know, lives in the village yonder, and I am now on my way to surprise her with a visit, which, though it may break her night's rest, she will not complain of. My ship is making for the Downs; but the captain, knowing that my mother lived hereabouts, permitted me to be landed from one of the boats; and, as this wind has compelled us to keep pretty close to the shore all day, this was not so difficult to effect as it is sometimes.'

For a few moments I could not answer, I was so wholly overcome with surprise. This was the very person for whom his mother was sorrowing in all the terrors of anxiety, and the fear of whose death was weighing his destined bride down to the grave. I was, however, soon able to explain to the young officer the reasons of my watch, and the situation of his mother and his betrothed. With some difficulty I prevailed upon him not to present himself before them on that night; but I had still greater difficulty to restrain him from rushing to the blacksmith's cottage, and taking a summary revenge upon him.

We proceeded to the house of the squire, whom we found still sitting up: his persuasions, added to mine, induced the young man to take a bed there, and to permit me to disclose the news of his arrival to his mother and his bride on the following morning. I will not attempt to describe the joy which this news occasioned. The lovely Mary, when her anxiety and terror were

dissipated, soon recovered, and, in a few weeks after her lover's return, I had the pleasure of uniting them for life. The blacksmith's predictions were proved false, and he was banished from the village, to the great comfort of the inhabitants, many of whom, however, still believe the story of St. Mark's Eve and the spectres, although they are glad there is nobody, like the blacksmith, to bring home to them a direct application of their terrors.

STANZAS.

TELL, spirit of the wilderness !
 If Contemplation dwell
 Amid gay fashion's proud excess,
 Or in the cloister'd cell ?
 Yes ! she retires, with modest eye,
 To scan in silence o'er
 The orbs, that gem the azure sky,
 Or list the ocean's roar.

In her such fadeless beauties bloom
 As may not pass away,
 From sorrow she dispels the gloom,
 And points to brighter day :
 Affection bends o'er her lov'd son,
 To catch hope's transient ray,
 And when it dies, 'tis she alone
 The tear of grief can stay.

Joy may linger, pleasure beam,
 Friendship never know decay ;
 These are but phantasies—a dream,
 That leads the mind astray ;
 Then, Contemplation, be thou mine,
 And throw around thy spell,
 All spells above that sweetly shine
 Unchang'd, unchangeable.

London.

W. C. SELWY

THE CONJUROR'S APPRENTICE.

A FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once upon a time a young man named Alexis, who was of an exceedingly promising appearance, perfectly well made, and as beautiful as the day. His parents had died from sheer poverty ; and the care of his education had devolved on his grandfather, who was named Bonbenet, and by whom he had been sent to school. It was a thousand pities that Bonbenet was not rich, for if he had been he would have given his grandson an excellent education. As, however, he had not wealth enough to make a nobleman of him, he did the next best thing in his power, and bound him apprentice to a tailor, who was called La Rancune. This was a most famous tailor, lived in the extremely fashionable part of the town, and charged higher for his coats than Stultz does in our degenerate days. He gave a most stylish air to the whole figure ; invented the fashions ; and, what was most singular of all, he employed no men, never worked himself, and yet his clothes were always finished and sent home on the appointed day. Many people did not scruple to say that it was Old Nick himself who worked ; but, as La Rancune got very rich, he did not care for what any body said—as rich people never do. Alexis had been apprenticed one year. His grandfather, who went frequently to see him, found him sometimes occupied in turning the spit, sometimes cleaning his master's rooms, but never at work on the shopboard. This grieved the old man so much that he took it to heart, and became bilious, till he grew as yellow as a citron. In good truth, he had no cause to be contented with the tailor, for Alexis was so ignorant of the art of sewing that he could not even have made a corn sack. Bonbenet resolved to take him away from La Rancune, and to place him elsewhere. This, however, was not easy for a man so poor as Bonbenet ; and he was pondering as to the means of finding another master for the lad, when Alexis, perceiving the old man's distress, clung round his neck, and said,

'Do not afflict yourself, grandad; if I have not learned to make a coat, I have learned something else.'

'What do you mean?' said Bonbenet.

'Really,' replied Alexis, 'I am not so great a fool as people take me for: I know a great many curious tricks. M. La Rancune,' continued he, 'used to shut himself up occasionally in his private room; and, as I had nothing better to do, I indulged my curiosity by peeping through the keyhole. I saw him do some astonishing feats. By only speaking two words, which I remember perfectly well, he could assume the form of a mouse.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Bonbenet; 'what stuff is it that you are telling me? It is impossible!'

'It is so possible,' replied Alexis, 'that, if you please, I will immediately transform myself into a dog.'

'Well,' said Bonbenet, 'let me see.'

At the same instant an extraordinarily beautiful little bitch appeared in the room, and began frolicking about.

Bonbenet was not a little astonished at this metamorphosis, but he loved his grandson too well to wish he should remain a bitch all his life; and so he called out to him, very urgently, to reassume his own shape.

Alexis, who was an obedient lad, instantly obeyed him.

'Well, grandfather,' said he to Bonbenet, 'is not this a better secret than to know how to sew up a pair of breeches? Do not trouble yourself,' he continued; 'you have taken care of me ever since the death of my parents—it is now but fair that I should provide for you. To-morrow morning I will transform myself into a beautiful horse: you shall lead me to market, and try to sell me for a hundred pistoles; only mind you bring the halter back with you, and all will go on very well.'

The next morning Alexis took the form of as fine a horse as ever was seen. Bonbenet took him to the market, where every one who saw him was delighted. The jockeys bid for him as high as eighty pistoles, but Bonbenet stood out for a hundred. La Rancune, who

was not pleased with the horse he drove, and wanted a better, came to market to look for one. He no sooner cast his eyes on Bonbenet's horse than he wished to possess him; but, knowing Bonbenet to be a poor man, he said to himself, 'What does all this mean? This old man is a beggar: where has he got this horse? I very much fear that his grandson has discovered my secret. I must find this out.' At this same time, looking through a magic glass which he carried, he discovered his apprentice under the form of the horse, and immediately resolved to be revenged.

'How much,' said he to the old man, 'do you ask for this horse?'

'A hundred pistoles,' replied the old man; 'and you shall not have him for one liard less.'

La Rancune, who would have given ten thousand to have been revenged on his apprentice, counted out the hundred pieces to Bonbenet. The old man, in a transport of delight, prepared to take off the halter; but the purchaser, who knew what the consequences would be, said, 'Leave me the halter, and here is a pistole to buy another.'

Bonbenet took the pistole without thinking any harm could come of it, and returned to his house to wait for Alexis; who, as you may guess, now that he had got into La Rancune's power, was pretty sure not to return.

La Rancune, having led his horse home, fastened his nose to the rack with the halter, and, instead of hay and corn, regaled him with a torrent of hard blows. He was treated in the same cruel manner for three days by the tailor, and was just ready to expire, with pain and hunger, when two daughters of La Rancune took compassion on him. 'Good Heaven,' said the elder, 'how cruel our father is! Why does he treat this poor beast with so much barbarity?'

'I pity him from my heart,' said the younger; 'let us take him something to eat. He ought, at least, to be well fed to support all the beating he receives.'

'With all my heart,' said the elder, 'let us feed

him.' They then went to the stable, gave the horse plenty to eat, and afterwards led him to drink at the river. The moment he felt the water the spell he was under lost its force, and he was freed. The thirst which then tormented him made him envy the fish, and so he changed himself into a carp, that he might drink at his ease. You may fancy that the tailor's daughters were not a little surprised, but after weeping a little to no purpose they returned home, very much grieved to have lost so fine a horse, and frightened out of their wits at the idea of their father's anger. As they expected, his first care on his return home was to run to the stable to beat his horse; and, not finding him, he immediately inquired what had become of him. His daughters, drowned in tears, told him all that had happened. He whipped the younger, and boxed the ears of the elder; and then, transforming himself into a heron, he hovered over the surface of the river, trying to find his apprentice, whom he imagined must have changed himself into a little fish, and whom he would have devoured if he could have caught him. He caught all the small fish in the river one after the other; but, not finding Alexis among them, he thought he must have transformed himself into a carp. Then he took the form of a large net; and, casting himself into the river, drew on the bank, at one pull, two hundred carp. He looked at each of them most narrowly; but, not finding the one he sought, he threw himself in for the second time. Most certainly the unfortunate Alexis must have been discovered, in the careful search which the magician had made, if he had not taken the precaution to quit the river after having quenched his thirst; and, as he foresaw that La Rancune would be informed by his daughters of the way by which he had escaped from their hands, and in that case would most certainly fish for him, he immediately metamorphosed himself into a diamond, and by this artifice eluded all the vigilance and resentment of La Rancune. The latter, tired of catching only carp, returned home,

swearing within himself that he should never die contented unless he should first have destroyed his apprentice.

Near the river was a magnificent palace inhabited by a king, who had an exceedingly beautiful daughter. This princess often walked on the banks of the river with her attendants, and one day perceiving a stone of uncommon brilliancy on the shore she picked it up. The princess was delighted with it, and instantly sent it to a jeweller, who set it in a ring, which was more beautiful than any one that had ever before been seen. Alexis, who was in reality this stone, was very well contented at being in the princess's hands, but his joy was soon changed into apprehension. La Rancune, who by his art had discovered that Alexis, in the shape of a ring, was the delight of the princess, was already pondering on the means to obtain possession of him. The king fell into an illness which the physicians soon contrived to render incurable. All the court was thrown into the greatest consternation. The king, who was by no means in a hurry to die, caused a proclamation to be made throughout his kingdom that he would give half his possessions and his daughter's hand in marriage to the person who should effect his cure. La Rancune did not allow this opportunity to escape him ; he went to the king, and, having cured him, said :

‘Sire, I know that the half of your kingdom belongs to me, and that, as the word of a king is inviolable, it only remains for me to marry the princess ; but I do not wish it. All the reward I ask, sire, is, that the princess will make me a present of a ring which she has in her possession.’

‘Is it possible,’ said the king, ‘that you content yourself with so moderate a reward, when you have a right to demand a much more considerable one?’

‘Yes, sire,’ replied La Rancune ; ‘I am, thank God ! neither troubled with ambition nor with love.’

‘Very well,’ said the king, ‘then come to-morrow morning to my levee, and I will not only give you this

ring, but also, if you desire it, the casket containing all the rest of my daughter's jewels.'

'Great prince,' replied the tailor, 'you are too generous, but I only wish for the ring which I have mentioned; and, since your majesty promises me that, I am contented to rely on your word.' During this time the princess (who was ignorant of the conversation that had passed between her father and La Rancune) was shut up in her chamber with her favourite attendant, conversing on the convalescence of the king, and the conditions of the edict that he had published. 'How wretched,' said she, 'is the fate of princesses! The victims of political arrangements, they are often united to men who have no merit but their good fortune. As for me,' continued she, weeping, 'I am still more to be pitied; for I am on the point of marriage with a villainous tailor, who has a red beard, and is moreover so ugly that I am sure I never can love him.'

Although the lady of honour was a clever woman, she thought this such an ill assorted match that she did not know what to say to console the poor princess, therefore she also wept; but while they were thus afflicting themselves they perceived, much to their astonishment, that the princess's ring enlarged. By imperceptible degrees it assumed the form of a young man beautiful as the god of love; in short, it was Alexis. 'Do not be alarmed, princess,' said he, addressing himself to the king's daughter, 'and deign to listen to the recital of my misfortunes.' After he had related them in a most touching manner, he added, 'La Rancune now asks me of the king as the price of his cure. For the love of Heaven! do not give me up to the fury of the most barbarous of men. Ah! if you had witnessed the blows he used to give me in his stable, you would not wonder that I dread to fall again into such hands.'

Alexis excited the compassion of the princess so forcibly, that she promised to use all her efforts to save him from his enemy. 'But,' said she, 'if my father

compels me, what must I do?' 'Throw me against the wall with all your strength,' replied Alexis, 'and do not trouble yourself about the result.' The conversation lasted a considerable time, and the lady of honour, who was an experienced person, perceived that the princess found Alexis very much to her taste, and that she would have had no objection if he had been the person to whom the king was indebted for his cure. As it was late the princess undressed herself; but, before she went to bed, she obliged Alexis to resume the figure of the ring.

Next day, in the presence of La Rancune, the king said to the princess, 'My daughter, you know the obligations that I am under to La Rancune. He leaves me in quiet possession of my kingdom, and, far from aspiring to your hand, he will be contented with a ring that you have in your jewel case. As you have always been so good and obedient, I flatter myself that you will willingly grant what he demands.'

'Father,' replied the princess most respectfully, 'there is nothing in the world that I would not willingly give to procure you one half hour's health; but as for this ring, with your permission, I shall not give it.'

'How!' said the king in a passion, 'is it thus, ungrateful girl, that you repay the affection I have always shown you?'

'My father,' replied the princess, 'do not let us put ourselves in a passion. You cannot, with any justice, accuse me of want of affection towards you; all my ladies of honour can bear witness that during your illness I never ceased crying: but for my ring, I own that I cannot part with it. La Rancune,' continued she, 'can take, if he chooses, the share of your kingdom that belongs to me. I shall not care about it; I will retire into a convent, where I shall live more happily with my ring than I should on your throne without it.'

'Zounds!' said the king, who was in so great a rage that he could not help swearing, 'this is strange. Is

it possible to be so fond of a trinket! Well,' continued he, in a transport of passion he could not control, 'I will punish you by taking away all these jewels that you love so much, and I will shut you up in a tower.' This threat brought the princess to her senses; and, perceiving that she could not keep her ring, she pulled the case out of her pocket, and opened it. La Rancune wished to take it, but the princess desired him to stand back for an impudent fellow as he was, and not to approach her nearer. Then shewing him a ring, she asked if that was the one he wished to have? 'No,' replied he. 'Is this it?' continued she, shewing him another. 'No,' answered he. At last she produced the ring in question; La Rancune suddenly stretched out his hand to seize it, but the princess flinging it on the ground with all her force it changed into a pomegranate, which burst, and and scattered the seeds all over the room. Then La Rancune, shewing his power to the whole court, transformed himself into a cock, and began picking up all the pips one after another. When he thought he had swallowed them all, he strutted proudly before the princess, who wished he had been with his friend and ally in the lower regions. Just at this moment, however, a little seed which had not been seen, owing to a cobweb which covered it, changed itself into a fox, flew upon the cock, and strangled it in the twinkling of an eye. All the court appeared petrified at this prodigy, and preserved the most unbroken silence, until Alexis, quitting the shape of the fox, reassumed his own figure, and saluted the king and princess with such an admirable air that they were enchanted. This prince immediately summoned his council, when it was decreed, by unanimous consent, that, as Alexis was in reality the cause of the king's restoration to health, he ought to marry the princess. The monarch, who approved all that his ministers advised, thought this opinion perfectly just; and accordingly asked his daughter whether she would object to marry a man of such ignoble origin. 'Ah! no, my father,' replied

the princess, who was passionately enamoured of Alexis, 'contentment exceeds riches, and his amiable qualities make him equal to any prince.' Bonbenet was summoned to witness his grandson's happiness, who on the following day was united to the princess with all possible solemnity and magnificence, and they lived very happily for ever afterwards.

THE VALLEY OF THE VIOLET.

METHOUGHT I would no longer roam,
Of love and pleasure tired grown,
But go back to my boyhood's home,
And gaze on scenes I once had known,
Perhaps the memory they will bring
Will sooth o'er many a sorrow's sting ;
I'll seek my father and protect
The age whose youth has guarded me ;
I'll seek my father, and I'll be
The stay his age shall rest upon,
I know that he will not reject
His penitent returning son !
And o'er the soul that darkly lay
So long, alas ! in sin's black night,
Calling it back to life and light,
All fair arose Hope's peaceful ray,
As welcome as o'er lands of snow
Must the returning sun-beams flow !
And steady still I onward went,
Alone on homely virtue bent ;
Determined to be good, and yet
When I beheld the bright sun set,
Flinging that gold line o'er the stream
That danced rejoicing in his beam,
Beheld the day with evening blending
In the clear brilliant blue above,
Beheld the pretty flowers bending
Like modest maidens when in love,
Beheld all this, and thought how oft
In hours like this, so still and soft.

Had I sat happy all the while
In some pretty Anna's smile,
When in memory things like this
Arose with all their magic bliss,
Often, often, I thought then
I'd turn me and go back agen;
For, oh! how could the heart be wise
With visions of such witching eyes!

At length I saw before me lay
My native glen, so green and fair,
It seem'd as but a little day
Since I had sported there!
My native vale I view'd once more,
The sun shone on its downy green,
It was as lovely as before,
The same dear happy scene,
'Tis I am chang'd since last we met,
Sweet Valley of the Violet!

The white-walled houses peeping through
The shaded turnings of the glen,
And all their pretty gardens too,
I knew them each agen;
Nor was the mossy stone forgot
Which stands beneath the hazel tree,
It was around that happy spot
Our gambols used to be;
There oft our youthful band has met
To pluck the sweet wild violet!

There stands the old church on the hill,
And its thick trees that cluster by,
With its tall spire pointing still
To the soft beaming sky,
As if it fondly meant to say,
To yon placid heaven fair
Should be alone poor mortal's way;
Look, trembling sinner, there!
The lesson is but vainly set,
Sweet temple of the violet!

And as I mused I onward trod
Along the green May-scented road,
Which passing by the church-yard wall
Leads nearest to my father's hall :

My heart beat quick to think of what—

What welcome I so soon should know,

My heart still said he'd spurn me not,

But would he treat me coldly ! No—

No ! he will raise his hands to bless

And welcome me to happiness !

He said in childhood, on his knee,

That I his age's hope should be,

And though I've left him, wretch ! so long

To sorrow o'er my sins alone,

He'll not remember all his wrong,

But only fondness for his son.

And will he all my guilt forget,

And will my father bless me yet !

And then I heard the Sabbath bells

Ringings so sweet, 'twas Sabbath day,

Their music o'er the flowery dells

Bidding the sinner come and pray ;

And there upon the green hill's side,

The rich and poor alike were there,

Came villagers from far and wide

To meet together in their prayer.

O 'tis a blessed sight to see

Brethren together met within

The holy courts, on bended knee,

Begging forgiveness of their sin,

And praising one bright Deity !

Methought I was a boy agen,

And innocent as I was then,

The scenes of youth my mind stole o'er,

And I was in the days before ;

It seem'd that I agen could make

Nosegays of daisies from the hill,

It seem'd that I agen could take

Clear pebbles from the lucid rill,

Or busy myself a long long while
To gain a nest the elm tree had,
Or make a little spinster smile
Who stood before her mistress sad ;
And my heart was lost in giddy joy
In dreaming myself that happy boy !

I thought how sweet a thing 'twould be
If in that blessed temple then
After so long an absence we
Should meet for the first time agen—
After so many a year had past
Should meet in the Lord's house at last !
A father, good and old, whose way
Was always turn'd where virtue bent,
A son, who had been taught to stray,
But now returning penitent,
Kneel for the first time that they met,
When hand in hand was scarcely set,
Father and son together there
Kneel down upon the lowly sod,
Together breathe one humble prayer
For mercy from their God !

I entered the churchyard and saw,
Alas ! upon its hallow'd green
How many tombs had risen more
Since, happy, I had thither been ;
And I would look around to see
Upon the plain white tombstones there
What youthful friends might pillow'd be
Within each lowly sepulchre,
And see yon tomb, though early, still
The wild flowers o'er it fondly wave,
It was—e'en now I feel the thrill—
Oh God ! it was my father's grave !

HUMBY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TIME.

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, ESQ.

THE inventive genius of this gentleman, which seems to be wonderfully prolific, has just sent forth a collection of Etchings under the above title. The manner in which Time is spent and killed, and otherwise ill-used, form the principal and most amusing features of the work. The artist has expressed the very essence of fun and comicality in many of his sketches. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the 'Patient Angler,' whom he represents as a lean atomy of a man sitting on the bank of a river, in a shower of pelting rain; to protect himself from which he has pulled up his coat collar about his neck, until none of his features are to be seen but his keen nose. So intent is he on the sport that he cannot turn his head to give any other reply than a short 'No' to the inquiry of a fat friend behind, who kindly asks if he has not had a bite all day.

In the fight, which the artist calls 'Time Come,' he represents two pugilists just

— 'When the fight is o'er,

And they are faint and breathless with extreme toil.' One of them, in a state of insensibility, is supported by his seconds; the other lying, as if expiring, on the grass, while his kind seconds roar into his ear in vain that 'Time is come!' The truth and force with which Mr. Cruikshank has given the dress, attitude, and features of the persons who usually assist at displays of this kind cannot be exceeded.

In one of the engravings, which is called 'Making up for Lost Time,' he has represented three persons at a dinner table. Two of them are fat female servants, the third is a remarkably lean footman, who is swallowing his food with distended jaws and most eager haste. The two women are filled with astonishment at his dispatch, and the quantity he swallows; and one of them says to him, 'Law! Mister John, how you do eat!' 'Yes,' replies John, without stopping to

empty his mouth, 'and so would you if you had been out of place as long as I.'

In 'Time Is' and 'Time Was' are described the difference between a dandy in all the glory of a cabriolet, and in the misery of the King's Bench. The faded finery which sticks to him in the latter condition is happily hit.

'Time badly Employed' is one of the most elaborate of the etchings, and is in the spirit of Hogarth. It supposes a crowd assembled to see a balloon go up; and here, in the space of a few inches, the artist has crowded an infinite variety of things. A milkmaid is gaping at the balloon, while two thirsty thieves are drinking the contents of her pails. Two other boys, with that villainous cast of countenance which distinguishes the boys of the worst class of the people, are tying a kettle to a devoted dog's tail. A fireman and a coalheaver are employed in the magnanimous task of setting two urchins to fight; while another, with an air of premature profligacy, is tossing up halfpence with a pieman. Some pickpockets are labouring in their vocation; and, to complete the noise and confusion of the picture, a scaffold, up which a crowd of people have climbed, is seen coming down with all its might. The great merit of this is, that it gives the character of the populace with astonishing exactness; at the same time that the whole story of the scene is told in the most distinct and satisfactory manner.

We have not space to describe all the admirable points of this very clever collection of sketches. 'Winter Time' is excellent; an old woman, surrounded by dogs and cats, is before her fire holding a screen in her hand, and at the back of her chair is a monkey also holding a screen, and mimicking the gravity of his mistress with irresistibly comic expression. In short, the whole series of sketches are the most humorous and amusing that we have lately seen, and form an admirable book for a drawing-room table. Folks who know (and who does not know?) how heavily that half hour

passes in which one is waiting for dinner, cannot be sufficiently grateful to Mr. Cruikshank for having helped them to the means of whiling it away.

THE SEXTON'S ALBUM.

The graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

WE have laid aside (but not forgotten) the Album of our old friend, Giles Ranger, so long, that we think another sample of its contents may not be unamusing to our readers. Nothing, of so mournful a description, was ever so mirthful in itself as this venerable volume. The variety of its contents, too, is infinite, and has all the charms which may be expected to spring from the collected wits of poets in distant ages born. For example, the sarcastic freedom of the following is strongly contrasted by the epigrammatic brevity of that which succeeds it.

ON A WIFE.

My dame and I, full twenty years,
Lived man and wife together ;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone the Lord knows whither.
Of tongue she was exceeding free,
I purpose not to flatter ;
Of all the wives that e'er I see,
None e'er like her could chatter ;
Her body is disposed well,
A comely grave doth hide her ;
And sure her soul is not in hell,
The devil could never abide her ;
Which makes me think she is aloft ;
For in the last great thunder
Methought I heard her well-known voice
Rending the clouds asunder.

ON A DYER.

I lived by dying, and acquired much wealth,
Stuffs long I dyed, but lastly died myself.

There is among them an epitaph not in Giles' writing. The Latin was a touch above him; and he had, like all other clever people, a great contempt for anything he did not understand—the consequence of which was, that Giles' contempt covered a considerable space. This epitaph was in the hand writing of a young man who, for a short time, acted as curate; and who, I suppose, thought it would make a worthy addition to the contents of the Sexton's Album. It is said to have been written by Bishop Atterbury, and is a very happy imitation of the monkish rhyming verse. Of the translation, which is by the Reverend Mr. Gostling, it may be truly said, that it is worthy of the original.

EPITAPH ON EVAN RICE, HUNTSMAN TO SIR THOMAS
MANSEL.

Vos qui colitis Hubertum,
Inter Divos jam repertum,
Cornu, quod concedens fato
Reliquit vobis, insonato
Lætos solvite canores
In singultus et dolores;
Nam quis non tristi sonet ore,
Conclamato Venatore?
Aut ubi dolor justus, nisi
Ad tumultum *Evani Risi*?
Hic per abrupta et per plana
Nec pede tardo, nec spe vanâ,
Canibus et telis egit,
Omne quod in sylvis deget;
Hic evolavit mane puro
Cervis ocyor ac Euro,
Venaticis intentus rebus,
Tum cum medius ardet Phœbus;
Indefessus adhuc quando
Idem occidit venando.
At vos, venatum, illo duce,
Non surgetis alia luce;
Nam Mors mortalium venator,
Qui, ferinæ nunquam satur

Cursum prævertit humanum,
 Proh dolor rapuit Evanum;
 Nec meridies, nec Aurora,
 Vobis reddent ejus ora ;
 Restat illi nobis flenda
 Nox perpetuo dormienda ;
 Finivit multa laude motum,
 In ejus situ large notum ;
 Reliquit equos, cornu, canes :
 Tandem quiescant ejus manes.

Evan Rice

Thomas Mansel servo fideli, dominus benevolens posuit.

TRANSLATION.

Ye votaries of Hubert come,
 (Saint Hubert he is call'd at Rome)
 Ye who delight the horn to wind,
 Which he to leave you was so kind ;
 Change your jolly hunting cries
 To lamentations, sobs and sighs.
 For who the loss will not bemoan
 Of a keen sportsman dead and gone ;
 Or who the tribute of our eyes
 May better claim than Evan Rice ?
 Over the hills and through the plain,
 With feet not slow and hopes not vain,
 All sorts of game, that fly or run,
 He would pursue with dog and gun ;
 At break of day ere Phœbus shin'd,
 Swifter than deer, swifter than wind,
 Intent on sport he would be gone ;
 Nor did he mind the heats of noon,
 Unwearied till the want of light
 Would force him home to rest at night.
 But all must now his death deplore,
 He'll call you out to sport no more ;
 The more unwearied hunter, Death,
 Who runs down all things that have breath,
 Who spares no creature under heaven,
 Alas ! hath overtaken Evan.

No more shall you, at noon or morn,
Behold his face or hear his horn ;
He's gone to his perpetual sleep,
While for him ye that knew him weep.
He finish'd decently his course,
Left hound and horn, left dog and horse ;
Of characters he bore the best,
Long may his bones in quiet rest !

The simply pathetic can hardly be carried further
than in this epitaph

ON A POST BOY.

Frank, from his Betty snatch'd by fate,
Shows how uncertain is our state :
He smil'd at morn, at noon lay dead,
Flung from a horse that kick'd his head :
But though he's gone, from tears refrain,
At judgment he'll get up again ;
And then to heaven post-haste he'll ride,
And sit with Betty by his side.

But the most characteristic epitaph of all his store
was one on a Publican, as follows :

A jolly landlord once was I,
And kept the Old King's Head, hard by,
Sold mead and gin, cyder and beer,
And eke all other kinds of cheer ;
Till Death my license took away,
And put me in this house of clay ;
A house at which you all must call,
Sooner or later, great and small.

As the Album is by no means exhausted, we shall,
at a future opportunity, present our readers with some
further extracts.

HOLLAND-TIDE; OR, MUNSTER POPULAR TALES.

THE fertile field which the popular superstitions of Ireland present has lately engaged the labours of several men of distinguished literary talent. Mr. Crofton Croker, with his 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland,' led the way; and, next to him in point of merit, though not perhaps in order of time, stands the author of 'Holland-Tide.' We were prevented when the book first made its appearance from noticing it as it deserved. The time for criticism has now gone by, and its pretensions to the public favour have been acknowledged; but we cannot resist the temptation of taking one out of the stories which the volume contains, by way of specimen, for such of our readers as have not seen it, and of reviving, we are sure, very agreeable recollections in the minds of those who have already perused it.

Disclaiming, for the reason above stated, any critical examination of the work at this 'eleventh hour,' we yet feel called upon to say that it possesses considerable merit. To collect the popular superstitions of any country, and to relate them as they are gathered, is a task within the grasp of persons of very ordinary powers; but to tell them again with all the characteristic touches which give them their real value, and which show their connexion with the habits and manner of thinking of the people to which they belong, requires great skill, and this the author of 'Holland-Tide' has most happily displayed. In the tale which we have selected he has mingled the ludicrous and the horrible so ingeniously, as to have arrived at what we take to be the highest point of perfection in this species of writing. He has, at the same time, kept up the true character of the Irish superstitions, by the tone, familiarity, and that irresistible humour which belongs so peculiarly to this people; and which seems to spring as naturally out of circumstances of danger and horror as out of the most mirthful occasion. There is nothing that we can recollect in Monk Lewis, or

any of his German friends, so good as this story of the Brown Man.

It only remains to be explained, that 'Holland-Tide' is in Munster what Halloween is in Scotland, and All-hallow's Eve in England. The author supposes a party to be assembled in the house of a substantial farmer on November Eve, and after the sports incident to the occasion have begun to flag, it is proposed that such of the party as can shall tell stories in turn. All the tales which this proposition elicits are good, but the following is beyond all question the best.

THE BROWN MAN.

The common Irish expression of 'the seven devils,' does not, it would appear, owe its origin to the supernatural influences ascribed to that numeral, from its frequent association with the greatest and most solemn occasions of theological history. If one were disposed to be fancifully metaphysical upon the subject, it might not be amiss to compare credulity to a sort of mental prism, by which the great volume of the light of speculative superstition is refracted in a manner precisely similar to that of the material, every day sun, the great refractor thus showing only *blue* devils to the dwellers in the good city of London, *orange* and *green* devils to the inhabitants of the sister (or rather step-daughter) island, and so forward until the seven component hues are made out, through the other nations of the earth. But what has this to do with the story? In order to answer that question, the story must be told.

In a lonely cabin, in a lonely glen, on the shores of a lonely lough, in one of the most lonesome districts of west Munster, lived a lone woman named Guare. She had a beautiful girl, a daughter named Nora. Their cabin was the only one within three miles round them every way. As to their mode of living, it was simple enough, for all they had was one little garden of white cabbage, and they had eaten that down to a few heads between them, a sorry prospect in a place where even

a handful of *prishoc* weed was not to be had without sowing it.

It was a very fine morning in those parts, for it was only snowing and hailing, when Nora and her mother were sitting at the door of their little cottage, and laying out plans for the next day's dinner. On a sudden, a strange horseman rode up to the door. He was strange in more ways than one. He was dressed in brown, his hair was brown, his eyes were brown, his boots were brown, he rode a brown horse, and he was followed by a brown dog.

'I'm come to marry you, Nora Guare,' said the Brown Man.

'Ax my mother fusht, if you please, sir,' said Nora, dropping him a curtsy.

'You'll not refuse, ma'am;' said the Brown Man to the old mother, 'I have money enough, and I'll make your daughter a lady, with servants at her call, and all manner of fine doings about her.' And so saying, he flung a purse of gold into the widow's lap.

'Why then the heavens speed you and her together, take her away with you, and make much of her,' said the old mother, quite bewildered with all the money.

'Agh, agh,' said the Brown Man, as he placed her on his horse behind him without more ado. 'Are you all ready now?'

'I am!' said the bride. The horse snorted, and the dog barked, and almost before the word was out of her mouth, they were all whisked away out of sight. After travelling a day and a night, faster than the wind itself, the Brown Man pulled up his horse in the middle of the Mangerton mountain, in one of the most lonesome places that eye ever looked on.

'Here is my estate,' said the Brown Man.

'A'then, is it this wild bog you call an estate?' said the bride.

'Come in, wife; this is my palace,' said the bridegroom.

'What! a clay-hovel, worse than my mother's!'

They dismounted, and the horse and the dog disap-

peared in an instant, with a horrible noise, which the girl did not know whether to call snorting, barking, or laughing.

'Are you hungry?' said the Brown Man. 'If so, there is your dinner.'

'A handful of raw white-eyes,* and a grain of salt!'

'And when you are sleepy, here is your bed,' he continued, pointing to a little straw in a corner, at sight of which Nora's limbs shivered and trembled again. It may be easily supposed that she did not make a very hearty dinner that evening, nor did her husband neither.

In the dead of the night, when the clock of Mucruss Abbey had just tolled one, a low neighing at the door, and a soft barking at the window were heard. Nora feigned sleep. The Brown Man passed his hand over her eyes and face. She snored. 'I'm coming,' said he, and he arose gently from her side. In half an hour after she felt him by her side again. He was cold as ice.

The next night the same summons came. The Brown Man rose. The wife feigned sleep. He returned, cold. The morning came.

The next night came. The bell tolled at Mucruss, and was heard across the lakes. The Brown Man rose again, and passed a light before the eyes of the feigning sleeper. None slumber so sound as they who *will* not wake. Her heart trembled, but her frame was quiet and firm. A voice at the door summoned the husband.

'You are very long coming. The earth is tossed up, and I am hungry. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! if you would not lose all.'

'I'm coming!' said the Brown Man. Nora rose and followed instantly. She beheld him at a distance winding through a lane of frost-nipt willow trees. He often paused and looked back, and once or twice retraced his steps to within a few yards of the tree, behind which she had shrunk. The moon-light, cutting

* A kind of potato.

the shadow close and dark about her, afforded the best concealment. He again proceeded, and she followed. In a few minutes they reached the old Abbey of Murruss. With a sickening heart she saw him enter the church-yard. The wind rushed through the huge yew-tree and startled her. She mustered courage enough, however, to reach the gate of the church-yard and look in. The Brown Man, the horse, and the dog, were there seated by an open grave, eating something; and glancing their brown, fiery eyes about in every direction. The moon-light shone full on them and her. Looking down towards her shadow on the earth, she started with horror to observe it move, although she was herself perfectly still. It waved its black arms, and motioned her back. What the feasters said, she understood not, but she seemed still fixed in the spot. She looked once more on her shadow; it raised one hand, and pointed the way to the lane; then slowly rising from the ground, and confronting her, it walked rapidly off in that direction. She followed as quickly as might be.

She was scarcely in her straw, when the door creaked behind, and her husband entered. He lay down by her side, and started.

‘Uf! Uf!’ said she, pretending to be just awakened, ‘how cold you are, my love!’

‘Cold, inagh? Indeed you’re not very warm yourself, my dear, I’m thinking.’

‘Little admiration I shouldn’t be warm, and you laving me alone this way at night, till my blood is snow broth, no less.’

‘Umph!’ said the Brown Man, as he passed his arm round her waist. ‘Ha! your heart is beating fast?’

‘Little admiration it should. I am not well, indeed. Them pzaties and salt don’t agree with me at all.’

‘Umph!’ said the Brown Man.

The next morning as they were sitting at the breakfast-table together, Nora plucked up a heart, and asked leave to go to see her mother. The Brown Man,

who eat nothing, looked at her in a way that made her think he knew all. She felt her spirit die away within her.

‘If you only want to see your mother,’ said he ‘there is no occasion for your going home. I will bring her to you here. I didn’t marry you to be keeping you gadding.’

The Brown Man then went out and whistled for his dog and his horse. They both came; and in a very few minutes they pulled up at the old widow’s cabin-door.

The poor woman was very glad to see her son-in-law, though she did not know what could bring him so soon.

‘Your daughter sends her love to you, mother,’ says the Brown Man, the villain, ‘and she’d be obliged to you for a *loand* of a *shoot* of your best clothes, as she’s going to give a grand party, and the dress-maker has disappointed her.’

‘To be sure and welcome,’ said the mother; and making up a bundle of the clothes, she put them into his hands.

‘Whogh! whogh!’ said the horse as they drove off, ‘that was well done. Are we to have a mail of her?’

‘Easy, ma-coppuleen, and you’ll get your ’nough before night,’ said the Brown Man, ‘and you likewise, my little dog.’

‘Boh!’ cried the dog, ‘I’m in no hurry—I hunted down a doe this morning that was fed with milk from the horns of the moon.’

Often in the course of that day did Nora Guare go to the door, and cast her eye over the weary flat before it, to discern, if possible, the distant figures of her bridegroom and mother. The dusk of the second evening found her alone in the desolate cot. She listened to every sound. At length the door opened, and an old woman, dressed in a new *jock*, and leaning on a staff, entered the hut. ‘O mother, are you come?’ said Nora, and was about to rush into her arms, when the old woman stopped her.

'Whisht! whisht! my child!—I only stepped in before the man to know how you like him? Speak softly, in dread he'd hear you—he's turning the horse loose, in the swamp, abroad, over.'

'O mother, mother! such a story!'

'Whisht! easy again—how does he use you?'

'Sarrow worse. That straw my bed, and them white-eyes—and bad ones they are—all my diet. And 'tisen't that same, only—'

'Whisht! easy, agin! He'll hear you, may be—Well?'

'I'd be easy enough only for his own doings. Listen, mother. The fusht night, I came about twelve o'clock—'

'Easy, speak easy, eroo!'

'He got up at the call of the horse and the dog, and staid out a good hour. He ate nothing next day. The second night, and the second day, it was the same story. The third—'

'Husht! husht! Well, the third night?'

'The third night I said I'd watch him. Mother, don't hold my hand so hard He got up, and I got up after him Oh, don't laugh, mother, for 'tis frightful I followed him to Mucruss church-yard Mother, mother, you hurt my hand I looked in at the gate—there was great moonlight there, and I could see every thing as plain as day.'

'Well, darling—husht! softly! What did you see?'

'My husband by the grave, and the horse, Turn your head aside, mother, for your breath is very hot and the dog and they eating.—Ah, you are not my mother!' shrieked the miserable girl, as the Brown Man flung off his disguise, and stood before her, grinning worse than a blacksmith's face through a horse-collar. He just looked at her one moment, and then darted his long fingers into her bosom, from which the red blood spouted in so many streams. She was very soon out of all pain, and a merry supper the horse, the dog, and the Brown Man had that night, by all accounts.

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